



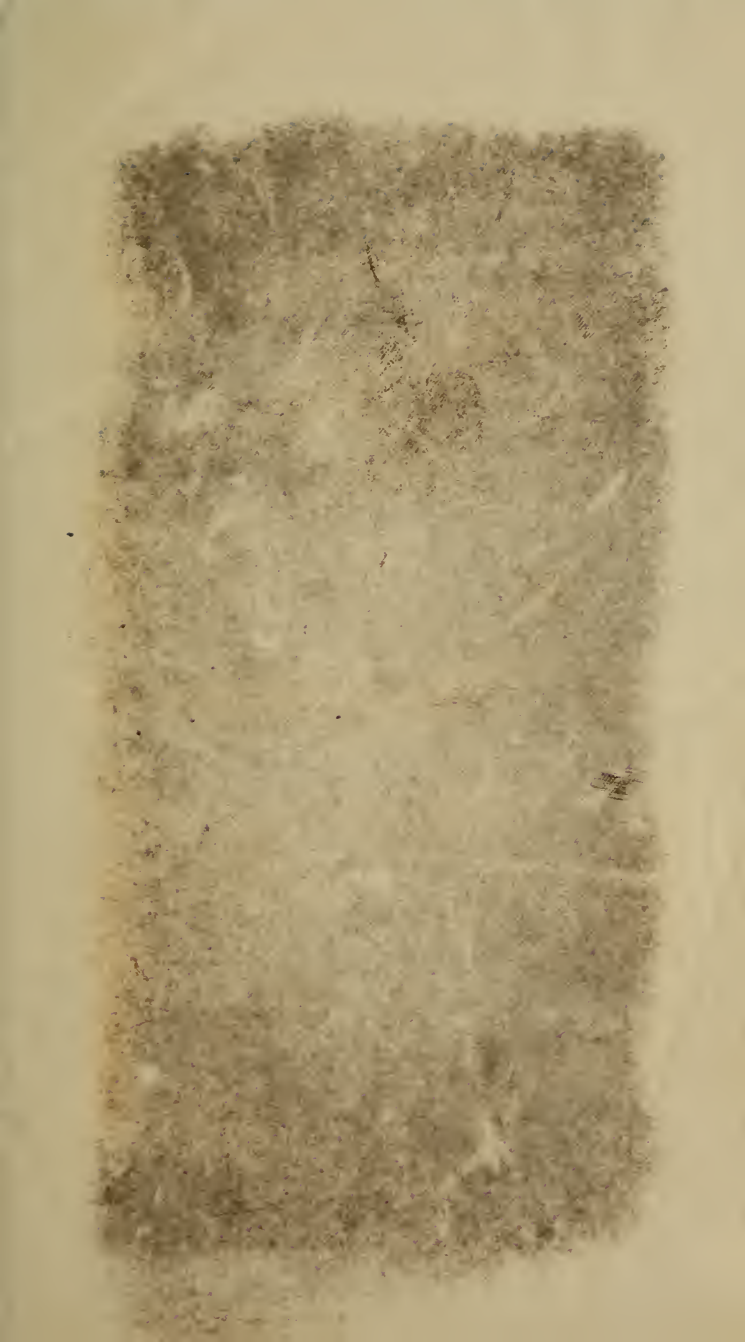
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S A C R E D

POETICAL PARAPHRASES,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY

✓✓
REV. J. B. STEELE.

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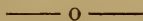
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Jewels vs: Bread. Lw Inndell 1/29/24-101.

THE
PASTOR'S RETROSPECT.

I'VE stood in the DESK for forty years,
And spake of the gracious plan
Which God has ordained in love to bless
His fallen creature man.
And when I have looked on throngs that came
With hope and with trembling fear,
It was heaven to me to preach the word
Which was heaven for them to hear.

I've sat in the ROOM for forty years,
Where Death with his spear was nigh;
The young and the old, the vile and good,
Were there by his spear to die.
And there I have lived 'mid wrecks of life,
Like leaves from the palm tree riven;
'T was sweet unto me, 'mid forms of death,
To speak of the life in heaven.

I've walked 'mid the TOMBS for forty years,
Where mourners have come to weep,
And lay in their graves the white-robed dead,
To take their peaceful sleep.
I've leaned on the marbles, and softly said
To hearts that were bleeding sore :
" You will see them again in glory crowned,
Where the graves shall be no more."

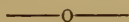
I've sat in the HALL for forty years,
Where friends in their joyful youth
Have come, with their loving hearts to pledge
Their holy vows of truth.
'Mid bridegrooms and brides I've tarried long,
Engaged in my loved employ ;
My spirit was glad to speak the words
Which were words to them of joy.

I've stood at the FOUNT for forty years,
And witnessed the parents' vows,
As the seal of their covenant God was placed
Upon their offsprings' brows.
With households around me I have lived,
And 'joyed in the promises given :
Thy God, and thy children's God I'll be,
And, " Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I've stood at the BOARD for forty years,
Where the emblems of Christ were set ;
The saints of the Lord, a cheerful band,
In wedding robes were met.
I gave them the cup, and broken bread ;
We ate and we drank in love ;
And heaven came down to bless our souls
And we dwelt with God above.

My work I have loved for forty years ;
My sun is now going down ;
But gems I have gathered along the way,
To grace the Saviour's crown.
In every place I've had my home,
And every place was dear ;
'T was heaven to me to preach the Word
Which was heaven for men to hear.

RUTH.



A PARAPHRASE OF THE BOOK OF RUTH.

THE Book of Ruth is a sacred gem that has shone most beautiful in every age of the world. It has interested alike all classes of society. The citizen and the countryman, the painter and the poet, the moralist and the Christian, the occupant of the palace and the dweller in the cottage, have been held in delightful excitement by the perusal of this inspired narrative. To say that the Book of Ruth is interesting, is to give to it only its lowest commendation. It is rich with instruction. It constitutes an important link in the history of redemption. It unfolds the providence of God, in the way of correction, with an affluent and pious, yet erring family of Bethlehem Judah, until the house was brought almost to desolation; and the rebuilding of the house, by the same providence of God, according to one of the Mosaical institutions. It brings before us the happy union of the Gentile and the Hebrew, the progenitors of the royal house of David, and the long line of Jewish sovereigns to the birth of Messiah, Israel's everlasting King. Ruth of Moab became the wife of Boaz of Bethlehem, Boaz was

the father of Obed, and Obed was the father of Jesse, and Jesse was the father of David.

Elimelech is known in the paraphrase by the first part of his name, Elim. Naomi signifies the pleasant one. Mara signifies bitterness. A famine which prevailed in Canaan, and especially in Bethlehem, the house of bread, lies at the foundation of the whole story.

I.

In days when judges held supreme command
O'er tribes of Israel in the promised land,
In Bethlehem Judah passed the scenes of truth
Which God has written in the Book of Ruth.

* * * * *

The promised land, the land of herds and flocks,
Of waving wheat, and honey from the rocks ;
The land of olives, vineyards, and of health,
Where honest industry is crowned with wealth ;
The chosen land, in covenant promise blessed ;
The emblem of the everlasting rest ;
That garden of the Lord has ceased to grant
Her stores of plenty for the people's want.
The famine reigns ; th' appointed, trying rod,
To wound and heal the chosen sons of God.
Oh ! that the tribes had kissed the chastening hand,
And bowed in peace to Heaven's supreme command :
They soon had seen their valleys covered o'er,
With golden sheaves, a rich, abundant store

And flocks and herds had grazed on verdant hills,
And vineyards bloomed and poured their shining rills;
And Israel soon had known, that God had spread
Their happy board with rich and cheering bread;
And crowned with every good in mercy given,
The promised land had been the type of heaven.

But long did Israël unrepenting stand,
And long the famine triumphed o'er the land;
And many a noble house and cottage home
The stricken sons of God forsake, and roam
In distant states, and seek in painful toil
Their homely, scanty fare, from Gentile soil.

On Bethlehem's plains, amid embowering wood,
The princely house of noble Elim stood.
His ample heritage well stocked and tilled,
His gushing presses, and his granaries filled,
And dwelling stored with plenty, all proclaim
That Elim foremost stood on Bethlehem's plain.

But better far than houses, flocks, and fields,
And gold, and gems, and all that nature yields,
That gift of God, the pleasant, virtuous wife,
To share the joys, and sooth the ills of life,
Was his. And manly sons sincere and good,
Like graceful olives 'round his table stood;
And Elim's seat domestic pleasure crowned,
And streams of comfort murmured all around.

One special sin disturbed their sweet repose,
And filled their future cup with tears and woes.
They should have kissed the kind correcting rod,
And bowed submissive to the will of God.
And faith, and love, and hope, and patience, tried,
No real good Jehovah had denied.
The holy bonds of faith in God are rent,
And doubting hearts are filled with discontent.
Dark unbelief awakens anxious fears.
Their patrimonial seat no longer cheers,
Their home forsaken and neglected lies.
The promised land, the bleeding sacrifice,
The house of prayer, the altar, and the feasts,
No more can fix and calm their troubled breasts.
They seek their dwelling place in Gentile land,
And live beneath the Lord's correcting hand.
Ah! vain employ the earthly house to rear,
When God the heavenly Builder is not near.

The hills of Moab now their flocks adorn ;
They press the grapes and bind the yellow corn,
And hope that richer harvests will abound
On Moab's fields than Canaan's holy ground.
But God has sent his blast on all their trust,
And one by one their comforts moulder back to dust.

The Lord displeased has darkened Elin's soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er his bosom roll ;

And shades of doubt his pious hopes enshroud,
And Elim bows in death beneath the cloud.
Away from Canaan's tombs his body sleeps,
And o'er his grave the Gentile willow weeps.

Oh ! oft when God's rebukes awake our fears,
He fills our path with thorns, our cup with tears ;
And oft when Heaven's correcting hand we fly,
Our chosen rest becomes our place to die.

Nor yet did Elim's house obey the rod,
And bow submissive to the will of God ;
And still they live beneath the chastening hand,
And hope for brighter days in heathen land.

Naomi's heart revives, her tears are dried ;
And Orpah fair is now young Chilion's bride.
And Orpah's tender heart and loving mind,
With industry and frugal virtues joined,
Make home refreshing, and the widow's prayer
Is answered in her daughter's gentle care.
And years of social joy did Chilion prove,
Soothed and composed by Orpah's tender love.
But oh ! the Lord displeased in wrath appears,
Consumes their wealth and fills their cup with tears.
From year to year, with unremitting toil,
They cultivate a hard unyielding soil.
With scanty sheaves the reaper fills his hands.
No more the vineyard clothed with clusters stands :

Nor flocks nor herds increase, and God denies
The gift of sons to bless their longing eyes.
Nor single come the judgments of the Lord.
Disease and death obey His solemn word.
Jehovah calls, nor love, nor power can save,
And Orpah mourns beside her husband's grave.
And still her tender heart Naomi cheers,
And widowed hands assuage the widow's tears.
They mourn and love. They cleave with mutual ties,
And live as one in sorrow's sympathies.

Nor yet did bleeding hearts submissive bend
To God alone, their sure almighty Friend ;
And still on Gentile soil they hope to rear
Their house, and God the Builder is not near.

Naomi's youngest joy, her staff and stay,
Beloved and nourished in the trying day,
Has filled her soul with hopes and fears allied,
And Ruth is now young Mahlon's beauteous bride,
The flower of heathen land, the blooming flower,
Fragrant and sweet to grace Naomi's bower ;
And sweeter far in Mahlon's tent to bloom,
And scatter round his house a rich perfume.
And years did Ruth most faithfully employ
To raise their fortunes and increase their joy ;
And all that love and care could do, was done
To cheer the widow and the widow's son.

And all in vain. The Lord who rules above
Withholds his blessings and withdraws his love.
The flocks no longer range on verdant hills :
No more the vineyards pour their shining rills.
The olive fails. The field no longer grants
Her golden sheaves to crown the reapers' wants.
No children 'round their humble table rise,
The gift of God, to bless their longing eyes;
And Elim's house shall witness deeper woe,
And hearts of grief shall darker sorrow know,
Till every earthly scheme is torn away,
And God shall be their everlasting stay.

Jehovah calls, and Mahlon's soul has fled
To the dark chambers of the silent dead ;
And Ruth, now smitten by th' Almighty's power,
Sits desolate in Elim's mournful bower.
Beneath the tree the sons and father sleep,
And o'er their graves the lonely widows weep ;
And mingling hearts of grief, the mourners bend
In silent sorrow o'er each chosen friend.

But, oh ! what anguish fills Naomi's soul !
What waves of trouble o'er her bosom roll !
And, oh ! what tender love, and winning art
Does Ruth employ, to sooth her aching heart !
But all in vain. As yet God's judgments lie
Unblessed upon her soul of agony.

A widowed stranger in a foreign state ;
Her substance gone ; her home all desolate ;
Her noble husband, once her joy and trust,
And pleasant children moldering in the dust ;
The wound is all too deep, the grief too pure
For Ruth's untiring tenderness to cure.
E'en love itself no remedy can find,
And God alone the broken heart can bind.
Deprived of all, her spirit bows to grace,
And Israel's God becomes her hiding place ;
And chastened, contrite, yielding to the rod,
She finds her peace, her rest, her all in God.
Oh ! happy rest, beneath Jehovah's hand,
Her rock and shadow in a weary land.
The Lord has triumphed, and the cause is won,
And faith exclaims : Thy will, O God ! be done.
How rich the joys that fill Naomi's breast !
Her chains are broken, and her soul is blessed !
And gentle Ruth, in that most trying hour,
Has felt the comforts of the Spirit's power ;
And God, fair stranger, has ordained for thee
The joys of lovely, heavenly piety !

And still the widows' days are dark and long,
And sorrows mingle with their holy song ;
But morning's rosy light begins to appear,
And hopes of better days their bosoms cheer.

A joyful sound has come from Bethlehem's plain :
The Lord has blessed his chosen land again ;
And Canaan's hills, the flocks and herds adorn ;
The vineyards bloom, the valleys wave with corn ;
And God, dispensing gifts, in love has spread
His children's board with rich and cheering bread.
Naomi's strength revives as faith surveys
The promised land all animate with praise ;
And ardent, warm desire her spirit fills,
To join the songs on Zion's holy hills.
And, oh ! may God extend his guardian hand,
And guide Naomi to her native land.

The widows, mingling hearts of tenderest ties,
And joined as one in sorrow's sympathies,
Each severed from the fostering, parent stem,
Are on the way to lovely Bethlehem.
And Moab's hills with rosy rays are bright ;
Autumnal valleys smile with joyful light ;
All nature's landscapes, bathed in morning dew,
Refresh their hearts and charm their opening view.

And still Naomi feels the chastening rod.
Deprived of all except the widow's God,
Her noble, generous spirit mourns to see
The lonely widows doomed to poverty ;
"And go," she said, "my daughters, cease to roam,
Nor leave for me your mother's tender home ;

And seek in wedded love a happier rest,
Beloved, and honored, and by others blessed.
And, oh ! may God as kindly soothe your cares,
And calm your hearts, and hear your humble prayers,
As my sweet offspring, now enthroned above,
Received your smiles, and proved your faithful love;
And God to you his tenderness impart,
As ye have kindly healed this bleeding heart.
And fare ye well. Return, and God defend,
And be your constant everlasting friend."

She spake : the mother's soul was all revealed
As love's last pledge the sad departure sealed.

" And can we part ? " the faithful mourners cried.
" And can we leave thy dear maternal side ?
We go, we go, as one in sweet accord,
And join with thee thy people and thy Lord."
They said ; and feelings which awhile had slept,
Awoke with all their powers ; they wept, they wept.

And shall Naomi, poor and desolate —
No power to raise the widows' mournful state,
No home to enter, and no friend to bless,
And none save God her troubles to redress —
And shall Naomi onward look and see
The lovely band in suffering poverty ?
Again she cried : " My daughters, cease to roam,
Nor leave for me your long loved native home ;

No earthly good can these poor hands bestow,
To raise your fortunes, and relieve your woe.
For your dear sakes my spirit feels the rod
That lays me broken at the feet of God ;
No comfort now can Elim's house afford,
Save this fond heart and Israel's faithful Lord."

They weep afresh ; and Orpah's spirit failed ;
The trial conquered, and the world prevailed,
And Orpah weeping from her side withdrew,
And lips of sorrow breathed the last adieu ;
Within her mother's house her journey ends,
And finds her gods, her country, and her friends.

Not so the sister ; storms and trials prove
The power of faith, of constancy, and love.
And Ruth, fast-cleaving to Naomi's hand,
Will journey onward to the promised land ;
To her more dear than all the earth can give,
To see in faith Jehovah's face and live ;
And modest, fervent love, is tried again.
" Behold thy sister moving o'er the plain.
Return," she cried, " nor let thy bosom bleed,
In cleaving to this broken bruised reed."
And Ruth, unshaken in her faith, replied :
" Entreat me never to forsake thy side :
Where e'er thy footsteps go my feet shall tread ;
And where thou rests at night shall be my bed.

Thy God and people, joined in one accord,
Shall be my people, and my faithful Lord.
The land wherein thou diest, I will die ;
And where thy dust shall sleep, my bones shall lie.
And God be witness, and His curse impart,
If ought save death shall tear me from thy heart."

O holy love ! Thy simple sacrifice
Gains and preserves the noblest victories.
No power Naomi's soul could longer find
To touch a deeper chord in that pure, noble mind.
The widows' generous souls in union blend,
And each has found a dearer, sweeter friend.
And now, their hearts revived and God their stay,
They journey on content from day to day ;
O'er hills which numerous flocks and herds adorn ;
Through valleys waving rich with yellow corn ;
Through groves of palm trees, and through olive fields,
And where the vine her thousand clusters yields :
O'er mountains wild, through gloomy forest wood,
O'er Arnon's stream, and Jordan's rolling flood ;
And aid unseen made safe their varied road
From heathen regions to the land of God.
And Elim's widows, poor, alone, distressed,
In Bethlehem find a place to mourn, to toil, to rest.

"Is this Naomi," every voice exclaim,
"Whose husband shone a prince on Bethlehem's plain?

Is this Naomi, she whose mansion stood
In cheerfulness amid th' embowering wood ;
Whose children walked in affluence and ease,
Adorned with every grace a mother's heart to please?

Is this Naomi, she whose prospects shone
So bright, the honored, happy, pleasant one?"

"Ah! kindred, call me not Naomi now.

My heart is pained, and sadness clothes my brow.

That pleasant name recalls my former rest,

When all were happy, and our home was blessed.

Another name reveals my present state,

When God has frowned, and all is desolate.

Oh! call me Mara; for th' Almighty's hand

Has filled my bitter cup in heathen land.

I went: and children, husband, wealth, were my fond
trust;

I come: and spouse, and sons, and wealth, are all in
dust.

My way was sinful, and the Lord has spoken:

The Lord is just, and my poor heart is broken!"

And now their humble tent the widows spread,

And find a simple home to rest the weary head.

Sad recollections oft their bosoms wrung,

And oft Naomi poured her soul in song.

NAOMI'S LAMENT.

They called me once the pleasant one,
When heavenly favors on me shone ;
My husband was a chosen gem
'Amid the lights of Bethlehem ;
My noble sons sincere and good
Like olives round my table stood ;
My mansion rose in shady grove
The seat of pure domestic love ;
My board was crowned with cheering bread,
The Spirit's oil was on my head.
Oh ! every blessing on me shone,
They called me once the pleasant one !

My soul has sinned, and Israel's God
Has made me feel His chastening rod ;
In Gentile land my husband sleeps,
And o'er his grave the willow weeps ;
My offspring, once my joy and pride,
Now rest in Moab side by side ;
My flocks and herds, and all my wealth,
Have felt the conquering power of death.
My soul has sinned ; and contrite now,
Before the widow's God I bow
And bow in hope, that God will own
Naomi yet, the pleasant one !

II.

The promised land in rich abundance yields ;
The wheat is ripe, the reapers fill the fields ;
And Bethlehem's hardy sons find sweet employ,
While harvests sown in hope are reaped in joy.
Autumnal scenes enliven every breast,
And God is honored, and the people blessed.
And there was princely Boaz, a worthy name,
A man beloved of God, of wide spread fame,
Whose ample fields uncounted flocks adorn,
And wide-spread valleys waved with golden corn ;
Who walked in affluence on Canaan's soil,
The gift of God, through honest noble toil.
And Boaz was generous, bountiful, and kind,
And every grace adorned his noble mind.
Endearing sentiments his heart imbued,
And all his walk was conscious rectitude.
Where e'er the happy, upright man appeared,
He won the love of all, and all revered.
But crowning all his worth, to Boaz was given
The holy, joyful attributes of heaven.
Celestial comforts filled his pious breast ;
Happy in all his works, and God his rest.
None, none was found, who sat in Bethlehem's gate,
In wealth so mighty, and in love so great.
And Boaz the rich, the generous, and the good,
To Elim's house was near in kindred blood ;

And God was moving, in mysterious ways,
Naomi's broken, fallen house to raise.

The barley fields are ripe. The reapers stand
'Mid golden sheaves through all the joyful land.
No harvest waves, no reapers move with pride
To gather treasures to Naomi's side.
But God, whose blessings cause the earth to yield,
Permits the poor to glean the harvest field ;
That men of wealth and poverty may own,
That God dispenses gifts, and God alone.
The stranger, widow, and the orphan, see
The rule of kindness, and of industry.
The daughter's feelings cheerfully embrace
The humble labor, and the heavenly grace.
" And I will go," she said, with calm content,
" And glean where reapers kind may give consent."
Naomi yielded, and in prayer they bowed :
The sacrifice is made, and God approved.

The rosy dawning guilds the eastern sky.
The earth is all awake to joyful industry,
And Ruth, attired in neat and simple dress,
The ornament of native loveliness,
Goes forth with conscious rectitude of mind,
With modest fear, and kindling hope combined,
To glean the fields. The land was rich and wide
Where she might choose ; and Providence her guide.

And Heaven directed on, her footsteps tend
To harvest fields of Boaz her husband's friend.
And suppliant there, she thankfully receives
Consent to glean amid the reapers' sheaves.
Inspired by love, by sense of duty moved,
Her work is cheerful, as her heart approved.

The damsel, exiled from her native place,
Enduring hardships with becoming grace,
A modest stranger in a foreign land,
Has won the hearts of all that reaping band.
The humble gleaner toils with cheerfulness,
And Ruth approved Jehovah comes to bless.
Behold the master of the field and men
Has come with joy from lovely Bethlehem.
A generous mildness sat upon his brow ;
His lips with words of piety o'erflow ;
And standing 'mid his sheaves the good man said :
"May heavenly blessings crown the reapers' heads."
The reapers answered as their souls were blessed :
"May heavenly blessings on the master rest."
Inquiries made, and orders kindly given,
All, all rejoice beneath approving heaven ;
The perfumes of that harvest field ascend
To God the master's and the servant's friend.

And now the humble gleaner shares her part
In the pure promptings of the good man's heart.

“And who is this, whom God and want have led
To seek in rugged toil her daily bread?”

The servant stationed o’er the reaping band

Replied : “A stranger this from Gentile land,

The Moabite whose willing footsteps trod

With Elim’s widow to the land of God.

The stranger mildly asked and cheerfully was given

Consent t’ enjoy the gracious rule of Heaven :

The morning beams, the high ascending sun,

Have seen the work her faithful hands have done ;

Nor has she tarried, save to woo more aid

For toil, she sought awhile the cooling shade.

The stranger’s nameless grace had filled his eye,

And his kind bosom felt for poverty.

But, oh ! when Boaz had heard that she who stood

Amid his sheaves was near in kindred blood ;

And conscious now that she who meekly gleaned

Was that fond friend on whom Naomi leaned ;

The mournful story of his kinsman’s fate,

His house dissolved, his widow desolate,

And lands by others held till Jubilee,

Awoke his soul to tenderest sympathy.

Parental accents greet the stranger’s ear,

Inspiring hope, and banishing her fear.

“Fair daughter, thou whom Providence has led

To fields of Boaz to seek thy daily bread,

Be this thy field to glean. This barley field
To all thy wants a good reward shall yield :
And join my maidens as their sheaves they bind,
And social converse shall relieve thy mind.
My servants all are charged concerning thee,
To honor worth and aid thy industry ;
And freely drink, as my young men shall bring
The well-filled vessel from the gushing spring.

The gleaner answered, filled with reverence due,
Her actions humble, while her words were few :
“Thy handmaid’s not of Jacob’s holy race.
The land of Moab is my dwelling place.
In Gentile paths my erring feet have trod,
Nor am I meet to join the saints of God,
And gain their love ; unworthy e’en to share
The maidens’ friendship and enjoy their care.
And what am I, a stranger desolate,
To win the kind regard of one so great ?”

“Thy name, thy works and woes, are all revealed,”
Replied the master of the harvest field.
“Our ears have heard thy constancy of love
To Elim’s widow, and our hearts approve.
And we have heard with joy that grace divine
Has won thy heart to leave the heathen shrine,
And parents, kindred, friends, and home forsake,
For Elim’s, Israel’s, and Jehovah’s sake.

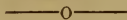
Thy earthly love, and heavenly faith, we see
In all thy walk of humble piety.
Thy works of love, thy works of faith, the Lord
Most richly crown, and graciously reward.
May God, beneath whose wings His saints are blessed,
Be thy full comfort, and thy everlasting rest !”

Kind, condescending love has touched her mind.
With reverence deep, and gratitude combined,
The gleaner spake: “My constancy of love,
My sacrifice, and trust in God above,
And willingness to act the gleaner’s part,
Have gained thy generous, sympathizing heart.
Thy friendship comforts, and thy words console
The various troubles of the widow’s soul ;
And let thy handmaid in thy kindness share,
A stranger all unworthy of thy care.”

The stranger’s mournful story Boaz had heard,
Her actions honored and her faith revered.
The humble gleaner ’mid his barley sheaves
Awakes his pity, and his hand relieves.
Her modest charms and worth his eyes approve,
And generous feelings ripen into love.
And love’s own simple power goes forth to bless
The widow, stranger, and the fatherless.
“These fields are thine to glean. This reaping throng
Shall cheer thy toil with Zion’s sacred song.

And as their hands my maidens shall employ,
Their pious converse shall increase thy joy.
The master too shall love and care for thee,
And speed thy steps in paths of piety.
And thou shalt come around my table spread
With God's own gifts, and eat thy cheering bread.
The Lord shall bless thy works, and bless thy ways,
And fill thy soul with songs of greatful praise."

The good man's words, and deeds, and smiles, impart
The richest solace to the gleaner's heart.
And now to her successful task she springs,
And as she gleans her sheaves she sweetly sings.



THE SONG OF THE GLEANER.

I came beneath Jehovah's wing
To find a place to rest;
The idol shrine could never bring
Peace to my weary breast.

My heart was broken by the rod
That laid my friends in dust;
And I have come to find in God
A friend in whom to trust.

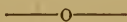
The tokens of His care are found
In every barley field;
The gems of love are scattered round
Where vines their clusters yield.

These gathered sheaves are full of grace;
The widow's God has said,
Give orphans here a dwelling place,
And give the poor their bread.

With conscience calm and mind serene,
To toils my hands are given,
And all the golden fruits I glean
Are mercy drops of heaven.

O God of Israel! from thy horn
Thy richer blessings shed;
And I will glean at eve and morn
The soul's celestial bread.

And happy in this precious hour,
My heart with vigor strong,
In Bethlehem I'll pour to God
My everlasting song.



Th' ascending sun has brought the noon-day hour.
The reapers all have joined the rural bower.
Each on his sheaf reclines. The harvest board
With cheering wine and strengthening food is stored.

The gifts of Heaven are blessed, and all prepare
To eat with joy, for love and God are there.
The gleaner 'mid the reapers on their sheaves
Sat blooming near the master, and receives
From his full hand the choicest of the meat,
A double share, by kindness rendered sweet;
And satisfied, she leaves a goodly part
For one at home, who shares her anxious heart.
Unmingled pleasure crowns that happy hour.
How sweet the harvest meal beneath the rural bower!

Refreshed in body, and renewed in mind,
The band divides, each to his place assigned.
And all with vigor reap the fruitful soil,
The master helping, as the servants toil;
And all are cheerful as the birds of spring;
The men are social, and the maidens sing.

And Ruth, now strengthened with unusual power,
By food and kindness of the green-wood bower,
Goes forth, with cheerful heart and modest mien,
Glowing celestial sweet, the field to glean.
The master moved by love his grant renews,
That she may gather where her heart may choose.
This strict command the servant now receives,
That she may glean amid th' unbound sheaves.
His young men too are charged: As ye shall bind
Let handful fall with cheerful, liberal mind.

Without rebuke let Ruth with us remain,
And gather largely of the precious grain.
Thus Boaz, the good man, bountiful and free,
Dispensed his gifts, and nourished industry.

The sun is lingering on the mountain's side :
The gleaner's hands are faithfully applied
To her successful task, nor ceases yet
Her toil, till all his beams are set.
Then sheaf by sheaf she beats, and sees the grain
A measured ephah of the barley grain.
A treasure dearer than the ruby gem,
She bears away to lovely Bethlehem.
Thankful and happy that her day's employ
Will fill Naomi with a feast of joy.

And Ruth was doubly blessed, as o'er again
She measured out and showed the precious grain,
And told the story of the harvest scene:
What her charmed ears had heard, her eyes had seen.
And, oh ! how radiant beamed her eyes with love,
When her dear mother all her works approve.
And when Naomi in that blissful hour
Received her portion of the green-wood bower,
Which Ruth now added to her simple store,
'T was then the cup of joy was running o'er.

In evening's calm retirement let me find
A listening ear, a sympathetic mind

To share my sorrows, and my joys partake,
And feel an interest pure: for her dear sake
I'll bear all day the burden and the heat,
For the blessed hour of evening's calm retreat.
And thus was Ruth most happy and serene,
Returning wearied from the harvest scene.

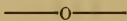
“Where hast thou gleaned my daughter? Who is he
So kind, so thoughtful of thy poverty?
Thy ample treasure and abundant meal
Proclaim a benefactor wont to feel
For others' sorrows. May the Lord impart
His blessings largely to the good man's heart!”

“The man with whom I gleaned, who feels the woes
That poverty endures, is happy Boaz.
His fields are wide. With joy I heard him say:
These fields are thine to glean from day to day.
Near to my young men keep. My harvest field
For all thy wants a rich supply shall yield.”

Naomi's heart was cheered. The name of Boaz
Inspired her prospects, and relieved her woes.
For Elim, now enthroned with God above,
Had shared his bounty, and enjoyed his love.
And still his goodness lives, and Boaz is led
To pour his blessings on the widow's head.
Her soul exclaimed: “My daughter, may the Lord
Crown all his goodness with a rich reward.

And Boaz," she said, "the rich, the great, the good,
To Elim's house is near in kindred blood ;
Nor let my daughter from his fields remove,
'Tis good to gain his grace, and win his love ;
Fast by his maidens glean, that Boaz may find
The stranger thankful, and of constant mind."

In converse sweet, and prayer, and sacred song,
To God, th' autumnal evening they prolong.
With grateful hearts for mercies gone before,
And budding hopes of blessings yet in store,
They lay them down. Their bed the angels keep ;
And God dispenses promised, balmy sleep.
The widow's tent of piety is blessed,
Fair emblem of the everlasting rest.



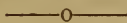
THE EVENING HYMN OF RUTH AND NAOMI.

'Tis sweet, O Lord, at morning light,
Thy presence to implore ;
And know that Thou wilt guide aright
Our footsteps evermore.

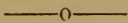
'Tis sweet, O Lord, all day to cast
Each burden on Thy care ;
And know when toiling hours are passed,
That Thou hast heard our prayer.

'T is sweet, O Lord, at evening hour
To turn the heart to Thee;
And know that Thy o'ershadowing power,
All night our shield shall be.

The morning light, the noon-day heat,
The evening shades are Thine.
'T is sweet, O Lord, all times to rest,
Beneath Thy wings divine.



And now, from day to day, the daughter gleaned,
The faithful friend on whom Naomi leaned.
And every setting sun her loved employ
Increased their substance, and renewed their joy.
Nor less the happiness that Boaz receives,
As Ruth is gleaning 'mid his barley sheaves.
The joy was mutual, and a power unseen
Was ripening love through all that harvest scene,
And Providence was leading on the way,
To crown with marriage bliss the closing harvest day.



III.

Weeping may last through all the starless night,
But comfort springs with morning's rosy light.
And he who walks his furrowed land, and sows
With liberal cast his seed in tears and woes,
In brighter days his hands shall find employ,
In reaping golden sheaves with harvest joy.

And thus Naomi long in darkness sighs ;
The morn is breaking, and her comforts rise.
And thus the patient Ruth has sown in tears ;
The field is blooming, and the harvest cheers.
And faith, and hope, and patience tried, the Lord
Will crown the righteous with His pure reward.

Artless and undesiring Ruth still goes,
From day to day, to glean the fields of Boaz.
No other hopes inspire her humble mind,
Save hopes that constant labor she may find ;
And in her daily occupation see
Her house sustained by faithful industry.
Not so Naomi. Providence supplies
Occasion just for other hopes to rise
In her maternal heart, e'en hopes to blend
In marriage bonds her daughter and her friend.
With warm desire her pious spirit glows,
To build her house through kindred Boaz.
The rule of Heaven her soul remembers well,
That not a name should die in Israel ;
That widows, childless, shall maintain their cause
By yielding honor to Jehovah's laws.
The occasion God has made, and Heaven designs
To crown His work by joining kindred minds.
" My faithful daughter, shall I find thee rest,"
Naomi, undisguised, her thoughts expressed.

“Indulgent Boaz, the generous and the good,
To Elim’s house is near in kindred blood.
In kindred Boaz our legal right resides,
To save a name among the chosen tribes.
Behold his cheerful harvest days are o’er.
He winnows barley on the threshing floor.
The Lord has largely blessed his loved employ,
And his kind heart overflows with harvest joy.
To night he holds his simple rural feast,
And God is honored, and his household blessed.
Arise, the cleansing water freely use,
And o’er thy limbs the perfumed oil diffuse;
And lay aside the simple gleaner’s dress,
And clothe thee in thy robes of loveliness.
Thy raven locks shall grace thy modest brow,
For elegance of style becomes thee now.
And in thy spousal ornaments attired,
By sense of duty moved, by love inspired,
Go seek the threshing floor, and meekly claim
The legal honors of a kinsman’s name.”

In modest elegance the daughter stands,
Obedient to Naomi’s strict commands.
Her form was charming, and her open face
Beamed heavenly sweetness and angelic grace.
But richer charms were hers; the inward dress,
All wrought with gold, the robe of righteousness;

And that bright ornament to crown the whole,
The heart of love, the meek and quiet soul :
A bride prepared by God, a chosen gem,
To grace the noblest house in Bethlehem.

And happy Boaz had closed his rural feast.
His servants all had sunk to balmy rest.
The Bethlehemite, in meditations sweet,
His heart was good, enjoyed his calm retreat.
“God of the harvest ever praised,” he said,
“Thy blessings largely given exalt my head.
My barns are stored with corn, my vineyard stands
In clusters, and my verdant pasture lands
Are white with flocks, and every sunny hill
The lowing herd o’erspread, the camels fill.
My maidens and my young men hear my voice,
And live in love and peace, and all rejoice.
These are thy gifts, O God ; these blessings prove
Pledges of constant care and gracious love.
May my blessed spirit humbly yield to Thee
The works of faith and cheerful piety !”

While Boaz was musing on Jehovah’s ways,
And his warm heart o’erflowed with grateful praise,
In new attire the gleaner met his eyes,
And filled his soul with trembling and surprise,
“Who, who art thou ?”*

*See the original.

“I am thy handmaid Ruth, and here I claim
The legal honors of a kinsman’s name.
’Tis thine my hopes to crown, my fears to quell,
And save a fallen house in Israel.”

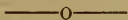
“My daughter,” righteous Boaz replied, “the Lord
Crown all thy goodness with His rich reward.
We saw thee leave thy friends, and native home,
And heathen gods, and with Naomi roam,
To soothe her anguish, and her sorrows share,
And these thy constancy of love declare.
For her dear sake we saw thee meekly yield
To humble toil, and glean the harvest field;
Prepared by faithful industry to rear
Thy dwelling, and thy aged mother cheer.
But greater love to Elim’s house we see
In this devoted act of piety.
Fair daughter, fear not; thou shalt ever prove
My tender care, my constant, faithful love.
And be thy mind serene; this evening’s hour
Is pure and sacred in my rural bower.
And all my people know, that grace divine
Has made thy bosom virtue’s holiest shrine.
I am thy kin. A nearer kinsman stands
To thee, on whom are resting heaven’s commands.
Nor may I violate my country’s laws
By hastening on this tender, pleasing cause.

At morning's early dawn the Bethlehemite,
Thy nearest kin, shall clearly know his right.
In open court, before the sitting sun,
This matter shall be judged, this work be done.
And shall thy kinsman act the kinsman's part,
Thou art his wife, the solace of his heart;
Or waiving his fair title, thou shalt prove
In Boaz a guardian's care, a husband's love.
In pledge of my firm promise, hear me now,
O God: and witness this my solemn vow:
Within my bower enjoy thy quiet rest;
May peaceful slumbers soothe thy anxious breast.
And God is here; His eyes alike pervade
The day's bright sunshine, and the evening's shade.
And ere the sun the mountain's brow shall gem,
Thou shalt return again to Bethlehem."

She slept in innocence. The gleaner rose
While yet the world was held in calm repose.
The prudent man had said: "Let none have power
To say a woman sought my rural bower."
Dismissed with gifts, the gleaner takes her way,
And gained the city ere the break of day.
With pure delight Naomi's spirit glows
To hear the words and promises of Boaz,
And when the daughter showed the gifts he sent,
To cheer the mother in her lowly tent,

Her heart exulting said : " These presents prove
Pledges of grace, and monuments of love.
My faithful daughter rest ; commit thy care
To Israel's God, who hears and answers prayer.
Thy love to Heaven and Elim's house is tried.
Trust in the Lord, in Providence confide.
Thy work is done ; serenely wait, and see
The end of God's designs concerning thee.
Nor long shall patience wait ; ere setting sun
The cause shall be adjudged, the work be done.
For Boaz, the upright Boaz, will take no rest
Till his own tender heart and thine be blessed."

Thus spake Naomi ; and their prayers ascend
To God, their constant, everlasting friend.
And ere their morning sacrifices cease,
Jehovah hears, and grants His perfect peace.



IV.

The autumnal sun in cloudless beauty rose,
And o'er the world his joyful radiance throws,
When Salmon's* son appears at Bethlehem's gate,
Where justice is dispensed to poor and great ;
Resolved that day to have the widow's cause
Adjudged according to his country's laws.

* Boaz.

His kinsman came. Their seats the elders take;
And in full audience thus the good man spake:

“Our brother Elim, when the chastening hand
Of God was resting on the promised land,
Went down to Moab. There our brother died.
And there his sons are sleeping side by side.
His flocks, and herds, and all his princely wealth,
There felt the power, the wasting power of death.
Oppressed with want, oppressed with poverty,
His fair estate was sold to Jubilee.
His house is all dissolved. In widowed state
Naomi has returned, all desolate.
And with her Mahlon’s childless widow came,
The sole surviving hope of Elim’s name.
In her alone the power, the right resides,
To save a house among the chosen tribes.
’Tis written in our country’s sacred laws
That kinsmen shall espouse the widow’s cause.
The elders know that justice now demands
That we should reinstate our brother’s lands.
The right is thine, my kinsman, and I wait
To know thy purpose in the public gate.”

The kinsman quickly answered: “I will yield
A kinsman’s duty, and redeem the field.”

Before the judges Boaz replied: “The land
Which thou shalt purchase at Naomi’s hand,

Of Mahlon's widow thou shalt buy the same,
To raise thereon our brother Elim's name."

The kinsman answered in the public gate :
"In buying I will mar my own estate.
I waive my claim. I yield my prior rights.
Be witnesses ye chosen Bethlehemites."

Now Boaz succeeds ; assumes the widow's cause,
Sanctioned and honored by his country's laws.
And standing joyfully in Bethlehem's gate,
He said : "This day I purchase all the estate
Of Elim. Mahlon's widow I assume
My lawful wife in all her youthful bloom ;
And her first born the heritage shall claim,
And bear the honored, noble Elim's name.
This contract here I seal before the Lord :
Witness, ye elders, and ye saints record."
The chosen elders and the saints reply,
"This act we witness, and this deed we ratify.
May God on this young woman's honored head
His blessing pour, His mercies largely shed.
Jehovah grant that Boaz with joy may see
A numerous, happy, godly family.
May Ruth aye prove thy richest, choicest gem,
And be thou great and praised in Bethlehem."

Thus prayed the elders, and a heavenly glow
O'erspread the good man's righteous, noble brow.

The perfumes of that holy scene ascend
To God, His people's everlasting friend.
And God exalted, in this love bestows
Unnumbered blessings on the head of Boaz.
And that best earthly good, the joy of life,
THE PLEASANT, VIRTUOUS, SYMPATHIZING WIFE.
The gleaner in her husband's mansion now
Lifts up, with joy, her meek and modest brow;
The happiest bride in Bethlehem's pleasant gate,
Of Boaz the rich, the honored, and the great.
Naomi fills with grace her new abode,
Lives in tranquillity, and walks with God.
The good man's house domestic pleasure crowns,
And streams of comfort murmur all around;
And all rejoiced that Providence led on the way
To crown with marriage bliss the closing harvest day.

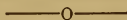
The work is God's. From this blessed union springs
The Jewish sovereigns, and the King of kings.

The mother stands in beauty's double charms,
Her smiling infant blooming in her arms.
Enraptured Boaz receives the rosy boy,
And all a father's heart overflows with joy.
Naomi's bliss no tongue, no heart can tell;
Her house is now restored in Israel.
This first-born son the heritage shall claim,
And bear the honored, noble Elin's name.

The holy women, joined in sweet accord,
Her consolations share, and praise the Lord :
And, heaven-directed, said : "This first-born son
Of Ruth shall be thy great redeeming one.
In him thy house shall rise, and long shall stand,
Useful and honored in the promised land.
Beneath his guardian wings thy life shall bloom,
And he shall soothe thy passage to the tomb.
In him, through all thy days, thy heart shall prove,
A husband's care, and more than children's love.
His name is OBED ; servant of the Lord ;
Thy solace, consolation, and reward.
Auspicious infant ! From this noble stem
Shall they arise who wear the diadem.
And greater far, from OBED's line shall spring
The Saviour, Israel's everlasting King."

Thus spake the holy women as they share
Naomi's comfort in her new-born heir.
And now to her maternal charge the child is given,
And Elim's widow nursed and reared him up for heav'n.
And when to her's were pressed the lips of that sweet
boy,
'T was then her cup was full, her heart o'erflowed with
joy ;
And all her ten long years of overwhelming woes
Were lost in one bright hour of evening's calm repose ;
And her prophetic NAME in hallowed luster shone,
NAOMI, STILL THE HAPPY, JOYFUL, PLEASANT ONE.

ESTHER.



A PARAPHRASE OF THE BOOK OF ESTHER.

“ALL Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.” All Scripture, however, is not equally profitable. The doctrinal and practical, the devotional and prophetical, are of the greatest importance. The historical and biographical have their place and their value, and the true Christian, like the bee in a field of various flowers, can gather honey from every page of the inspired Volume. The book of Esther is purely a history; and although the name of the Supreme Being is not mentioned in the book, the history unfolds, in a remarkable manner, the providence of God. The reading of this wonderful story is well calculated to lead the mind to the contemplation of the character of our heavenly Father, who controls all hearts, and orders all events in such a manner as to promote His own glory, and secure the salvation of the Church. The wheels of Providence very often appear to us

high and dreadful, but by careful study, and patient observation, we can discover a wheel within a wheel, manifesting the special care of God, not only over us as a whole, but over the most humble individual Christian. I recommend the readers of the Bible to study the strange scenes recorded in the book of Esther in view of strengthening faith in the controlling power of God over the minds and passions of wicked men, and His merciful providence on the behalf of His afflicted people. While God knows how to deliver, He employs instruments to accomplish His great designs. No weapon that is formed against Zion shall prosper. The gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church. While we place full confidence in the grace and power of God, it becomes the sons and daughters of Zion to imitate Esther and Mordecai in their devotion to the cause of Israel. And all may learn from this history the beautiful doctrine of the Word and providence of God, that "weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning."

The history commences with an account of the greatness of the Persian empire; the sumptuous banquet of the king, which led to the divorcement of Queen Vashti, and opened the way for the advancement of Esther, who became, in connection with Mordecai, the saviour of the Jewish people.

Esther's Jewish name was Hadassah, which signifies a myrtle. She was called in the Persian language Esther, which signifies a star. No doubt because of her brilliant beauty.

Ahasuerus sat on Persia's throne ;
His royal crown with many jewels shone ;
Each jem declared his wide extended sway ;
A hundred seven-and-twenty states his laws obey.
From Ethiopia to the Indian strand,
Province on province bowed at his command ;
His oriental standard, wide unfurled,
Waved o'er the proudest empire of the world.

No more the angry storms of battle lower ;
The Persian monarchy was in its power ;
Peace like a river through the kingdom flows,
And countless hosts enjoy a brief repose.
The times were genial. Ahasuerus calls
His honored nobles to his splendid halls.
From every province of his vast domain
The men of rank, of power, of influence came.
Came, as the generous invitation ran,
T' enjoy the royal banquet at Shushan.
Princes of Media came in splendid state ;
And Persia's jeweled nobles thronged the gate,
Where day by day the royal feast went on,
The richest feast the sun e'er shone upon ;
And there his power, his wealth, the king displays,
A hundred fourscore joyous banquet days.

The court and men of rank have shared their part
In the warm gushings of the monarch's heart ;

And every guest will homeward turn and sing
The glory of the Persian throne and king.
And now the palace court, the garden, shows
The tables ranged in long extended rows.
And there were marble pillows, beds of gold,
And silver rings, and purple hangings rolled
In ornamental forms, and flowers, and vines,
And divers golden cups, and royal wines.
The tables all with richest gifts were crowned,
And all that garden seemed enchanted ground.
The feast was ample for each child and man
Who thronged joyous streets of proud Shushan ;
And seven successive days the people sing
O'er cups of wine the praises of their king.
Nor less in splendor was the feast prepared
By Vashti, which her maids of honor shared.
And all the women of the place were seen
Commingling joyous with their happy queen.
No banquet e'er was made in power and pride,
As that of Persia's sovereign and his beauteous bride.

The last, the crowning festive hour draws nigh.
The guests are in their wildest ecstasy.
The king commands : " Go chamberlains and call
Queen Vashti in to grace the festive hall :
And bid her come in every sparkling gem,
And on her head the royal diadem ;

That her rare charms the princes, having seen,
May praise the beauty of the lovely queen."

His word was law. But, oh ! the burning shame,
For sake of honor, and of wide spread fame,
To call retiring Virtue from its shrine,
To meet the gaze of princes o'er their wine.
His word was law. 'T was dangerous to withstand,
Though all unreasonable, the king's command.
'T was modesty, not duty, gave the word
Of disobedience to her rightful lord.
To duty's shrine we bow and give our praise,
But love the modesty that disobeys.
The scene was one for prudence to amend,
And each had been a dearer, sweeter friend.
But, oh ! the king before his nobles feels
The pangs of wounded pride, and he who wields
O'er Persia's realm an unresisted power,
Is roused to wrath in that wild frenzied hour.
The counselors are called. The men who draw
Their stores of knowledge from the public law,
The seven high princes learned and great,
Who give their counsels in th' affairs of state.
"What judgment 'gainst Vashti the queen shall stand,
For disobedience to the king's command,
Imposed by honored chamberlains, and known
Far as extends the Medo-Persian throne?"

The king is seated in his wounded pride ;
His robed and jeweled princes by his side.
The sage Memucan, rising o'er the rest,
His counsel gave, his judgment thus expressed :
“ Vashti has wronged the king ; nor him alone,
But all the nobles who surround the throne.
In every province where the king bears sway,
The people all have suffered wrong this day.
On wings of wind the news will fly abroad,
That Vashti disobeyed her rightful lord ;
And Media's daughters, hearing, will withstand
Their husbands' rule, their husbands' just command.
E'en Persia's ladies, held in high esteem,
The princes will despise, and say, the queen,
Self-willed, refused Ahasuerus' call,
To stand before him in the festive hall ;
So shall domestic wrath and strife arise,
And husbands suffer in their spouses' eyes.
Be this my judgment : Let the king ordain
Among the laws, forever to remain,
A royal ordinance, that Vashti wear
No more the crown, or royal honors share.
And place the crown upon another's brow,
Disposed respect to yield and reverence show.
And when the statute issues from the throne,
And spreads o'er all the realm, the wives shall own
Their husbands' lawful powers, and in that day
Due honor yield, and reverence, and obey.

The seven high counselors of state agree,
And advocate the bold, the stern decree.

The statute shaped to please the princes draw,
And royalty appeased ordained the law.
From the gay capital to every land,
Is spread in every tongue the king's command ;
The absolute, th' unchangeable decree,
That man should rule his house in sovereignty.

And such the law Ahasuerus gave,
The husband tyrant, and the wife a slave.
A better law the Gospel has revealed,
That crowns the household with a holier shield.
A law that Christian wives delight to prove,
The force of reason and the power of love.
The law that binds with silken bands the bride,
Near to the husband's heart, and ever to his side.

The scene is o'er, and the great teacher, Time,
Has cooled the passions 'roused o'er cups of wine.
Amid the cares and splendors of the throne,
The king is sad, disconsolate, alone.
His wrath appeased, his aching spirit yearns
For love's endearments, and to Vashti turns.
Happy the king had been, could Vashti wear
Again the crown, and royal honors share.
But, oh ! the stern decree now stands between
Ahasuerus and his injured queen.

Such dire results arise and wound the soul,
When kings quaff deeply of the sparkling bowl.

To soothe the monarch's heart, and fill the throne,
Another queen in brilliancy shall come.

Th' observant chamberlains observe : " The king
To Shushan's sumptuous palaces shall bring .
The fairest flowers that bloom in every land,
Where Ahasuerus spreads his wide command.
And Persia's sweetest flower the king shall choose,
The consort royal, and the obedient spouse."

The king's decree to every province ran,
And flowers were culled to bloom in gay Shushan.
The princess' garden, and the poor man's field,
Alike are called their choicest rose to yield.
In every state was plucked the sweetest flower.
'T was beauty reigned supreme in that strange hour.

In Shushan dwelt an honored exiled Jew,
Named Mordecai, within whose garden grew
An only flower ; that flower was in full bloom,
And shedding 'round his house its rich perfume.
The man who gathered fairest flowers passed by,
And plucked the only rose of Mordecai.

From every province of the king's domain,
The bands of beauties to the palace came.

Some came weeping ; some in smiles were seen,
Hoping to win the crown, and reign the queen.
The Jewish orphan maiden, reared with care,
With form divine, and face beyond compare,
Came pensive, yielding to the stern decree,
Arrayed in robes of true simplicity.
'Mid gems of beauty shining, Esther far
Resplendent, shone the brightest, fairest star.
Nor her's alone the outward form and face
Of purest mould, inimitable grace ;
The inward powers like polished sapphires shine,
And give the tints of heaven to beauty's shrine.
All, all were held in admiration's spell,
Who saw the brilliant star of Israel.
Her open countenance and modest grace
Have gained attendants, and the highest place.
E'en the chief chamberlain, though high in state,
Deigns to descend and on the virgin wait.
Fair Esther won all hearts, as all behold
Pure goodness shrined in beauty's heavenly mould.
Supreme o'er Gentile virgins Esther shone,
Her people and her country all unknown ;
For Mordecai had said : "Thou shalt not tell
Thy kindred 's of the house of Israel."

Pensive and sad the pious Jew resorts,
And daily walks before the royal courts ;

Anxious to know if heaven will kindly aid
In this new scene the much loved orphan maid.

And now has closed th' customary lustral year.
The fragrant brides before the king appear.
Each in the dress and style her heart may choose,
To win th' affections of the royal spouse.
For thus by law each maid enjoyed the right,
T' adorn at pleasure for the nuptial night.
And then did beauty give enchanting grace
To every female's dress, and form, and face.
But Esther had no choice of styles of art ;
Her trust was in the goodness of the heart ;
And that fair form of symmetry divine,
The home of modesty and beauty's shrine.
The chamberlain appoints, and Esther stands
In simple neatness under Hegai's hands.
Her form was charming, and her open face
Beamed heavenly sweetness, and angelic grace.
No Oriental bride was ever seen
So pure, so brilliant, and so much the queen.
Fair Esther won th' admiring hearts of all
Who saw her leave that night the perfumed hall,
To meet the bridegroom in the royal house,
The modest maiden, and the faithful spouse.
The king received her fragrant to his side,
And owned her joyfully his favorite bride.

O'er all the virgins of his vast domain,
Esther was honored, and of wide spread fame;
And all were happy when the crown was seen
Sparkling anew upon a Persian queen.

And thus Queen Esther came in royal state,
To save the exiled Jews from dismal fate.
The ways of Providence are dark and high,
And who can scan the God of sovereignty?

A second time Ahasuerus calls
His honored princes to his splendid halls,
To share Queen Esther's feast, and wide display
Her honors on the coronation day.
'Mid jeweled chiefs, and counselors of state,
And chamberlains who on the sovereign wait;
'Mid radiant high born dames of every land,
From Ethiopia to the Indian strand,
The beautiful, the unveiled Esther stood:
Her look was gracious and her heart was good,
And at the ivory altar kneeling down,
Th' exulting king bestowed the royal crown;
And all who shared the feast, and graced the scene,
With acclamation hailed the Persian queen.

The king was generous on that joyful day.
Far as extends his wide extended sway
His royal gifts are sent. A firm release
The provinces receive, and heavy burdens cease.

The Medes and Persians have their queen again,
And all are happy in their monarch's reign.

Amid the lesser officers of state
Sat Mordecai, to guard the royal gate.
Fair Esther crowned, and shining on the throne,
Still kept her country and her race unknown.
To Mordecai she gave her reverence due,
As when in her sequestered home, she knew
To love her kinsman, and obey his will,
And all a daughter's duty to fulfill.
Within the humble tent, or lifted high,
The queen regards the will of Mordecai.
And filial graces give her more renown
Than all the jewels in her sparkling crown.

'Mid love's endearments, and th' affairs of state,
The king's unconscious of the deadly hate
Of faithless chamberlains, who watching wait
The favored time, like hungry wolves, to spring
And glut their vengeance on th' unguarded king.
The observant Mordecai the plot has seen,
And sent the warning to the pious queen.
The queen, in name of Mordecai, makes known
The message to her consort on the throne.
And step by step by inquisition sure,
Bigthan and Teresh of the palace door
Are guilty found, and by a just decree
Are hung in public on the gallows tree.

Their names, their crimes, the verdict, and their fate,
Are all recorded in the books of state ;
Preserved in after times to shape the plan
Of wonders to be wrought in proud Shushan.

Queen Esther's feast is o'er. The Persian throne
Th' assassins' dark designs have overthrown.
The empire stands secure in great renown,
And years of peace and rest the people crown.
But in the distance gathering clouds arise
To fill the land with storms and agonies.

At his right hand the king has placed the seat
Of Hammedatha's son, the proud, the great.
O'er all the princes, all the men of might,
Sits high enthroned Haman the Amalekite.
And all the nobles by the king's decree
To Haman reverence give, and bow the knee.

The sacred honors which alone are given
To the high Power who rules in earth and heaven,
To man the Benjamite will not bestow,
And Mordecai to Haman will not bow.
"I am a Jew ; from God's most holy law
My principles of faith and life I draw ;
All civil honors to the prince I bring,
But reverence yield to Heaven's eternal King."

When daily urged by men of high degree
To yield obedience to the king's decree,
And reverence Haman on the bended knee,
"I am a Jew, was still the firm reply
Of pious, consciencious Mordecai ;
I yield all civil honors to the throne,
But worship Israel's God, and Him alone.
For Judah's welfare, from my humble seat,
Fain would I move, and kiss proud Haman's feet,
But never can I place, though sure the rod,
On Haman's brow the crown that's due to God.
High Heaven approved the deed ; and God outspread
His guardian pinions o'er His servant's head.

The Jew has ta'en his fixed, unshaken stand,
Against his royal master's firm command.
The officers of state to Haman's court
Repair, and make a full, and clear report ;
To know if Mordecai's religious cause
Shall stand above his king's and country's laws.
When the vain glorious courtier heard and knew,
That he who bowed not was a pious Jew,
His soul was full of wrath ; and knowing well
That the same feeling ruled in Israel,
He scorned the death alone of Mordecai,
But doomed the nation by the sword to die.
Deep in his heart the awful purpose lies,
To offer up in one great sacrifice

The Jewish race, that all may know the might
Of Israel's constant foe, the Amalekite.

Thus Haman's soul with vengeful passion burns,
And now to work his ends his fiery spirit turns.
The heathen oracle shall set the time
To execute the dark, the vast design.
The ministers of state the lots display,
To find the auspicious month—the auspicious day.
The lot has set far off the destined hour;
But Haman bows to high controlling power.

The time arranged, the favorite courtier stands
Before the throne, to obtain the king's commands,
The royal order, and the sealed decree,
To bring about the awful massacre.
“O king, within thy provinces are found
A certain race, scattered, dispersed around;
With laws that differ from the Persian laws,
And rites injurious to the public cause.
A race that do not honor, or fulfill
The royal statutes, or the sovereign will.
Our king's and country's welfare now demands
The race should perish from the Persian lands.
That they may be destroyed a writing seal.
Our nation's glory, and our country's weal,
Shall far extended be, and I will bring
Ten thousand talents to enrich the king.”

The prayer is granted, and the ring is given.
How strange are thy decrees, O God of Heaven !
The greatest monarch on earth's proudest throne
Has given thy flock to Hammedatha's son,
The Agagite, and he will flash his sword
In triumph in the people of the Lord !
Stand still and see the works that God will do,
To crush th' oppressor, and exalt the Jew.

The royal orders, shaped with artful care,
The scribes of Haman skillfully prepare.
In Ahasuerus' name the writing ran,
Sealed with the ring of state in proud Shushan.
To every province of the vast domain
The king's unchangeable commandment came ;
Came to the civil rulers, small and great ;
To soldiers, captains, officers of state ;
Came to the various tribes in every land
From Ethiopia to the Indian strand ;
Came charging all, on one appointed day,
Not sparing age, or sex, or rank, to slay
The Jewish race, and all their substance hold,
The soldiers' portion, and the spoilers' gold.
The bloody edict spreads abroad, yea flies,
Awaking wrath, and fears, and agonies.
In Shushan terror reigns ; both foe and friend,
Perplexed, stand wondering where the scene will end,

While Haman and the king, to waste the time,
Enjoy the feast and sit o'er cups of wine.

But oh! the grief of pious Mordecai!
What crushing burdens on his spirit lie.
And still his noble nature will espouse
In public places, Judah's righteous cause.
He rends his robes, and fearlessly appears
Abroad in sackcloth, clothed and bathed in tears;
And walking Shushan's streets, he lifts on high
His prayers to God in bitter agony.
All o'er the land, in that most trying hour,
The sons of Judah fasting, wailing, pour
Their cries to Heav'n, and weeping hearts o'erflow
With penitential griefs, and tears of woe.
The attendant maids and chamberlains espy,
Before the gate, the faithful Mordecai,
In sackcloth clothed, and having seen,
Report the matter to the pious queen.

Fair Esther, moved by sympathetic care,
To sooth his sorrows, and his burdens share,
Sent change of raiment, that her friend may wait,
With cheerful heart, within the palace gate.

The robes of gladness Mordecai denies,
And wears the token of his agonies,
And Esther judged, that some o'erwhelming rod
Rests on her kindred, or the sons of God.

Oh ! for the power to fly on wings of love
And meet the mourner, and his sorrows prove.
No power is given. The Persian monarch's wives
Are held in bands of awful jealousies.
A chosen chamberlain is charged to bear
Her tender message to her kindred's ear,
And strict inquiries make, that she may know
The cause of Mordecai's excessive woe.
The chosen chamberlain, well pleased to wait
On Esther, finds the Jew beyond the gate
In sackcloth clothed, and said : " The queen would
know
The cause of Mordecai's excessive woe ? "

" Go tell the queen how Hammedatha's son,
Proud Haman, sits beside the royal throne,
Receiving reverence by the king's decree,
And Mordecai refused to bow the knee.
Tell how the oppressor gained the king's command
To slay the Jews who dwell in every land ;
And promised, when the deed was done, to bring
Ten thousand talents to enrich the king.
Go show this bloody scroll that sets the day,
Not sparing age, or sex, or rank, to slay
The Jewish race, and all their substance hold,
The soldiers' portion, and the spoilers' gold.
Go charge the queen before the king t' appear,
And pour her melting, supplicating prayer

To change the sovereign's will, and lead the king
To grant relief, and to her people safety bring."

The appointed messenger makes haste to bear
The thrilling news to Esther's waiting ear ;
And quick brings back the anxious queen's reply,
That wakes anew the griefs of Mordecai.
"No one on pain of death may e'er resort
To meet the king within the inner court ;
When venturing there uncalled, life trembling stands,
As waves the scepter in the sovereign's hands.
No call for thirty days has come to me,
To stand before the royal majesty ;
A gleam of hope alone have I to place
My life upon the king's uncertain grace."

Queen Esther's words are told to Mordecai,
And messengers are charged with this reply ;
"Think not within the royal house to stand,
When the wild judgment passes o'er the land.
The sword that seeks the blood of all our race
Will find the queen within her hiding place.
Should Esther hold her peace in this dark hour,
Our father's God, the God whom we adore,
Will stand on Judah's side, a shield and rock,
And give enlargement to his suffering flock ;
And as redemption to the Jews shall rise,
Thy father's house shall fall a sacrifice ;

And who can tell but God has raised thee high
A saviour in this hour of agony !”

The advocate prevails. Fair Esther yearns
For Judah’s good, and thus her word returns.
“Go gather all the Jews who now are found,
Mourning within the royal city’s bound
And keep a fast for me. Three days and nights
In strictest form observe the solemn rites.
I and my maids will keep the holy fast ;
And when the days of tears and prayers are passed ;
When God is honored, and our spirits cling
To one who sits above the Persian king,
Uncalled, unguarded, and alone, I’ll stand
And trust the scepter in the sovereign’s hand.
And if I perish, thro’ my country’s laws,
I’ll perish in my people’s righteous cause.”

The queen has clothed her soul in heavenly dress,
In robes of faith, and hope, and holiness ;
Has brightened all her gems of grace that shine
Inimitable, pure, like things divine.

And now she clothes her form of heavenly mould
In royal robes, inwrought with flowers of gold ;
Casts o’er her rich attire her veil more white
Than new fallen snow, and dazzling as the light ;
With diamonds fills her folded locks, and now
She sets the crown upon her polished brow,

And sheds o'er all a shower of rich perfume ;
And Esther stands like beauty in full bloom,
Prepared by inward grace, and outward charms,
To fold the sovereign in her fragrant arms.

The king is crowned upon the ivory throne.
With gold and gems the royal vestments shone.
In dreadful majesty he fills the seat,
While jeweled statesmen worship at his feet.
The splendid hall, the throne, the king, the whole
Were awe-inspiring to the trembling soul.

'T was just the hour of evening sacrifice,
When Judah's prayers and incense reached the skies ;
When Esther, heaven-supported, passed the door.
Her face was radiant, while her heart was sore,
And stood before the throne, calm and serene,
The peerless beauty, and the enchanting queen.
Th' enraptured king gave one impassioned look,
And from its place the golden scepter took
And held it forth. That golden shining form
Was like the rainbow beaming in the storm.
The queen dissolved in bliss, in all her charms,
Sinks overpowered within her husband's arms.
The joy was mutual, and a power unseen
Was near to favor Persia's pious queen.
The king on Esther fixed his eager look,
Embraced his spouse, and thus in kindness spoke :

“Why does Queen Esther anxiously resort
To meet the king within the inner court?
What are the burdens that oppress thy breast?
What thy petitions? What thy great request?
The king will hear and answer all thy prayer;
The queen shall half my royal kingdom share.”

Fair Esther, cleaving to the sovereign's side,
In gentle tones thus modestly replied:
“The king is gracious: let it please my lord
To sit with Haman at my evening board,
And share the pleasures of the genial feast.
The king shall come—Haman the honored guest.”

The king well pleased the favored noble calls,
To feast with Esther in her private halls.
The food, the wine, and female charms, excite
Most joyful feelings on that banquet night.
Fair Esther's blandishments of love had power
To win, and conquer, in that genial hour.

“What cares, Queen Esther, fill thy anxious breast?
What thy petition? What thy great request?
The king will hear and answer all thy prayer;
The queen shall half my royal kingdom share.”

“Most gracious is my lord. The king can roll
The heavy burden from his handmaid's soul.
Be this, O king, the pleasing, hopeful sign.
Again with Haman share my feast of wine.

To morrow I will make my burden known,
And bow a suppliant at the sovereign throne."

Haman was joyful on that festive day;
Proudly he left the banquet to display
At home his honors, and his friends to greet,
Assembled at his sumptuous, princely seat.
He passed the palace gate, and when he saw
That Mordecai refused the royal law,
His wrath was roused to burning, deadly hate.
And still he curbed his ire, resolved to wait
The coming of the appointed hour, when all
The race of Mordecai in death should fall.
Arrived at home, the haughty Haman calls
His favored friends within his princely halls;
Speaks of his wealth, his honors, high estate,
And how the princes, nobles, on him wait.
Tells how the king has set his royal throne
O'er all the counselors, and near his own.
And Haman said: "Queen Esther too delights
To share with me the genial, festive rites.
I and the king this day were called to join
Her social banquet, and her feast of wine.
To-morrow am I called to grace the board
With happy Esther, and her happier lord.
But what avail these honors, when I know
That Mordecai to Haman will not bow?"

Zeresh, of kindred feeling, and who shares
Her husband's honors, and relieves his cares,
And chosen, willing servants, make reply :
"Erect this hour full fifty cubits high
The cross, and ask at morn of majesty,
To hang the Jew upon the gallows tree.
Then with the king go merrily and join
Queen Esther's banquet, and her feast of wine."

That night the king was restless on his bed.
His heart was wakeful, weary was his head.
Sleep like a shadow flits before his eyes ;
The king pursues it, and the shadow flies.
The books of state are read to soothe the king,
And o'er his restless frame soft slumbers bring :
And Providence directs the recorder's eye
To read the worthy acts of Mordecai,
How he had saved the king, and saved the state,
When men of blood, who kept the palace gate,
In ambush lay, watching their time to spring
Like thirsty tigers on the unguarded king.
How he had foiled their schemes, and brought the
wheels
Of righteous judgment on the criminals.
And as the reader closed the written roll,
Soft slumbers o'er the royal sleeper stole ;
And as he slept, the inward waking eye
Still saw the deeds of faithful Mordecai.

The morn has dawned. Ahasuerus calls
His servants round him in his splendid halls.
The king inquires: "What honors have been shown
To Mordecai, who saved the royal throne?"
"Nothing, O king." "Who at this early hour
Is in the Court? What man of princely power?"

At early morn revengeful Haman stands
Without the gate, to gain the king's commands,
Upon the gallows fifty cubits high,
To hang that day the faithful Mordecai.

His servants spoke: "Haman, O king, appears
Without the court, the chief of all the peers."
"Bid Haman enter." Haman, filled with pride,
Stands self-exalted by his sovereign's side.
"What dignity shall crown the man who shares
The king's esteem? What honors shall he wear?"

Vain Haman thought that he, and he alone,
Was best beloved, as nearest to the throne.
And whom, thought he, can Persia's king delight
To honor, save his chosen favorite.
And Haman said: "The happy man who shares
The king's esteem, and royal honor wears,
Shall have this triumph, worthy of his name,
A lasting honor, and a wide-spread fame.
The king's most noble prince shall hither bring
The gorgeous garments of the illustrious king;

The royal horse, the scepter, and the crown ;
And reverently, humbly bowing down,
On horseback forth shall bring the happy man
Through all the streets and squares of proud Shushan,
Proclaiming: Thus shall dignity be shown
To him whom royalty delights to own."

The king, who held an unresisted sway,
Was firm ; e'en Haman dared not disobey.

The horse stands restive at the palace gate ;
The humble Jew is clothed in royal state ;
The crown is set upon his noble brow ;
Officious chamberlains before him bow,
And Mordecai on horseback rides adrood,
Preceded by that proud and haughty lord,
Proclaiming : " Thus shall dignity be shown
To him whom royalty delights to own."
And as the imposing pageantry passed by,
The people hailed the name of Mordecai.
All o'er the land the joyful tidings flew
Of Haman's fall, and triumph of the Jew.

To Mordecai these scenes no pleasures bring.
Humbly he seeks his post, and serves his king.
But Haman mourning, and with covered face,
Returned in anguish to his princely place ;
And all dismayed, dejected, and forlorn,
Made known the doings of that dreadful morn.

With equal wonder, and with equal fear,
His consort listens, and his wise men hear;
And spouse, and friends, thro' these dark signs descry
The fall of Haman, and the rise of Mordecai;
And thus they said: "Thy cherished scheme can
n'er prevail
Against the seed of God, the race of Israel."

And as they talked, the servants of the king
Approached the hall with hurried steps, to bring
The minister of state forthwith to join
Queen Esther's banquet, and her feast of wine.

The queen was lovely in the monarch's eye.
The wine cup sparkled, and the feast ran high.
The time was genial; happy was the hour;
And n'er did beauty's charm and virtue's power
Subdue the heart, and hold such gentle sway,
As Esther's graces on that banquet day.
The king enraptured fed his eager look
On her bright charms, and thus in transport spoke:
"What cares, Queen Esther, fill thy anxious breast?
What thy petition? What thy great request?
The king will hear, and answer all thy prayer;
The queen shall half my royal kingdom share."

And Esther answered, filled with reverence due,
Her actions humble, while her words were few:

“Most gracious is my lord. The king can roll
The heavy burden from his handmaid’s soul.
Oh ! spare my life—my mourning people spare !
This my petition : this my anxious prayer :
For we are sold. I and my people all
On one appointed day are doomed to fall.
Had we to bondage been delivered up,
Our bleeding lips had drank that bitter cup.
But still the oppressor’s gold could n’er replace
The absence of our peaceful, faithful race.
But, oh ! when death’s bright scythe is hanging o’er
My own, and people’s heads, I must implore.
Oh ! spare my life—my mourning people spare !
This my petition : this my anxious prayer.”

“Who, who, O queen, can dare this deed to do ?”
“The enemy, the oppressor of the Jew,”
The calm, the heaven, supported queen replied,
“Is here ; this wicked Haman at thy side.”

The man of blood before that gentle eye
Recoiled, as smitten by the power on high ;
While all the memories of the bloody scroll
Arose afresh within the sovereign’s soul.
He seeks his garden, there, perplexed, he stands,
And wonders at his own unjust commands.
And now in wrath he scorned the artful man
Who won his grace to aid his subtle plan,

To slay his subjects, and disgrace his name,
Destroy his queen, and clothe his realm with shame.
Proud Haman, conscience stricken, filled with dread,
Saw judgments gathering o'er his guilty head ;
And prayed the queen, with angonizing cry,
To spare his life, though justly doomed to die.
The king returned, and at Queen Esther's feet,
Now fallen prostrate on her festive seat,
He saw the suppliant, and in wrath he said :
“ Will Haman now pollute Queen Esther's bed ? ”
And as he spake, the attendant servants place
The well known sign of death on Haman's face,
And said : “ The gallows fifty cubits high
We saw this morn prepared for Mordecai.
Behold, in Haman's public court it stands ;
We wait to know the king's most just commands.”
The sovereign spake : “ Be this my fixed decree ;
Hang Haman, wicked Haman, on that gallows tree.”
The judgment given, the ministers of state
Who guard the law, and on the sovereign wait,
Haman suspend full fifty cubits high
Upon the tree prepared for Mordecai.
The voice of mourning, and the voice of prayer,
Has reached anew Jehovah's gracious ear ;
And God exalted moves in majesty
Again to set his chosen people free.
Eternal justice magnifies the laws,
And Heaven protects his people's righteous cause.

On that triumphant day the king bestows
On Esther Haman's wealth and princely house.
And Mordecai, by Esther's order, holds
The vast estate, and all the house controls.
On that auspicious day the queen made known
How Mordecai received her as his own,
An orphan child, and reared her up to share
In him a father's love, a brother's care.

The king was generous; and his servants call
The Jew to meet him in the inner hall.
And there, where princes stood, and jewels shone,
The king, reposing on the ivory throne,
'Mid peers, and counselors exalted high,
Bestowed the ring of state on Mordecai.
The deed is done. The joyful tidings ran
Thro' all the streets and squares of proud Shushan.
The deed is done. Such honors shall be shown
To him whom royalty delights to own.

The Jews' great adversary now is dead.
No sword shall cleave the guarded Esther's head.
The faithful man who guides th' affairs of state
Has all a kinsman's heart for Judah's fate.
But oh! the bloody scroll o'er all the land,
From Ethiopia to the Indian stand,
Is calling bitter enemies to rise
And offer up in one great sacrifice

The Jewish race, and all their substance hold,
The soldier's portion, and the oppressor's gold.
The queen has gained her life. Her people share
The holier feelings, and her greater care.
And, oh! her heart will break with agony,
To see her nation and her kindred die.
Again, uncalled, unguarded, and alone,
Queen Esther falls before the royal throne,
All bathed with flowing tears, all desolate,
A willing sacrifice for Judah's fate.
The extended scepter saved her from the laws,
And Esther rose to plead her people's cause.
"Most gracious king, thou bidst thy handmaid rise,
Because thy spouse is precious in thy eyes;
Thou bidst me live because our spirits blend;
Thou art my lord, and I thy chosen friend;
Thou lov'st me well: Oh! hear my anxious prayer.
Relieve my sorrows, and my burdens bear.
Thy honor calls thee, and thy love for me:
Oh, stay the force of that most strange decree,
Devised by Hammedatha's son, to slay
The Jewish race on one appointed day.
My heart will break to see my people fall.
Young men, and maidens, fathers, mothers, all
Like sheep for slaughter. Oh! the agony:
Thy Esther cannot live to see her kindred die!"

The prayer was hard to grant. The stern decree,
In name and seal of royal majesty,
Unchangeable remains: and still the cry
Of Esther, and his faithful Mordecai,
Has overcoming power, and to their hands
The gracious king commits his new commands:
“Be this the order from the sovereign throne,
Which all the provinces shall hear and own.
The Jews shall gather on the appointed day,
Prepared with sword and spear, in dread array;
And cause to perish all their foes who bring
Their arms against the subjects of the king.”

The scribes are called. And now from proud
Shushan

To all the provinces the statute ran:
To nobles, captains, ministers of state;
To soldiers, governors, to small and great,
Proclaiming every where: “The Jews shall stand,
And meet their enemies with sword in hand;
And cause to perish all their foes who bring
Their arms against the subjects of the king.”

The Jews receive with joy the new decree,
And all their souls o’erflow with ecstasy.
Their fears remove, their mourning weeds cast by,
They hail with pride the name of Mordecai.

Arrayed in royal dress of white and blue
And purple robes, and golden crown, the Jew,
The chancellor of state, appears with grace,
The joy and honor of his native place.
And day by day, by righteous deeds, his fame
Grows stronger, brighter, till his worthy name
Is loved, and feared, and felt, o'er all the land
Where Ahasuerus holds his wide command.
The Jews are honored as his fame extends.
The king's most faithful, peaceful, virtuous friends
Rejoice, and God has turned the darkest night
Of Judah's gloom to morning's purest light.

Still Zion's foes will gird their armor on ;
Obey the scroll of Hammedatha's son :
And rush uncalled, save by the call of hell,
Against the guardian shield of Israel.
But Judah's warriors, heaven inspired, will stand
Beneath the covering of the Almighty's hand,
And fighting for their lives—their homes, will slay
Their tens of thousands on that awful day.

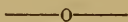
The day of blood has come. In every land
Where Persia's king extends his wide command,
The scattered Jews consolidate their power ;
And all that day of strife, from hour to hour,
From Shushan to the empire's utmost bound,
The clash of arms, the notes of war resound.

On that dread day the hosts of Judah stand
Victorious o'er the foe in every land ;
And all the realm rejoiced, and raised on high
The song to Esther's God, and God of Mordecai.

The eternal Shepherd has secured his flock.
They rest again beneath the shadowy rock.
Along the flowing stream in peace they roam,
Though exiled from their long beloved home.
On earth, from time to time, they feel the rod,
But have their everlasting rest in God.
Oh tune your harps, ye sons of Judah ; sing,
In days of light the triumphs of your King.
And as ye keep the FEAST OF JOY, and raise
To God your hearts in gratitude and praise,
Oh place the fragrant laurel, ever green,
On Esther's brow, the radiant, pious queen ;
And in your hearts embalm the name that n'er can
die,
The worthy name of faithful, righteous Mordecai.

JACOB.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE HISTORY OF JACOB.



THE readers of the Bible are always deeply interested by the perusal of the histories of the three distinguished patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Their antiquity, the simplicity of their lives, the promises given through them to the world, and the various providences of God which attended them through their earthly journey to their heavenly home, produce the liveliest emotion, impart the richest instruction, and afford the sweetest consolation to the Christian mind. No person has sat down to the careful reading of the blended lives of Abraham, the father of the faithful, and his beautiful companion Sarah, the pattern of all Christian wives; of the mingled histories of Isaac and his chaste Rebecca; and the almost romantic stories of Jacob and his fair and beloved shepherdess Rachel, without feeling that he was holding communion with persons in whom he became deeply interested, and whose characters he knew were drawn by a Divine pen. Whatever writings may have a tendency to produce on the canvas of the mind the

lineaments of these distinguished men, I consider highly profitable. I have presented, in a connected form, the striking scenes in the life of the patriarch Jacob, and I shall be satisfied if the reader shall peruse again and again the inimitable history as written by the inspired penman. The life of Jacob is so intimately woven with the life of his father Isaac, that it is difficult to write a poem of any considerable length without blending to some extent the history of both individuals. The Paraphrase, however, will give a connected chain of incidents in the life of the patriarch Jacob, from his first appearance in Bible story, to the death of his father Isaac, which occurred shortly after Joseph was sold into Egypt.

There 's grief within the patriarchal tent.
 The aged Isaac and Rebecca feel
 The chastening hand of God. The hunter's horn
 Has sounded, and the wrath of Esau burns
 To drink his brother's blood. The bow is bent.
 A pilgrim Jacob wandered forth to elude
 The fatal shaft.

'T was long ago the Spirit
 Whispered to the faithful friend of God: "Thy seed
 Like leaves of autumn and like stars of heaven
 Shall be;" and Isaac, promise born, arose
 The crown of Abraham and Sarah's joy.
 The promise tarried long ere Isaac did
 The chaste Rebecca wed. In marriage bonds

Full twenty years did fair Rebecca wait
Ere in the sky a second star appeared.
'T was then, in answer to her prayer of faith,
The great Revealer to his handmaid said :
“ Of thee two nations shall arise, diverse
And opposite, and each shall be renowned.
Thy seed the great progenitors shall be.
The elder brother shall the younger serve.”
A roving hunter Esau was. His bow
And quiver on his shoulder hung, and oft
The wilderness was vocal with his song.
A herdsman Jacob, peaceable and mild ;
To tend the flocks was his delight, and dwell
Content around the patriarchal home.
Boyhood had ripend into manly youth,
And each revealed his separate taste and skill,
Creating rivalries in parents' hearts,
Alike their own and children's good to harm.
Domestic virtues, joined with godly walk,
Had won and fixed the mother's partial love,
And Jacob was Rebecca's favorite son.
The hunter claimed the father's erring heart ;
For Isaac loved the banquet Esau made,
When coming weekly from th' exciting chase.

The setting sun was sinking in the heaven.
All day in distant woods the hunter's horn

Was heard. The startled, timid deer
Had fled to the deep thicket of the wood
Unusual. God's peculiar providence
Ordained that Esau's bow that day should prove,
In vain. Wearied and faint, his quiver now
A heavy load, the elder born approached
The tent. A simple meal on Jacob's board
Was placed; and on that day did Esau sell
His birthright of preëminence, by oath
And covenant sealed, the price of heavenly things
One meal of earth's unsatisfying bread.
The act was sinful. God's eternal plan
Was now unfolding: "Jacob have I loved,
But Esau I have hated."

Years have rolled
Away. The patriarch's eye is dim with age.
He thinks ere long of resting in his grave.
Heir of the covenant, and moved of God,
The prophet Isaac now would bless his sons.
'T was in the hour of solemn sacrifice,
When holy worship mellowed every heart,
That Isaac called the first born son with words
Of deep affection. Robed in the goodly dress
Of priesthood, at the altar Esau stood.
The patriarch would mingle with the rite
Of benediction savory food, alike
The hunter's and his own peculiar taste
To please. "My years of pilgrimage will soon

Be ended. Take thy quiver and thy bow,
And from the forest wood procure the meal
Thy father loves, and I will eat and bless
Thee ere I die." The hunter's on the chase.
God's promise to Rebecca fills her heart:
"The elder shall the younger serve." But oh!
She could not wait for Providence to act,
And in her haste the patriarchal home
Is filled with sin, and overwhelmed with woe.
O'erlooking wisdom's plan of argument,
Or love's persuasive power, the good man's mind
To change, she meditates by wiles to bring
The benediction on her favorite son.

The kid is killed. In haste the savory meal
Is ordered, and the subtle Jacob, robed
In Esau's goodly garment redolent
With perfume, seeks with fear the prophet's room.
The patriarch strengthened, and his eyes and ears
Deceived, those eyes that God had sealed in night,
The soul beholding clearly future scenes,
With hesitation poured the blessing forth
On Jacob's head. "Thy perfumed robes, my son,
Are like the odors of the field that's blessed
Of God. The God of Abraham, and the God
Of Isaac, shall bestow on thee the dew
Of heaven; the fatness of the earth; and corn
And wine in plenty. People thee shall serve.

Before thee nations bow. Thy lordship o'er
Thy brother shall extend, and at thy feet
Thy mother's sons shall wait."
Hardly had Jacob left his father's side
When Esau came in triumph of success
And hope. His heart o'erflows with filial love,
And pants to gain the promised recompense
Of all his toil. With confidence, and step
Of firmness, Esau sought the chamber where
Th' exhausted Isaac lay. "Arise, arise,
My father, and partake the banquet made
Obedient to thy will, and bless thy son—
Thy elder born." A fearful trembling filled
The patriarch's soul, and thoughts came rushing o'er
His mind, that he was led to counteract
The fixed decree and providence of God.
The shock was awful to his troubled mind ;
Yet all-subdued, he bowed to heaven's design.
"Thy brother's come. I've eaten, and I've made
Jacob thy lord. With corn and wine have I
Sustained him. I've blessed him, and he shall be
blessed."

The patriarchal tent is filled with deep
And melting anguish, and the heaving breast
Of Esau groans with piercing woe, and eyes
Unused to tears with burning tears o'erflow.
Long, long that peaceful chamber rung

With the deep lamentation and the cry :

“Bless me, my father ! Oh ! my father, bless !”

The birthright, rich with heavenly mercies, pledged

To Abraham and his seed, designed by God,

And now bestowed on Jacob, none can change.

And still the prophet's eye looked down on scenes

Affecting Esau and his seed from age

To age, and saw commingled times and deeds

Of various type, and all of earthly kind ;

And Isaac told the first born's destiny :

“Behold the fatness of the earth, and dew

Of heaven shall be thy dwelling. By thy sword

Shalt thou exist. Thy brother shalt thou serve,

And seasons of dominion thou shalt have,

When from thy neck shall Jacob's yoke be torn.”

The scene is o'er; not so the consequence.

There's sin on Jacob's and Rebecca's souls

That years of chastisement shall not remove.

In Isaac's heart a wound is bleeding sore,

That time, and love, and God alone can heal.

And Esau's wrath, provoked to fury, burns

To pour its vengeance on his brother's head.

Deep seated in his heart the rancor lives,

Nor long could deadly hate in secret sleep ;

And he, who long ago was nourished up

By fond and partial love, breathed forth his curse :

“When days of mourning for my father’s death
Are o’er, I’ll slay my brother.”
There’s grief within the patriarchal tent.
The aged Isaac and Rebecca feel
The chastening hand of God. The hunter’s wrath
Is roused, and stern necessity demands
The sacrifice of Jacob’s pilgrimage.

The patriarch’s seated in his oaken chair.
Commingled joys and sorrows fill his mind.
O’erwhelmed with painful thoughts, Rebecca rests
Her aching forehead on the good man’s arm.
Before them Jacob, with deep reverence kneels,
T’ receive the benediction, and the prayer;
The farewell token, and the solemn charge.
With hope reposing on her anchor sure,
The oath and covenant of God, the seer
Looked down in faith on Jacob multiplied
Like stars of night, till the bright Morning Star
Arose to bless the world. He saw the day
Of universal glory and was glad.
The Spirit moved his soul to prophesy,
And Isaac poured the benediction forth on Jacob’s
head:
“The tribes of Canaan are accursed of God.
The holy seed in wedlock shall not join
With idol worshipers. The distant house

Of Syrian Laban seek. His daughter wed,
Thy kin of Nahor's ancient godly line.
And God Almighty bless thee, and increase
Thy house in number like the stars of heaven.
Thy father Abraham's blessing God will give
To thee, and from thy house the seed shall rise—
The universal world's Redeemer. God
Will give the land of thy sojourning as
Thy heritage and home. The gift is pledged
To Abraham and his seed in covenant sure.”
These, these are Isaac's last recorded words
In Heaven's inspired revealings to the world.
Full forty years the patriarch's joys and woes
Are veiled from mortal view, while from his eyes
The world, with all its scenes, is quite shut out.
The venerable saint, with locks of snow,
Sits year by year within his quiet tent;
The promised land is all invisible,
While faith beholds the better land far off,
All bright with hues of immortality.
Mysterious are thy ways, O God! to man,
And yet 'tis mercy moves the chastening hand
To veil the world, and spread through all the soul
The richer, brighter, happier things of heaven.
So God to meditative Isaac gives
The night that shows the distant azure filled
Resplendent with the rich celestial stars.

The parting scene is o'er. Parental love
Would hope the time of separation short.
But long the time ere Jacob's ear and touch
Should see his younger born returning rich
With wives, and sons, and flocks, a numerous train.

The sun is shining on the mountain's brow.
Pensive and solitary Jacob leaves
The long-loved home, the altar, and the Lord ;
The hallowed scenes of worship, and the smiles
And converse of the patriarchal tent.
The horn of oil, the shepherd's staff and scrip,
Were all his store. The wilderness, where roamed
The savage beasts, and more than savage men,
Periling his life, stretched far before his eyes.
Sad thoughts of fiery Esau filled his mind
With painful apprehensions ; and t' elude
Pursuit, he took the unfrequented paths.
Nor was his conscience calm. A sense of sin
Anguished his spirit, and he knew the wound
Was bleeding by the shaft his hand had cast.
Divine communion was suspended. Dark,
Disconsolate, and broken was his soul.
So journeyed Jacob, heir of Isaac's wrath,
Heir of the promises to Abraham given,
Unknown, and still protected by the Lord.

Deep in the wilderness the shades of night
Are gathering 'round the traveler. The gates

Of Luz were closed. The breeze was soft, the air
Was fragrant, and the blue ethereal heaven
Was full of glory, and a hallowed calm
Stole o'er the troubled mind and weary frame
Of Jacob. Fainting nature asked repose ;
And of that place he took the stones and formed
His pillow, bowed in prayer, and laid him down
To rest beneath th' Almighty's guardian wings.
Behold the sleeper on his bed of stone.
His face is full on heaven. His locks and robe
Are wet with dew. Are these thy ways, O God !
'T is even so. That sleeper on his stone
Was God's peculiar care, and e'en that night
Did Jacob rest fast by the gates of glory.
And as he slept he saw a ladder rise,
One foot on earth the other on the sky ;
Angels ascending and descending on
The radiant bars. He saw the Son of God
On heaven's verge in mercy looking down,
And heard the still, the soft inspiring word :
" I am the God of Abraham, and the God
Of Isaac, and thy covenant God and Friend.
The land where thou dost lie to thee I give,
And to thy seed. Thy offspring shall arise,
And spread abroad from east to west, from north
To south, in number like the sand. In thee,
And in thy seed, shall all the world rejoice.
Thy guardian I will be in all thy way.

I'll bless thy house and work in distant lands,
And bring thee to thy home again in peace.
I will not leave thee till my words of grace
Are all fulfilled, and show a faithful God."

Behold, again, the sleeper on his stone,
Awaking from his dream as one in glory.
And Jacob whispered to awestruck soul :
"E'en here does God His gracious presence give
Beyond my hopes. How dreadful is this place!
This is the house of God, and this the gate
Of heaven!" And there did Jacob, all that night,
In sweet bewilderment of joy, behold
The vision till the morning rose, when sense
Gave place to faith—substance of things unseen.

The stars are fading in the sky. The morn
Has tinged the east with gold, when Jacob rose,
Refreshed and strengthened by the heavenly scene.
That dream is graven on the patriarch's soul
Forever to be seen. That spot of earth,
Where God breathed heaven through all his heart, in
times

To come shall be the place of intercourse
With God. And Jacob took the unhewn stone
On which he slept, and reared it for a sign,
A monumental pillar to the Lord ;
And crowned its top with consecrating oil,
And said : "This place is Bethel : This the house

Of God, and this the gate of heaven.”
And, standing on that sacred ground, he raised
His hand to God, and bound his soul anew
To purer worship and to holier love :
“ Give me Thy guidance and Thy care, O Lord !
And grant me bread and raiment on the way,
That I may see again my father’s house
In peace. I’ll own Thee as my Lord and God ;
This stone that I have reared shall be Thy house.
The victim here shall bleed in sacrifice ;
And here shall vows be made, and praises sung,
And tithes of all Thy gifts shall on Thy altar rest.”

That ladder, resting on the earth and sky,
Was emblematic of the Saviour’s work.
The space illimitable ’twixt the Lord
And man Messiah fills, and heaven and earth
Unite in easy, joyous intercourse.
Jesus of Nazareth is the way to God.
Divine and human in the Saviour met,
Make earth and heaven one. His righteousness
And sacrifice fulfilling all the law,
Give guilty man a heavenly way to God.
And Jesus, rising from his rocky tomb,
Ascending up on high, and crowned o’er all
At God’s right hand, supreme, ineffable,
Is confirmation sure of intercourse
With heaven. The Holy Ghost descending

On the Saviour's head, and on his people's hearts,
Changing the soul from glory unto glory,
Is proof divine of open way to God.
The wheels of Providence move on this way,
And here the chariots of salvation roll.
The angels ministering to heirs of hope,
With love and flaming zeal traverse this way.
All blessings of the gracious covenant
Come down; and all the prayers, and works, and wants
Of holy men ascend on this bright path.
Where'er the saint is found, on hills of bliss,
In vales of woe, in heat of noon, or shade
Of night, in traveling on the rugged road,
Or, Jacob like, reposing on a stone;
Where'er the pilgrim lives, the pilgrim dies,
'Twixt him and heaven the glorious way of Christ
Is open wide, and hosts of God attend
In cheerful ministry to all his need.
Jacob beheld the emblem and was glad,
And journeyed on rejoicing. Faith beholds
The substance, and the soul is full of glory.
Sublimely seated o'er this radiant way
The Lord appears, proclaims His covenant name,
Breathes forth His gracious influence, and grants
His promises, which cheer us now, and lead
To everlasting rest. And oh! how bright
That way of Christ appears when in the vale
Of death! My soul is weary, and I lay

Me down beneath my Guardian's wings ; my head
Is resting on the everlasting arms ;
My soul beholds the way, the truth, the life,
And angels bear me through the gates of heaven,
To rest in glory with the Lord.

Th' inspiring vision raised his soul to God,
Renewed his strength, and Jacob journeyed on,
From day to day, rejoicing. Aid unseen
Made safe his road to oriental lands,
Where Abraham's honored Syrian kindred dwelt.
Before him spread a wide extended plain.
The common well was there, for neighboring herds
And flocks to drink. The day was in its strength ;
And shepherds now were waiting other flocks
To come, ere from the well the stone was rolled.
Of Haran were the men, to Laban known.
And Jacob learned that all his friends were well ;
And lo, they said : " His daughter cometh now ;
For Rachel keeps her father's flock."

As morning beautiful fair Rachel came ;
And like the morn shed light, and love, and hope, .
Through all his soul ; and Jacob wept for joy.
With noble, generous heart, and fervent zeal,
For his fair kindred Jacob rolled the stone
Away, and watered all the flock, and said :
" I am Rebecca's son, thy father's brother."

That hour, that kiss, that kindness, raised a flame
Of virtuous love that never ceased to burn,
And gave new joy to all their future life.

The shepherdess has spread the welcome news
Through all her father's house, and Laban greets
His sister's son, and kindred meet in joy ;
And Jacob, exiled from his father's tent,
In Syria finds a home of rest, of love, of toil.

The welcome o'er, at times and seasons meet,
Jacob unfolds his father's history.
Speaks of his age, his piety, and faith ;
The promises and covenants of his God.
Tells of his flocks and herds and princely wealth ;
His greatness and his wide extended fame ;
And how the patriarchal blessing rests
In fullness on the younger brother's head.
Speaks of the birthright, and of Esau's wrath,
The parting season, and Rebecca's grief ;
The promise of the Lord, the numerous seed,
The coming Saviour, and the care of God.
All these did Jacob carefully unfold,
From time to time, to listening, wondering friends,
Deep interest causing in the hearts of all ;
And Laban owned him as his sister's son.

Oft with the BEAUTIFUL did Jacob walk ;
Relieved her daily burdens, watched her flock,

Rested at noon beneath the cooling shade ;
At evening twilight housed her fleecy charge.
And oft he told her of his father's house,
And his own exile from his mother's tent,
And how the patriarchal promise, rich
With gifts of earth and heaven, on him was resting.
His generous spirit prompting friendly acts,
And gentle words, and tender feeling, led
To frequent intercourse and converse pure,
Till in each heart that passion rose with power,
Designed by God t' unite and bless mankind.

Oft with the herdsmen in their rugged toil
Did Jacob join ; and by his wisdom showed
His powers to tend the flock, the field, and herd.
And thus from day to day did Jacob give
His labors free, intent meanwhile to woo
And win the beauteous Rachel's love.

The keen-eyed father saw the growing passion,
And resolved thereon to increase his lordly wealth ;
For Laban's heart on worldly goods was set.
And when, with seeming justice, and the show
Of generous feeling for his kinsman's good,
The selfish Laban asked for terms of toil,
Full well he knew what answer love would make.
And Jacob said : "Seven years of servitude
For Rachel I will give." O virtuous love !

Thy power surpasses ease, and wealth, and life,
And freedom, too. O sordid avarice!

Thy strength o'ercomes all human rights—
The laws of hospitality, and ties of blood.
Behold the free-born son and wealthy heir
Of Isaac yielding liberty for love;
Enduring seven long years of servitude
To gain the cherished object of his soul.

Happy was Jacob in his days of toil.
The storm, the heat of day, the cold of night,
A stern and discontented kinsman's frowns,
Were all with patience borne, and e'en with joy;
For Rachel met him with her eyes, and smiles,
And heart of love. The beauteous Rachel's voice
Beguiled the time away, and all the while
Was Jacob's soul receiving draughts of love
From his sweet shepherdess. E'en servitude
Was bliss with Rachel by his side. The years
Of slavery are passed, passed like a dream,
Like one short day of exquisite enjoyment.
Seven years for Rachel Jacob served,
But days they seemed to him, for love he bore her.

The long anticipated day has come,
The covenant is fulfilled, the bride is claimed.
But avarice has another sacrifice to ask,
And victims yet must bleed on love's pure altar.

The marriage feast in oriental style
Is made. At night, and veiled, to Jacob's tent
The bride is borne, and morning's light reveals
The unloved first born Leah at his side.
The heavens are just; sin rests on Laban's soul.
On Isaac's blindness Jacob wrought deceit,
And said: "I am thy son, thy first born, Esau,"
And gained the birthright, prized and sought for years.
On Jacob's honest unsuspecting heart
The first born practiced guile, and gained her end.
Oh! Jacob's hand has formed the shaft that pierced
His heart; but sin on Laban's soul is found.
"Did I not serve for Rachel? Why thy guilt
In violating sacred oath and covenant?"
'T was sordid avarice the answer gave:
"The younger ere the elder may not wed.
When marriage week and festival are o'er,
Rachel thy wife shall be, with promise given,
Of other seven full years of servitude."
The selfish Laban well perceived the love,
The unextinguished love of Jacob's soul.
On this he ventured by the terms he made.
What avarice offered, love too soon embraced;
And Jacob yields his liberty, and all
His faithful services for years to come,
For love of Rachel, now his lawful spouse.

His father Isaac's counsels are fulfilled:

“Of Laban’s daughters thou shalt choose thy wife,
And God Almighty shall increase thy house,
And multiply thy seed like stars of heaven.”

The patriarchs are born; and children throng
The shepherds’s tent; while Laban’s flocks and herds
Increase through Jacob’s faithful industry.

The seven years’ promised service is complete.

Joseph is born, the joy of Rachel’s soul,
The friend of God, the saviour of the house of Israel.

Fourteen long years of toil has Jacob given
T’ increase a hard, unfeeling kinsman’s wealth.

His own increasing house demands the fruit
Of his industrious hands. ’Tis nature’s call,
’Tis God’s established rule. The shepherd turns
His eyes and heart towards his father’s house,
To seek his fortunes in his native land.

“Give me my wives, my children, the reward
Of servitude. The Lord has blessed thee since
My coming, now for my own house must I
Provide.” And God was Jacob’s friend and guide
In new arrangements made for years to come
With crafty Laban. God in righteousness
Takes from the man of sin his unjust gain,
And pours it largely in his servant’s lap.
But who can tell the tortured, frenzied mind,
Of that insatiate miser, as his wealth
Was torn away by overruling heaven,
And given to injured justice, and to hard

And honest toil. Jacob beholds the hand
Of God and labors on with conscience pure.
And Laban feels a high controlling power,
Baffling his schemes and crossing all his plans ;
And his dark soul is raised in wrath 'gainst heaven,
And burns with envy 'gainst his prosperous rival.
The cunning policy of Laban's house
Is conquered. Jacob is a man of wealth.
The storm of jealousy is gathering fast.
'T was just the time for God to interpose.
The angel of the Lord to Jacob came
And said : " I am the God of Bethel. There
Thy consecrated pillar stands. Arise, return.
My presence shall go with thee on the way,
And I will give thee rest."
The voice of heaven well pleased did Jacob hear.
Well pleased did Rachel and her sister learn
God's will, and ready acquiescence gave.
And Jacob, rich in wives, and sons, and flocks,
And herds, and servants, journeyed on from day
To day, with God his guide and his defence.
Exasperated Laban presses hard
In the pursuit, with purposes of wrath ;
But God has met him with controlling power,
And said : " Speak not to Jacob, good or bad."
The parties met. But oh the tortured mind,
The writhing anguish of that guilty man,
As Jacob in his honesty rehearsed

The scenes of twenty years, and justified
His acts e'en to the miser's sordid heart,
And his most pure integrity to heaven.

A covenant of peace the parties made,
And there a pillar as a watch tower raised.
And there the oath was taken in the name
Of Abraham's God, and Nahor's God, and fear
Of Isaac, ne'er to pass that tower for harm.
A sacrifice is offered on the mount.
The people eat in peace, and rest secure
Beneath the wings of Jacob's guardian God.
At morning's early sunlight Laban rose
And kissed his sons and daughters, and returned
To his own place; and Jacob took his way
Towards his native land—his father's house.

One enemy is conquered — reconciled.
Another lies between him and the land
Of promise. Esau, nursing still his wrath,
Is on the way with hundreds by his side.
But Jacob stands encompassed by the Lord.
Th' angelic hosts appear, in mercy sent
Hope to inspire and strengthen confidence.
Nor does the promised presence of the Lord,
Nor wall of angels round the good man's head,
Dispense with words, and deeds of love, to quench
The coals of anger in the brother's breast,

And lead to mutual love and peace.
Gifts steal the heart, soft words turn wrath away.
To Esau messengers are sent with words
Of kindness and submission due. Five droves,
A liberal, princely present, with their men
At equal distances removed, fill up the way ;
And all are charged, as Esau they shall meet,
To answer : " These are Jacob's gifts to win
The heart of his lord Esau, and behold
Thy servant Jacob is behind."
The flocks and men are placed in separate bands.
But dearer to his soul than all his wealth
Was his loved household in four clusters ranged.
Reason, and skill, and love, have done their work ;
And Jacob's refuge is the Lord his God.

'Tis midnight, and the shepherd is alone.
The stars are shining in the deep blue heaven.
The dew is thick upon his locks and robe.
The time of meeting Esau's wrath is near.
His wives' and children's safety fills his soul.
Past scenes in all their hues meet in this hour,
And future things come rushing on the mind ;
And Jacob pours his inmost heart to God
In prayer : " O God of my father Abraham !
My father Isaac's God ! The Lord who said :
' Return unto thy kindred, and thy land,
And I will do thee good.' Of all Thy truth

And mercy to Thy servant I'm not meet :
For with my staff I passed this Jordan, now
I am become two bands. From Esau's wrath
Defend. The mother and the children shield.
Hast Thou not spoken : 'I will do thee good.
Thy seed in number shall increase like stars
Of heaven, and sand upon the shore.' "

'T was agonizing prayer and argument
With God. 'T was taking hold of strength divine.
And all that night, with faith and energy,
Did Jacob wrestle with the Lord his God.
And as the morning dawned the angel said :
"The day is breaking; let me go." "I will
Not let thee go without Thy blessing."
The prayer of faith has conquered ; graciously
Th' almighty Friend has yielded up His strength
To persevering importunity.

"Thy name no more is Jacob ; Israel
Shall be thy name of honor and renown ;
For as a prince hast thou prevailed with God,
And as a prince with man shalt thou prevail."
And now the angel of the covenant
Renewed the promises to Abraham given,
And pledged protection on the way to Canaan

The day has dawned in full and splendid glory.
Esau comes down with hundreds by his side.
Jacob has been with God. Wisdom and skill

Have made their best arrangements, and Israel
Slowly bowing passes on to meet
Th' approaching brother. Oh ! they meet in peace,
And in each other's arms they weep for joy ;
Brother and brother in sweet friendship's bands.
The deeds of love have quenched the fires of wrath,
And he who long ago had said : " When days
Of mourning at my father's grave are o'er
I'll slay my brother," meets the younger born
With heart o'erflowing with fraternal love.
These are thy fruits, sweet charity ! and these
Thy triumphs, O victorious faith !

Esau beheld the household drawing near,
And said with deep emotion : " Who are these ? "
" The children God has graciously bestowed
Upon thy servant Jacob." One by one
The train in order 'ranged came bowing down
At Esau's feet. First Zilpah and her sons.
In order next came Bilhah, in each hand
A rosy boy. Surrounded by her sons
And daughter next came Leah, rendering due
Respect and reverence. Beauteous Rachel came
With little Joseph in her hand, and bowed
Submissive at the elder brother's feet.
And Esau said : " What mean these droves I met ? "
" These droves I sent to gain thy heart, my lord ;
Most gracious to thy servant God has been.

Take this my blessing, for I've seen thy face
With joy, as I had seen the face of God."
The gift is urged with noble, generous zeal ;
And taken, pledge of present mutual peace,
And seal of future amity and cordial love.
Attendance kindly offered on the way,
And kindly waived, the brothers separate,
Well pleased. Esau unto Mount Seir returned ;
And Jacob softly journeyed on towards
His native land—towards his father's house.

I see the patriarch next erecting booths
On Jordan's plain to rest his weary flocks.
Again I see him pitch his tent in Canaan.
I see the altar rise, the victim bleed,
The sacrifice with faith and prayer ascend,
Acknowledgment of confidence in God,
And gratitude for mercies freely given.
But Jacob finds no place of perfect rest.
Too long he tarried near the gates of Shechem.
His daughter fallen, and his children stained
With blood and plunder, fill his soul with woes,
And bow his head in sorrow to the grave.
Trembling and groaning o'er his household's sins,
And jealous of the honor of the Lord,
He lies in anguish in the dust, and hears
The animating voice from heaven : " Arise ;
Go up to Bethel. There abide ; and there

An altar rear to God who showed his face
In covenant love when fleeing from thy brother.”
Well pleased did Jacob hear the heavenly voice.
I see the household now from idols cleansed,
With garments changed, in solemn order move
Through hostile fields, and towns, and cities, held
In awe by terror of the Lord, till all
Arrive at Bethel. There the stone yet stands
Where Jacob laid his head, and slept, and saw
The opening heaven. I see the altar rise—
The victim bleed. I see the patriarch,
With locks of snow, stand by the sacrifice.
I hear him say : “ O God of Abraham !
My father Isaac’s God ! Thou art my God,
And God of all my house. Here shall Thy name
Be worshiped ; here Thy praises sung ;
And on Thy altar offerings shall be made.”
The cloud of glory overspreads the host,
And Jacob hears the soul-inspiring voice :
“ Thy name is Israel. I almighty God.
Increase and multiply. Nations and kings
From thee shall rise. The land I gave by oath
To Abraham and Isaac, give I thee
In covenant sure, and to thy seed forever.”

Once more has Jacob held converse with God.
Once more has rested near the gates of glory.
Again he goes to drink the cup of tears.

The cavalcade is softly moving on,
And drawing near the town of Bethlehem.
There Rachel died. And with her died the heart
Of Jacob. Rachel was buried. In her grave
Was buried Jacob's soul. He could not weep.
And Jacob sat a pillar on her grave,
And as his heart and hands were occupied
In rearing that fair monument to grief,
His thoughts were turned from his fair Rachel's death
Till time had soothed his soul to realize
And weep submissive 'neath the stroke of God.
Farewell, sweet Rachel, Jacob's beauteous wife!
The infant Benjamin survives, solace
Of Jacob in his days of age and woes.

Now Jacob pitched his tent in Hebron, near
His father's long established, peaceful home.
There sleeps Rebecca in the rocky tomb
Of Abraham and Sarah, friends of God.
And now the aged patriarch by ear
And touch beholds and greets his younger son,
And grants his purest, holiest benediction.
Then one by one to Isaac's seat is led
The household. First came Zilpah and her sons.
Bilhah and her children next in order came.
And then came Leah and her youthful flock.
Fair as his beauteous mother Joseph came,
And kissed the patriarch's hand. Next Benjamin

Was folded in his aged arms with joy.
The venerable saint, almost in heaven,
Poured o'er their heads the fullness of his prayers.
Then of his flocks and herds did Jacob speak.
Told of his servants and his princely wealth.
Spake of his hardships with his Syrian friend;
Of peace with Esau, and of Rachel's death;
Of God's protection, and His promised grace.
All which did Isaac hear with pure delight,
And bowed in worship to his covenant God;
And all came nearer to the gates of heaven.
Fain would the patriarch have entered in,
And on the bosom of eternal love
Reposed his weary head; and yet the saint
Full seventeen years this side of Jordan lives,
To bless his kindred with his fervent prayers;
To know their sorrows and their joys partake,
And ripen fully for his heavenly rest.

Near Isaac's home the pious Jacob dwells,
And with his father often meets and holds
Communion. But Jacob finds no perfect rest.
Israel is seated in his tent musing
On Joseph's absence. Care and grief are on
His brow. Oppressive sorrow fills his heart.
"Oh! why does Joseph tarry? Why so long
Ere tidings come?" And as the father spake,
His Joseph's raiment, torn and stained with blood,

Is opened up before his gazing eyes,
And his own sons the taunting question asked :
“ Know now if this be Joseph’s coat or no.
We found it in the field.” And Israel knew
The vesture, and exclaimed : “ An evil beast
Has slain my son. Joseph, Joseph, is torn
In pieces.” This, this was the fatal stroke.
This was the crushing blow. And Jacob rent
His clothes, put sackcloth on his loins, and mourned
For Joseph. None could heal that bleeding wound.
Not even time could sooth his anguished soul ;
For Jacob said : “ I will go down into the grave
Unto my son mourning.” Thus Israel wept
For Joseph. Long the awful secret lay
Like coals of fire within the young men’s breast ;
Nor did the voice of consolation come,
Till Joseph reigned first lord in Pharaoh’s court,
The saviour of the house of Israel —
The world’s great benefactor, and the friend
Of God and man.

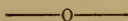
Meanwhile the patriarch is called to mourn
Another loss. But mercy mingles here
With judgment. God has come in love to call
His father Isaac home. The saint was ripe
For heaven. Isaac, the son of Abraham, died —
A man of contemplation, piety, and peace.
A man whom Providence severely tried,
And who was blessed with intercourse with God.

He lived to see the promise bud and blossom,
And died in faith of immortality.

Isaac was gathered to his people old
And full of days. Esau and Jacob met
In peace, and mingled tears of sorrow
O'er their father's grave.

ISAAC AND REBECCA.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH CHAPTER OF
GENESIS.



ABRAHAM, the father of the faithful, and the founder of the Hebrew nation, had reached the age of a hundred and forty years. His beautiful and beloved companion, Sarah, the pattern of all Christian wives, had now reposed for three years in the rocky cave of Hebron, and Isaac was a sincere and disconsolate mourner. Abraham is distinguished by the inspired historian as a man of prompt, and vigorous, and obedient faith. Sarah is commended as a woman of pure piety, ardent love, and dutiful reverence. This interesting pair, in the meridian of their days, in obedience to the commands of God, had emigrated from their native Ur of the Chaldees; had journeyed hand in hand to the promised possession; had erected their tent and their altar in valley and on mountain, in joy and in sorrow. They had visited together many of the rugged and pleasant parts of the earthly Canaan, while their faith beheld the better country far off in the Divine promise. Their integrity; the simplicity of

their lives; the power of their faith, and the general holiness of their character; together with their wanderings, their temptations, their afflictions, and their patient endurance, awaken our sympathy, excite our admiration, and warm our affections. God had given to this interesting pair the promise of a posterity numerous as the stars of heaven. When Abraham was a hundred years old, and his wife ninety, they stood in the opening of their tent, and looked abroad upon the sky with the eye of reason, and saw not a single star. Again they looked upon the firmament with the eye of faith, and saw the whole heavens sparkling with stars, and the fairest of all the glittering host was Isaac, born according to the promise. "I know Abraham," said God, "that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Isaac was reared up in the faith and piety of his father, and in the love and reverence of his mother. As Isaac grew in stature he increased in wisdom and grace, and was eminently a man of peace, of retirement, and of heavenly contemplation. The promise had now put forth its first bud, and it expanded in beauty under the culture of Abraham and Sarah, and the blessing of the God of the covenant. No fairer flower ever bloomed in a believer's house; no richer jewel ever adorned a Christian's diadem. When the young man was in the most interesting period of life, there came a voice from heaven penetrating the patriarch's soul: "Take now thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee unto the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains that I will

tell thee of." The trial is made and faith triumphs; and again the penetrating voice is heard: "Lay not thy hand upon the lad: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

And where was Sarah during these high scenes of trial, and of victory? An ancient writer says: "These scenes of mystery were hidden from a mother's heart." Maternal tenderness could not endure the shock. Even the happy termination was too full of amazement and joy to be sustained by her feeble frame. This we know from the inspired penman; that shortly after these scenes of wonder Sarah closed the period of her earthly history, and entered into her heavenly rest. That beauty and goodness which originally won the heart of Abraham, and filled the soul of Isaac with happiness; that loveliness which shone in courts, and attracted the eye of princes, are all changed by the power of death. But her ornaments of piety are ever shining in the Word of God; and while her body reposes in the cave of Hebron, she still lives, the beautiful Sarah, in heaven,

The light and ornament of Abraham's tent has departed. The patriarch is now a hundred and forty years old, and Isaac is a disconsolate mourner. But God has provided another friend to fill the vacant place in Abraham's tent—the vacant place in Isaac's heart.

The Paraphrase will show Abraham's solicitude to procure a godly wife for his son Isaac; and the reader will be conducted back to the simplicity of ancient times, and witness the courtship and marriage of Isaac and his beautiful Rebecca.

The faithful patriarch is aged now ;
His locks of snow adorn his noble brow,
A crown of joy ; for Abraham's feet have trod
The righteous, consecrated paths of God.
On soil secured by sacred covenant,
Full sixty years his altar and his tent
The holy man has reared ; while faith's bright eye
Surveyed the land of immortality.
And God had blest his friend. The camels fill
The extended plain, and many a hill
The lowing herds o'erspread, and countless flocks
Repose secure beneath the shadowy rocks.
And silver, gold, and gems, did God extend,
In rich abundance to his faithful friend.
Young men and maidens hear the master's voice,
And live in love and peace, and all rejoice.
But greater wealth was his — a priceless gem
Adorned the pious father's diadem
The great Rewarder to his friend had given
His Isaac, promise born and heir of heaven.
The patriarch was great, and greatly blessed,
Heir of the world, and heir of future rest
The sacred word was given : "I am the Lord,
Thy Shield, thy Buckler, and thy great Reward."

The holy patriarch is aged now ;
His locks of snow adorn his noble brow.

And solitary too is Abraham's tent;
Its cheerful light, its lovely ornament,
Fair Sarah, sleeps in Hebron's rocky cave.
And now o'erwhelmed with sorrow, who shall lave
The aching brow of that pure only son,
Whom Abraham loves, and Sarah doted on?
Another friend shall come; the joy of life;
The beautiful, the tender, virtuous wife.
In her a sweeter joy shall Isaac prove
Than Abraham's tenderness, or Sarah's love.

The father's soul is filled with anxious care
To join in marriage bonds his only heir:
And Abraham prays and trusts that God would guide
To Isaac's tent a pious, faithful bride.
And Canaan's tribes in idol temples bend
In worship vile, and crimson sins ascend
To heaven, and God provoked has fixed the hour
Those wicked tribes shall feel his righteous power.
And Canaan's land is cursed. Stern ruin waits
The appointed time to scourge her guilty states.
It's God's design, and Abraham's fixed intent,
That Isaac, heir of heaven in covenant,
Shall never join his holy heart and hand
In nuptial bonds with daughter of the land.
It's Abraham's deep solicitude and care,
To find a goodly wife for Isaac, heir

Of earthly riches and celestial bliss,
And father of the Lord our righteousness.

O'er Abraham's house and wealth a servant stood,
Aged and faithful, circumspect and good,
Named Eliezer, in Damascus born,
Whose faith and works the paths of piety adorn.
To him the man of faith the work assigned,
To seek companion meet of godly mind
For holy Isaac, now in mourning state,
And long a mourner, still disconsolate.
But ere the chief his arduous work began,
The patriarch thus addressed the pious man:
"Approach, Damascus. I will bind on thee
The accustomed oath of true fidelity.
Jehovah who the covenant has given;
Our God, the God of earth, and God of heaven,
Shall hear thy oath: That thou shalt never choose
Of Canaan's sinful daughters Isaac's spouse;
But in my native land shalt seek and find,
Among my kin, a wife of virtuous mind;
So shall my son, in union sweet accord
With one who fears, and loves, and trusts the Lord."

The conscientious man replied: "The one
Of gifts and grace to suit thy only son,
Attached to kindred and her native home,
May never break those tender ties, to roam

A stranger in this land; and yet the fair
Would yield her hand for life to Abraham's heir.
Is then my master's will, and will of heaven,
That Isaac leave the land in promise given,
And seek in Haran, with thy kindred race,
Domestic comfort and a dwelling place?"

The patriarch replied with firm command:
"Take not my Isaac to my native land.
Jehovah, God of earth and heaven, who spake:
Abraham, thy kindred and thy home forsake,
And seek another land: The faithful Lord
Who gave his promise firm, his oath, and word,
And covenant sure, and said: Where thou dost roam
Shall be thy earthly heritage and home.
That God I trust, and he will surely send
His angel with thee, as thy guard and friend.
Thy way shall prosper as the Lord shall guide,
And heaven shall lead thee to a chosen bride;
And found, should her young heart refuse to break
The tender ties of kindred, and forsake
Her cherished mother's home, thy work is done.
But take not Isaac thence, my only son."
The good man satisfied, and conscience free,
Received the oath of true fidelity.

Commissioned now, the man of trust and age
Prepares in haste for his long pilgrimage.

Ten loaded camels ranged in order stand,
Obedient to their master's strict command.
The noble camels precious treasures bore;
Jewels and gold, a rich abundant store;
An oriental train in princely pride,
To woo for Abraham's son his beauteous bride.
And those were days when gifts and golden charms
Won worth and beauty to the lover's arms.

The joyful rising sun bids darkness flee,
And wakes the world to cheerful industry.
The pious man, as beams of morn arise,
Presents to heaven his humble sacrifice;
And God acknowledged with the op'ning day,
Affords protection, and a prosperous way.
The good man travels on with God his Friend,
In joy and comfort to his journey's end.

In Syria now, before the city gate
Of Nahor, Eliezer's camels wait.
And there, where Abraham's numerous kindred dwell,
The camels kneel around the city well.
'Twas even-tide. A kind propitious Power
The time had ordered right. 'Twas just the hour
When bands of maidens with their pitchers bring
The cooling beverage from the living spring.
A hand Divine the man of prayer confessed,
And thus to heaven his anxious thoughts expressed:

“Lord God of Abraham, grant, oh grant, I pray,
Thy humble servant heavenly speed this day;
And to my master show thy loving power,
And mercy great in this benignant hour.
Behold, before the city well I stand,
And crave, O Lord, Thy interposing hand.
The daughters of the citizens repair
To this deep fount, and on their shoulders bear
Their well filled vessels. When thy servant, Lord,
Shall greet the maiden with this friendly word:
‘Let down thy pitcher, I would drink;’ and she
Shall answer give in true simplicity:
‘My lord may drink, and I will also bring
For all thy camels water from the spring;’
May that industrious maiden, free from pride,
Prove Isaac’s humble, cheerful, chosen bride.
Be this the token, Lord; and such the wife
That thou shalt give, the charm and joy of life;
And purest bliss shall fill thy servant’s breast,
As thy rich mercies on my master rest.”
Thus Eliezer prayed. An unseen power
Was near at hand in this most anxious hour.
While yet the good man spake the Lord was there,
And heard his thoughts, and answered all his prayer.
Behold Rebecca, sprang of Terah’s race,
Forth from the city came. Her form and face
Was beautifully fair; and love divine
Had made her bosom virtue’s holiest shrine.

The chaste Rebecca, as she came to bring
The evening's water from the living spring,
Her pitcher filled with nature's crystal flood,
And on her shoulder poised the well filled vessel stood.

The man of prayer beheld the charming maid,
Approached, with patriarchal grace, and said:
"Let down thy pitcher. I would drink." And she
In haste replied, with sweet simplicity:
"My lord may drink; and I will also bring
For all thy camels water from the spring."
The maid, with cheerful heart and modest look,
Her well filled pitcher from her shoulder took,
And gave the stranger drink. Away she hied
To the deep well, and drew and oft supplied
The watering place, till every camel stood
Refreshed with nature's renovating flood.

The aged man beheld the lovely one
Toiling in kindness till her work was done;
And wondering held his peace, that he might see
If heaven had granted sure prosperity.
The stranger's words and deeds fulfilled his prayer,
Made plain the token, and removed his care.
And that fair maiden, standing near his side,
His spirit owned as Isaac's chosen bride.
On fair Rebecca's brow the servant set
A gem that sparkled 'mid her curls of jet,

And golden bracelets of superior charms
He gave, to ornament the maiden's arms.
This done, the man of piety and age
Inquired her kindred, and her parentage:
"And can," he said, "Thy father well provide
Shelter and room where we may all abide?"

The maiden answered with becoming grace:
"My kindred are of Terah's honored race.
I am Bethuel's daughter; and there's room
Where you may lodge, and you are free to come.
The weary camels also can abide;
Our barns are ample, and our stores supplied."

The holy man with reverence bowed his head,
And worshiped God with gratitude, and said:
"For ever praised be Abraham's God and Lord,
Who grants his mercy, and his faithful word
To my kind master still. God's guardian hand
Has led my journeys to the wished-for land
Of Abraham's kindred, and to-day I wait,
In faith and hope, at Nahor's city gate."

Arrayed in jewels of the aged man,
In haste the beautiful Rebecca ran,
And told at home, with joyful, hurried word,
All that her eyes had seen—her ears had heard.

Young Laban, fair Rebecca's brother, now
Beheld the jewel on his sister's brow,

And saw the bracelets, of superior charms,
Infold and beautify his sister's arms,
And heard her say : "The man of wealth and age
Inquired my kindred and my parentage ;
' And can,' he said, ' thy father's house provide
Shelter and room where we may all abide ?'"
Young Laban saw, and heard, and quickly ran,
And thus addressed the pious aged man :
" Come in, and share, thou blessed of the Lord,
The comforts that our house and barns afford.
My dwelling is prepared to entertain
My lord and men, and all his princely train.
The camels need repose; 't is even-tide.
My barns are ample, and my stores supplied."

Thus Laban urged. And all the train repair
To Laban's dwelling, and his bounty share.
And Laban cheerfully, (his heart was good,)
Unloads the camels, and supplied their food ;
And vessels, filled with cooling water, gave
His honored guests, their weary feet to lave.

And now the mother and the maidens spread
The evening table, crowned with cheering bread ;
And all are asked, and urged, and kindly pressed
To eat, and drink, and take their quiet rest.

The trusty servant, ere he takes his seat,
Declares in accents firm : "I will not eat

Till I have told my errand." "Speak, my lord,"
Young Laban said, "we wait to hear thy word."
All look and wondered at the aged man,
And Eliezer bowed and thus began :

"I 'm Abraham's servant. And the Lord of heaven
Has greatly blessed my master. God has given
His faithful servant silver, gems, and gold ;
His camels fill the plain ; his flocks the fold ;
Young men and maidens hear my master's voice,
And live in love and peace, and all rejoice.
The man of faith is great, and greatly blessed ;
Heir of the world, and heir of future rest.
Fair Sarah, Abraham's wife, when old, did bear
A son, an only son, and now the heir
Of all my master's wealth. Fair Sarah sleeps
In Hebron's cave, and mourning Isaac weeps
His mother's loss. My lord has placed on me
The sacred oath of true fidelity,
And said in solemn words : 'Thou shalt not choose
Of Canaan's sinful daughters Isaac's spouse,
But in my father's house shalt seek and find,
Among my kin, a wife of virtuous mind.
So shall my son, in union sweet accord
With one who fears, and loves, and trusts the Lord.'

Thus spake my master : and I said, 'The one
Of gifts and grace to suit thy only son,

Attached to kindred and her native home,
May never break those tender ties, and roam
A stranger in this distant promised land.
Thy servant waits to hear his lord's command.'
And Abraham said: 'My God will surely send
His angel with thee as thy guard and friend;
Thy way shall prosper as the Lord shall guide,
And heaven shall lead thee to a chosen bride;
And found, should her young heart refuse to break
The tender ties of kindred, and forsake
Her cherished mother's house, thy soul is free
From this my oath of true fidelity.'

I came this day. A kind, propitious Power
Had ordered right the time. 'T was just the hour
When bands of maidens to their dwellings bring
Their well-filled pitchers from the city's spring.
My errand filled my anxious heart with care;
And thus to heaven I poured my anxious prayer:
'God of my master Abraham; should Thy hand
In love and mercy guide me, lo, I stand
Before the fountain. May the virgin, Lord,
Whom I shall hail with this entreating word:
'Let down thy pitcher, I would drink;' and she
Shall answer give in true simplicity:
'My lord may drink, and I will also bring
For all thy camels water from the spring.'

May that industrious, cheerful, gentle one,
Be thy rich gift to bless my master's son.'
While yet my spirit prayed, the Lord was there,
And heard my thoughts and answered all my prayer
Behold, Rebecca to the well repairs,
Descends, and draws, and on her shoulder bears
Her pitcher forth. I saw the charming maid;
Approached with speed, and, heaven-directed, said:
'Let down thy pitcher, I would drink;' and she
Replied in haste with true simplicity:
'My lord may drink, and I will also bring
For all thy camels water from the spring.'
I drank; and fair Rebecca's hand supplied
The weary beasts till all were satisfied.
'Whose daughter art thou?' then I said; and she
Replied with modest grace and dignity:
'The daughter of Bethuel, Nahor's son,
Whom Milcah bore, her last, her cherished one.'
Her words and deeds my heart inspired, and now
I placed the jewel on Rebecca's brow;
And gave the bracelets of superior charms,
Which well adorn the industrious maiden's arms;
And filled with gratitude I bowed my head,
And worshiped Abraham's God, whose counsels led
My journey right, that I this day might choose
Bethuel's daughter, Isaac's beauteous spouse.
This is my errand, and I wait to know,
If ye will kindness to my master show.

My work is done, and now my soul is free
From Abraham's oath of true fidelity.
What tidings to my master shall I bear?
Weigh well my message, and your minds declare."

And Laban and Bethuël said: "The Lord
Has ordered, and our minds with heaven accord.
We yield Rebecca to thy faithful care,
God's chosen wife for Abraham's only heir."

And when he heard the word: 'We will confide
Rebecca to thy charge as Isaac's bride,'
The good man worshiped God, whose gracious power
Gave heavenly speed in that most anxious hour.

And now the servant from his ample store
Jewels of gold and silver vessels bore;
And raiment, formed in many a flowing fold,
Embroidered rich with vines, and flowers of gold,
And gave th' affianced bride. The mother's hands
Are filled with precious gifts; and Laban stands
Rejoicing, as his eager eyes run o'er
His wealth received from Abraham's ample store.
The good man, happy with his day's employ,
They eat and drink, and fill their hearts with joy,
While evening's shades the weary train invite
To balmy slumbers through the peaceful night.

The morn is breaking in the eastern skies,
The patriarchal band refreshed arise,
And raise to heaven their grateful sacrifice.
And God acknowledged with the opening day,
Affords protection and a prosperous way.

His suit obtained, the servant longs to bear
The pleasing message to his master's heir.
"Send me away my tidings to relate.
My men are ready, and my camels wait.
I cannot tarry till my work is done ;
Till fair Rebecca greets my master's son."

A brother's love—a mother's fondness cried :
"A little season shall the maid abide,
To calm the sudden risings of the heart,
And then love's ties shall yield—Rebecca shall depart."

The servant answered : "Urge no more delay.
The work is God's ; the Lord has blessed my way,
And duty calls. My master waits to see
If heaven has granted sure prosperity."

Her kindred spake : "Behold th' approaching bride ;
Her word shall rule, her feelings shall decide."

And now the beautiful Rebecca stands
With jeweled brow and ornamented hands

Before the aged chief. Her open face
Beamed heavenly sweetness and angelic grace.
“With this man wilt thou go?” her kindred spake.
And eyes were fixed, and hearts were all awake,
To hear her answer, and her feelings know;
And fair Rebecca answered: “I will go.”
No blush was there; no counterfeited art;
’Twas truth, and faith, and duty, ruled her heart.
Her answer made, her purpose firmly given,
All bow submissive to the will of heaven.
The camels girded all in order stand,
Obedient to their master’s strict command.
The bride, the nurse, the maidens, all await
Th’ appointed hour, to pass the city gate.
And seated now in oriental grace,
Rebecca leaves her home, her native place,
’Mid prayers of friends, as her own spirit dear,
Whose words on earth her ears no more shall hear.
“Go, sister, daughter, kindred; go and be
The mother of that promised family
Ordained to rise, and spread, and multiply,
Like autumn’s leaves, and stars that fill the sky.”

Dismissed with prayers the patriarchal band
Retrace their journey to the promised land.
An oriental train, in princely pride,
Conducting homeward Isaac’s beauteous bride.

The road was long; the servant led the way;
God was their guardian, and the Lord their stay.

'Twas even-tide. And Isaac walks abroad,
To meditate, and pray, and praise the Lord.
Jehovah's works of power, and works of love,
Attract his heart and lift his thoughts above.
The sky, the air, the fields, the groves, the whole
Surrounding scene, awake his pensive soul
To holy joys. He thought of God, the Lord
Who said: "I am thy shield and thy reward."
He thought of Abraham, and the promise given:
"Thy seed shall multiply like stars of heaven."
He thought of Sarah, sainted mother, blessed
On earth, and gone to everlasting rest.
He thought on Haran, and his kindred there,
And poured to God his fervent, anxious prayer,
That heaven would prosper Eliezer's way,
And safe restore him ere the close of day.
He walked, and mused, and looked, and looked again,
And saw far off the patriarchal train.
A thousand deep emotions, strange and new,
Possessed his soul, as Abraham's camels drew
Nearer and nearer to his gazing eye,
And Isaac walked in hope and ecstasy.

Rebecca, too, was pensive and serene,
As she approached her new abode, the scene

Of marriage comfort, or domestic woe,
As God may order, and as time may show.
Her heart was calm. On heaven her hope relies.
She mused, she looked ; a stranger met her eyes
And woke unusual thoughts. He seemed to be
A man of peace, of worth, of dignity.
“And who,” Rebecca asked, “of noble brow
Walks yonder field, and comes to meet us now?”

“The man who walks the field, that man of prayer,
Is my young master, Abraham’s son and heir.
His worth and love thy virtue shall reward ;
He is thy husband, and thy destined lord.”
Thus Eliezer spake. And from her place
The maid descended with becoming grace,
And took her vail of many a flowing fold,
Embroidered rich with vines, and flowers of gold,
And covered all her charms. A modest bride
Rebecca stood by Eliezer’s side.

With hearts alike, and feelings all as one,
Bethuel’s daughter and the patriarch’s son
Now met, embraced ; and heaven came down to pour
Its choicest blessings on that happy hour.
And walking hand in hand in that delightful field,
The pious servant faithfully revealed
How God had led him to the city well,
Where Abraham’s numerous, honored kindred dwell.

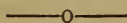
How he had prayed that heaven his mind would guide,
To choose a humble, virtuous, modest bride.
How God had heard, and by His secret grace
Had led Rebecca, sprang of Terah's race,
To the deep well; whose words and deeds combined,
Made sure his judgment, that the Lord designed
Bethuel's daughter as the chosen one,
To crown with joy his master's only son.
He told how anxious friends had said: "The Lord
Has spoken, and our minds with heaven accord.
We yield Rebecca to thy faithful care,
Ordained of God the wife of Abraham's heir."
He told how fair Rebecca saw the hand
Of God directing to the promised land;
And how, when kindred would her feelings know,
The maiden meekly answered: "I will go."
And now the good man said: "My heart is blessed
As heaven's rich mercies on my master rest.
My work is done. And now my soul is free
From Abraham's oath of true fidelity."

And Isaac owned that God's most gracious power
Had joined their hearts in that delightful hour.
Their feelings exquisite in union blend,
And each has found a pious, faithful friend.
And walking on, that pure, enraptured pair
Held converse with the Lord in praise and prayer,

And knew that heart to heart was freely given,
AND THEIR ESPOUSALS MADE AND OWNED IN HEAVEN.

Now Isaac led his bride to Sarah's tent,
To be its light and cheerful ornament.
That other friend has come, the joy of life,
The beautiful, the loving, virtuous wife.
And Isaac loved Rebecca, and the tears
Shed o'er his mother's grave, for years and years
Of loneliness and mourning, all were dried
By fond endearments of his pious bride.
In her did Isaac sweeter comforts prove
Than Abraham's tenderness, or Sarah's love;
And long their happy lives fulfilled the word,
A VIRTUOUS, PRUDENT WIFE, IS FROM THE LORD.

ELIJAH.



THE first appearance of Elijah in sacred story is as a man suddenly dropped down from heaven in the midst of the darkest period of the history of Israel. Ever since the revolt of the ten tribes under Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, religion gradually declined ; the pure institutions of God became corrupted, and the inhabitants of Israel verged very fast towards idolatry. The empire was convulsed by many commotions, and after the succession of a number of bloody revolutions, and the total extinction of some of the royal houses, Ahab became the king ; and Jezebel, a Zidonian princess, became the queen. The policy of the government during the reign of these wicked personages was to extirpate the worship of God, and substitute throughout the land the worship of Baalim. Already many of the Lord's prophets had been slain with the sword, and those who escaped the fury of the persecution found protection by concealment in the caves of the earth. The altars of God, very generally, were broken down, and sacred covenants were almost entirely disregarded. The priesthood of Baal appeared to be in the ascendancy, and the temples and altars of idolatry were

found in the capital, and on every mountain, and in every valley in the land. The worthy citizens of Zion, who had not bowed the knee to Baal, maintained their religion in privacy; the Lord's prophets labored in retirement, while the nation at large was divided between those who decided with the court, and madly devoted themselves to idolatry, and those who vacillated between the two systems of religion—the worship of Jehovah, and the worship of Baal. The Lord had already called the people to his service by many mercies, and by many corrections; but it became necessary for the Almighty to take higher ground, and operate upon His people by more stupendous works of judgment. In the accomplishment of His purposes, Elijah the Tishbite, of the land of Gilead, was His chosen instrument and messenger. There is a mysterious and wild grandeur in the character of the prophet Elijah, which is only equalled by the strange and terrific scenes in his history. There is a sublimity in this man of God beyond all the other prophets in the Old Testament. He was raised up to be the great reformer of his times. His mission was to reëstablish the laws of Sinai in the Holy Land, and crown them with their ancient honors. His object was to decide the great controversy, whether the Lord or Baal was the true God; and call the nation of Israel to the worship of Jehovah. The history requires us to regard Elijah as a man of the most eminent piety, deeply devoted to the glory of God, and anxiously and fervently longing for the salvation of Israel. Ahab and Jezebel are now successfully prosecuting the work of idolatry. He is seated in his capital, in the midst of his corrupt court.

By the direction of God Elijah leaves his native mountains of Gilead, and appears in majesty before the king, and announces the judgments of Heaven, which would speedily convert the whole empire into mourning and desolation, and which would effect alike both the prince and the people.

Before the king the prophet stands,
And publishes the Lord's commands.
"I come from Israel's living God,
And bring his wounding, healing rod.
No rain shall fall, no dew distill
On forest, field; on vale, or hill;
Unless my word of fervent prayer
Shall reach Jehovah's gracious ear."

God came in love. Elijah heard
The sweet, the calm, inspiring word.
"Eastward depart; near Jordan's wave,
Within a secret, rocky cave,
Make thy abode; and satisfy
Thy thirst from Cherith flowing by.
The ravens, borne on pinions fleet,
Evening and morn shall bring thy meat;
Thy soul with grace shall be imbued
Within thy holy solitude."

The prophet dwells by Cherith's side;
The ravens daily food supplied;

From Cherith's flood the prophet drank,
Reclining on its verdant bank;
And every month and every day
The streamlet failed and died away,
Till not a wave or ripple sped
Over its dry and pebbled bed.
The curse had touched its hidden spring,
And all its pure meandering.

Earth's stream may fail; not so the Fount
That gushes on the heavenly mount.
God came in love; Elijah heard
The sweet, the calm, inspiring word:
"Arise, depart from Israel;
In Zarephath of Zidon dwell;
A Gentile widow, in my name,
Shall fill thy cup—thy life sustain."

Obedient to his Lord's commands
In Zarephath the prophet stands;
And saw the widow gathering wood
To dress her last, her little food;
And hailed her thus: "Return and bring
Refreshing water from the spring:
And from thy board which God has spared,
Bring nourishing and cheering bread."

"O, stranger! as Jehovah lives,
And food supplies and water gives,

I have no bread. God's rod I feel.
A little oil, a little meal,
Alone remain. This little wood
Will dress my last sustaining food,
Myself and son to satisfy,
And we will eat the bread and die."

"Fear not. Go do as thou hast said,
But bring me first a little bread.
I come from Israel's God and Lord,
And bring His life-sustaining word.
The cruise and barrel shall not waste.
Replenished by the power of grace,
This word of promise shall remain
Till God has blessed the land again."

O faith! thou hast a living power
To calm the heart in sorrow's hour;
The future promise touched by thee,
Is present—bright reality!
The Gentile widow trusts the word,
And lives on Israel's faithful Lord.
The cruise and barrel did not waste.
Replenished by the power of grace,
The prophet and the household fed
In cheerfulness on heavenly bread.

The staff of life divinely given,
Received at morn, at noon, and even,

Had not the self-sustaining power
To drive afar the dying hour.
The widow walks no more in joy;
Her arms infold her lifeless boy;
While thro' her soul strange feelings ran,
In presence of the holy man.
"O man of God, why art thou sent
To show my sins by punishment?"

The prophet in his chamber laid
The lifeless child, and o'er it prayed
The fervent, agonizing prayer,
That reached Jehovah's gracious ear.
And in his hand Elijah led
The blooming child with lively tread.
The mother's heart o'erflowed with joy,
As she embraced her living boy.
No more she feels the chastening rod;
No more distrusts the man of God;
But bows in peace before the Lord,
And rests upon the prophet's word;
And two full years the household fed
In cheerfulness on heavenly bread.

Long was the time since dew or rain
Had fallen on mountain, hill, or plain.
The flocks and herds in trying hours
Had asked, in vain, for genial showers.

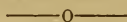
Proud man grew faint beneath the hand
That smote the tribes—that smote the land;
And all the empire felt the rod,
And groaned beneath the stroke of God.
But Israel knew a heavier doom;
The holy church was robed in gloom.
No dew of grace for years distills
On Zion's vales—on Zion's hills.

By ravens fed, near Jordan's wave,
Within his secret, rocky cave,
The prophet dwelt, till failed the brook
From which the cooling draught he took.
In Zidon now Elijah stands;
His board is spread by Gentile hands
From oil that fails not, and from meal,
A never ceasing miracle.
And there he proved the power of prayer,
That reached Jehovah's gracious ear;
And raised from death the dear-loved boy,
And filled the widow's soul with joy.

These miracles of power and grace
The holy prophet's spirit brace,
Again to hear th' inspiring word
Of Israel's faithful, living Lord.
"Go show thyself to Ahab. I
Will ope the windows of the sky,

And on the earth will pour again
In copious showers the genial rain."

The prophet's holy soul is stirred,
To hear Jehovah's gracious word.
Happy to honor God, and intercede
For blessings on the thirsty land, with speed
Elijah takes his way once more, to bring
The messages of God to Israel's king,



O'er Ahab's house a prudent man was set;
A man who greatly feared and loved the Lord,
And showed his care for Israel's bleeding cause.
'T was even so : when Ahab's bloody queen,
On idols mad, God's faithful prophets slew,
The good man Obadiah spread his guardian shield
O'er prophets of the Lord, and saved in caves
A hundred shepherds of the weary flock.
Within Samaria's walls the tyrant sat,
The good man Obadiah by his side.
The herds were dying in the stall. In fields
The flocks were faint ; and man, in country tent
And city hall, was groaning 'neath the curse.
The man of God was on th' way to bless
The land, and triumph o'er the idol's power.
The king, unhumbled, to his servant spake :
" Go, search the land, and every fountain find.

Find every stream, and lake, and living spring.
A gleam of hope still lives, that something green
May yet exist to save the dying herds."
Towards the north the king, with staff in hand,
Pursues his way. The curse has gone before.
Good Obadiah roams by southern streams
And springs. The wrath of heaven has touched them
all,

But near him stands the man of God, with power
To break their seals, and let the waters flow.

He saw Elijah, in his mantle wrapped,
Serene and calm, as God's own messenger.

He knew the venerable seer, and bowed
With reverence due and deep surprise, and said :

"Art thou, indeed, my lord, Elijah?"

"I am. Go tell thy lord, lo, here Elijah stands."

That word an arrow was that pierced his heart.

The good man's eye of faith turned from his God,
And reason's eye saw clouds arising dark,

Presaging ills and threatening violence.

"What is my sin," he cried, "O man of God?

And why to death thy servant wilt thou yield?

As thy god liveth, each surrounding state

The king with zeal has searched, to find my lord;

And each the oath has given, they found thee not.

And now thou sayest: 'Go tell thy master, here
Elijah stands;' and as I go, afar

God's Spirit thee shall bear; and Ahab mocked,

My life shall take. Was not my master told
My holy care for Israel's bleeding cause,
When Ahab's bloody queen the prophets slew?
A hundred faithful shepherds, saved in caves,
On bread and water fed, bespeak my love
To heaven, and tempt the king to watch my steps.
And now thou sayest: 'Go tell thy master, here
Elijah stands.' The king my life shall take."
"As lives the Lord of hosts, this day my face
The king shall see." That word drove back the clouds.
The heavens grew clear. The good man's eye
Of faith rests calm and fixed upon his God;
And Obadiah bears the message to his lord.
Now face to face the king and prophet stand.
'Twas heaven and hell in fearful conflict met.
The awful silence Ahab breaks: "Art thou
The man that troubleth Israel?" Serene
And awe-inspiring stood the seer, and said:
"Not I have Israel troubled: thou and thy
Father's house have filled the land with woe.
God's laws thou hast despised; thy knees have bow'd
In Baalim's shrines; thy lips have kissed the god.
Thy sins like mountains rise and reach the heavens;
Thy sins bring down to earth Jehovah's ire.
Meet me on Carmel with the assembled tribes;
With Baal's prophets meet me on the hill,
And gather from the groves the priests who serve

The lewd Zidonian goddess : with them all
Meet me on Carmel."

Ahab heard the word,
And called the gathering of the mighty host.
From shrine to grove, from hill to vale, from hall
To cottage ran the thrilling word : "Meet all
On Carmel. There the great Elijah meet."

The prophet stands on Carmel's lofty brow
And weeps that Israel will not see the Lord.
Below the ocean roars and bounds his view.
Fast by the mountain's base the Kishon runs.
Beyond, wide spread, the vale of Esdrelon
Extends ; and far away mount Tabor lifts
His top to heaven. His eye on Nazareth rests.
Beyond, the Galilean sea sparkles
In the deep blue horizon. Northward stand
The hills of Lebanon with summits crowned
With clouds : all, all declare the God of power.
But Israel blinded will not see the Lord.
But other scenes arrest the prophet's eye.
The hosts of Israel gather round the mount,
Arranged in separate tribes, in mournful bands.
The God-despising idol prophets came.
Priests of the grove in lewd attire were there.
The king and court, the counselors of state,
With tent and chariots joined the assembled throng.

Wrapped in his mantle, calm the prophet stood.
The scene was solemn. Stillness reigned. The host
Was all prepared to hear the man of God.
“How long halt ye between two opinions.
If Jehovah be God, follow Him.
If Baal be God, follow him.”
The stillness reigns. O’erawed the people stand.
The power of God has every conscience touched.
Elijah spake: “I, even I alone
Remain a prophet of the Lord. Many
The priests who daily bow at Baal’s shrine.
Two altars shall be reared; two victims slain;
Call on your God; and I Jehovah will
Invoke. The God who speaks from heaven by fire,
The same shall be the everlasting God,
The God to worship, honor, and obey.”
From all the host was heard the loud “Amen.”

The victim on the idol’s altar lies;
Hundreds of prophets circle it around.
From morn till noon the frenzied cry arose:
“O Baal, hear! O Baal, speak by fire.”
No fire; no voice; no answer came from heaven.
Elijah mocking spake: “Yet louder call.
Thy god may meditate on things profound.
May converse hold: may journey far from home,
Or, worn with toil, perchance, thy god may sleep.
Yet louder call—the sleeper may awake.”

From morn till evening sacrifice the rocks
Of Carmel echoed far and wide the cry :
“O Baal, hear ! O Baal, speak by fire.”
And blood was shed, and hymns were sung, and still
No fire ; no voice ; no answer came from heaven.

’T was just the hour of evening sacrifice.
Majestic stood the prophet of the Lord.
The tribes of Israel gathered near his side
God’s broken altar now the seer repaired ;
Arranged thereon twelve emblematic stones ;
In order placed the wood ; the victim slew ;
And over altar, offering, wood, and earth,
In large abundance water poured.
The work is done. Ten thousand eyes are fixed
Intent on that strange scene. The king, the court,
The frenzied priests of Baal gaze with fear.
E’en Satan looks, and God beholds the work.
Beside that altar stood Elijah, calm,
Serene, and lifts his heart in prayer to Heaven :
“ Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, Israel !
This day make known that Thou art God, the Lord
In Israel. That I Thy servant am.
That all my works are done at Thy command.
Hear me, O Lord, and make this people know
That Thou, Jehovah, art alone the true,
The living God ; and make Thy children feel
That Thou hast called them back to worship Thee.”

The voice of prayer is heard. The heavens are rent.
The rushing fire from God descends. The wood,
The stones, the water, and the sacrifice,
Commingling with the flames, in volumes roll
Heavenward, to all assurance bright, that God
Alone the true Jehovah is.

The hosts of Israel saw ; with true reverence bowed.
One long and universal shout arose :
“ The Lord, He is the God.” Mount Carmel shook
And echoed back : “ The Lord, He is the God.”
The idol altars fell. Priesthood and gods
Were stricken down before Jehovah’s power.
The Lord has triumphed, and the cause is won.

The priests of Baal Moses’ law condemns.
The Lord’s great prophet came to reïnstate
Jehovah’s statutes in the holy land,
And with their ancient honors Sinai’s tables crown.
The law shines bright while Baal’s priests are slain.

The fire for God has spoken. Now the voice
Of waters hymn the praises of the Lord.
At Carmel’s base the host of Israel wait.
The idols’ strength is broken. Many hearts
The God of truth have owned with joy.
Now mercy comes to bless the weary earth.
The sound of waters greets the prophet’s ear.
“ Arise, O king, and eat and drink : the fount

Of heaven will give her renovating showers.
On Carmel's lofty brow Elijah sits,
Alone and humble with the Lord his God.
The Spirit stirred his holy soul to prayer—
To fervent, agonizing prayer of faith.
His faithful servant stood on higher ground,
And gazed far off upon the wide-spread sea.
And still the prophet agonized with God,
Till seven times pouring out his soul in prayer,
The answer came. The watchman saw a cloud
Small as the hand, arising from the sea.
The Lord has heard the fervent prayer of faith.
"Prepare thy chariot, Ahab; get thee down."
The heavens grow black with clouds. The wind and
storm
Sweep over Carmel's sides. O'er hills and vales,
O'er all the land the tempest sweeps along,
And earth, and man, and beast, receive with joy
The teeming flood, and nature praises God.
The prophet, strengthened by the hand divine,
Girds up his loins, and runs, with holy zeal,
Before the royal chariot to the palace gate.
The hosts of Israel to their homes return,
Musing on scenes of wonder, fear, and joy.

The queen sits anxious in her gilded hall.
The strife on Carmel agitates her soul.
Does Baal reign supreme o'er Israel's hosts?

Or does Elijah's God in triumph rule ?
Her brow is marked with care. With passion burns
Her tortured breast. In hope and fear she waits
To know the issues of that solemn day.
'Mid wind and rain the royal chariot comes ;
And Ahab told the scenes of Carmel. Told
How Baal's prophets called in vain for fire ;
And how Elijah mocked the heathen gods.
Told of the fire from heaven ; and how the host
With universal voice proclaimed : "The Lord,
He is the God : the Lord, He is the God."
Told how Elijah's prayer unsealed the founts
That poured their waters o'er the thirsty land ;
And how the prophet and his God were crowned
With honor. Ahab told how Baal's priests
Were slain, all falling by Elijah's sword ;
And how Jehovah triumphed all that day.
Deep in her breast the fires of passion burned.
Her prophets slain, her gods despised, her power
O'erthrown, the praises of Elijah's God
Resounding o'er the land, awoke her soul
To thoughts of vengeance ; and her messenger
Before the prophet stands, with this her vow,
And this her threatened wrath : "Like one of them
Shall be thy life before to-morrow's sun
Shall set, or may the gods my life consume."
O vengeance, canst thou thus the human breast
Inspire ! Elijah trembles and forsakes his post.

We saw the prophet leave his calm retreat
To face the king, and brave his royal wrath.
We heard him charge the monarch and his house
With crimson sins, that woke the ire of heaven,
And filled the land with universal woe.
We saw him stand on Carmel's lofty brow,
Confronting hosts on hosts, on idols mad ;
Confronting king, and court, and priesthood vile.
We saw him at the altar stand, and call
The fire from God ; and on the mountain kneel
And call the showers from heaven. We saw the shrine
And priesthood fallen ; and the shout we heard :
"Jehovah is the true, the living God."
'T was faith that girded up Elijah's soul
To works of righteousness and deeds of power.
'T was hope that Israel's universal heart
Would soon return to love and fear the Lord,
That bore him on rejoicing in his strength.
That eye of faith has turned away from God,
And reason's eye beholds the lowering cloud,
And gazing on th' approaching storm, the man
Who wore the laurels on his brow grows faint,
Forsakes the conflict, and the battle field,
Deeply intent to shield his life from harm.
Conflicting thoughts perplexed the prophet's mind.
Mysterious moved the wheels of Providence.
Inspiring hope beheld the victory
Fast sweeping on with overpowering force.

O'er all the pleasing prospect unbelief
Her overshadowing gloomy pinions cast,
And terror filled the great Elijah's soul.
Oh who can tell the heart's strange mysteries
When smitten by thy power—dark unbelief!
Disrobed of strength, o'erwhelmed with fear, dis-
mayed,

Disconsolate, the prophet leaves his post,
His crown, and flies, he knows not where;
And still is guided by the God he loves.
By day, by night, with speed he wanders on,
Where Ahab reigns, where good Jehosaphat
Extends his rule, and lights at Beersheba,
On Judah's utmost verge, fast by the great,
The howling wilderness. His servant faint,
No longer meet for converse with the man
Of gloomy thoughts, is left behind; and on
He journeyed in that dark and awful wild
Where Israel wandered with the Lord their God.

We see the prophet faint, disconsolate;
His weary frame and yet more weary soul
Resting beneath the wide spread forest tree.
Is this the man who stood a god on Carmel
These are Thy chastisements, O God of grace
No light beamed on the gloom. We hear the strange
Desire breathed forth, that death would close the
scene:

“It is enough, O Lord; withdraw my life.

My fathers toiled and suffered in Thy cause,
And thou hast borne them to their promised rest;
And I'm no better than my fathers were.

The conflict's heard, and Israel's not restored:
It is enough, O Lord, withdraw my life."

Ah, toiling, suffering messenger of God,
When Zion's cause moves slowly on, and clouds
Are 'round Jehovah's paths, ne'er say:

It is enough, O Lord! withdraw my life.

Still press with vigor on; endure the cross
Till God shall call thee to thy promised rest.

Ah, weary pilgrim in the vale of tears,
When foes within and foes without strive hard
To rob thee of thy peace, and fill thy path
With thorns—thy daily cup with woes, ne'er say:
It is enough, O Lord! withdraw my life.

Endure with patience all thy Father's rod,
Till heaven shall call thee to thy happy home.

In hope and fear, in joy and grief, in light
And shade, upon the mountain's shining top,
Or in the valley's deepest gloom, ne'er say:

It is enough, O Lord! Work on, toil on;

And when thy course is run—thy trials o'er,
In God's appointed time thy heart shall say:

Now let thy friend depart in peace, O Lord;
Mine eyes have Thy salvation seen.

Weary and faint beneath the forest tree

The prophet sits. * Desponding prayer ne'er greets

Jehovah's ear. Elijah lives to see
The wonders of the Lord ; to bathe his soul
In heavenly bliss ; to plead his Master's cause,
And bless the long loved, sinful, suffering tribes,
And in th' appointed time ascend to God,
Triumphant on the angels' fiery wings.

Meanwhile is mercy mingled with the rod,
And God bestows on his beloved sleep—
The balm of sorrow, and the cure of care.
On the cold earth Elijah lays him down ;
His heart is anguished, and his frame is faint.
But rest is there ; and o'er him softly steals
The soul's and body's sweet restorer, sleep.
And as he slept he felt an angel's touch,
And heard an angel's voice : " Arise, and eat."
The heavenly ministry has roused the saint.
God in the desert has his table spread.
The cruise of water and the loaf of bread
Refresh the body and the mind renew.
Again the prophet sinks in calm repose,
And feels a second time the angel's touch,
And hears the angel's voice : " Arise, and eat ;
Long is thy journey and thy work is great.
The cruise of water and the loaf of bread
Shall be thy strength in all thy solitude."
The heavenly meal is taken, and the life
Sustaining power abides full forty days

And nights, while Israel's prophet journeyed on
To Horeb—mount of God.

Renewed in soul, in body rendered strong,
Elijah roams the howling wilderness
Where his forefathers wandered 'neath the cloud
And fire, and saw the wonders of the Lord.
Hallowed was every spot by ancient scenes.
Past histories arose within his mind
In all their strange, their bright reality.
Each day and night he lives with Israel
In all their journeys to the promised land.
With them he gathers manna rained from heaven,
And drinks the water from the smitten rock.
With them he sees the serpent lifted up,
Bright shining o'er the murmuring, suffering host,
And feels the virtue in his vigorous frame.
With them he sees Mount Sinai all on flame,
And hears the Lord proclaim his holy laws.
He walks with Moses, stands by Aaron's side,
Beholds the house of God with glory crowned ;
Joins in the sacrifice at eve and morn,
And sings high praises with the tribes of God.
On every mountain's side, in every vale,
In scenes of trial, and in scenes of joy,
He walks and rests beneath the cloud and fire,
Beholding everywhere the signs of power,
Of love, of care, displayed by Israel's Guide.

Thus day by day the prophet gathered strength,
The Spirit leading to the mount of God.
Behold the wanderer, in his mantle wrapped,
With staff in hand, winding his upward course
Thro' tangled woods, and thorns, and shelving rocks
Until he stands on Horeb's utmost height.
Not strong as when he stood on Carmel's top;
And still he hoped that God had led him there
For purposes of grace and scenes of glory.
He thinks of Moses on the mountain's side,
Meeting Jehovah in the bush on fire.
He thinks of Joshua and the victory won
By prayer ascending from the mount to God.
He thinks of waters gushing from the rock
In streams of mercy to the fainting host;
And as he mused on God's great wonders to
His fathers on that mount, fain did he hope
That heaven had led him there, to gird his soul
With power to gather Israel—penitent,
To worship wholly at Jehovah's throne
But e'en on Horeb's top Elijah's soul
Must yet endure God's wounding chastisements.
The sun is setting on the distant hills;
The shadows slowly climb the mountain's side,
Emblem of deeper shadows spreading o'er
His troubled mind. A solemn stillness reigns.
The prophet feels alone; cut off from God;
From earth shut out.

Oh ! whither shall the wanderer take his way ?
He thought on Horeb, mount of God, to find
His gracious Lord and enter into rest.
Sad disappointment meets him even there.
No further can he go ; and in a cave,
The borders of despair, he hides away :
And all that night the boasting tempter plies
His fiery darts : “ Where is thy God ? and where
Thy recompense for serving with the Lord ? ”
Yet even in his gloomy, rocky cave,
The prophet was beloved of God, and held
Secure from sinking in despair.

The night was dark ; behold the morning comes ;
And with the morning light the word of God
Sounds thro’ the cave : “ What dost thou here,
Elijah ? ”

He knew the voice of his almighty Friend.
But oh how strange ; how different was the call
From all his hopes, from all his fond desires !
He thought that Providence had shaped his course,
And duty led him to those sacred heights.
He thought that God would meet him there in love,
Remove the burden from his aching heart,
Resolve his doubts, and fill his soul with strength,
And show the way of Israel’s great redemption.
How strange the sound : “ What dost thou here,
Elijah ? ”

The call sinks down into his troubled soul,
Exciting painful thoughts. The prophet stands ar-
raign'd

At God's tribunal. Conscience is aroused.
The soldier fleeing from the battle field ;
The wanderer in the desert's solitude ;
The lodger in the mountain's gloomy cave ;
Must answer give for all his wayward course.

The sinner in his fiery path to death ;
The sleeper in the ways that lead to life ;
The hypocrite 'mid holy circles found ;
All, all must hear thy stern inquiry made :
" What dost thou here, Elijah ? "

That high demand, applied by sov'reign grace,
Has turned the thoughtless from the paths of death
To deep repentance, and the ways of God.

The prophet answered : " I've been jealous
For the Lord God of hosts. Israel Thy covenants
Have broken ; thrown down thy altars ; slain
Thy prophets ; I, even I alone am left,
And now they seek my life."

Thou man of God, in heaven's poised balance thou
Art weighed. The Lord has found thee wanting.

Those altars fallen, covenants broken,
Prophets slain, demand thy fervent zeal.

Mount Carmel echoing with the voice : " The Lord,
He is the God." The rushing fire from heaven,
The genial showers, the idol priesthood fallen,

Give evidence that fields are ripe for harvest.
The tribes of Israel famishing for lack
Of knowledge, fainting in the race, scattered
Like sheep without the shepherd's care, exposed
To Satan's wiles, in Satan's bondage held,
Demand thy faithful, persevering work :
"Where is thy zeal? What dost thou here, Elijah?
Arise; go forth and stand upon the mount
Before the Lord."

Upon the mountain's brow the prophet stands.
Before him moved sublime the varied God.
Dark rolling clouds sweep o'er the angry heavens.
The rushing tempest rends the mountain—rends
The solid rocks. The Lord was not in the wind;
'T was but Jehovah's breath, the sign of power.
The storm is o'er, and solemn stillness reigns.
Again the Lord moves by. The earthquake shakes
Those lofty heights, those everlasting hills,
And Horeb trembles like the forest leaf.
The Lord was not in the earthquake;
'T was but the rolling of His chariot wheels—
The trampling of His steed. The shock is o'er,
And all those hills in awful stillness rest.
Again the Lord moves by. Devouring fire
In dreadful volumes sweeps along, and all
That mountain range is bright with flame.
The Lord was not in the fire;

'T was but the shining of His radiant throne ;
'T was but the gleaming of His glittering spear.
The prophet stands amazed before the Lord,
O'erwhelmed by tokens of His awful power.
These heralds of the Lord arrest the mind,
Arouse the conscience, stir the heart, and fill
The soul with trembling fear and solemn awe.
The elemental war is o'er. A calm
Has settled down upon those lofty hills,
And nature rests in deep and solemn silence.
Again the Lord moves by. A still small voice
Whispers in soft and silver notes : " What dost
Thou here, Elijah ? " 'T was the voice of love —
Of grace. It reached the prophet's inmost heart,
And spread thro' all his powers the joy of heaven.
The contrite, humble, holy man of God,
His face within his mantle wrapped, and stood
Beside the entrance of his rocky cave,
And meekly said : " I have been jealous for
The Lord of hosts. Israel thy covenants
Have broken ; thrown down thy altars ; slain
Thy prophets ; I, even I alone am left,
And now they seek my life."

Mount Horeb's scenes have taught the man of God ;
Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit
Shall Israel have her great redemption.
The famine reigning o'er the promised land ;

The supernatural fire on Carmel's height ;
The idol priesthood slain ; the founts of heaven
Unsealed ; these, these are but the harbingers
Of Israel's good. The still small voice of truth
Must gently penetrate the people's hearts,
And win them back to love and fear the Lord.
The wind, the earthquake, and the fire, have done
Their destined work in Israel ; and now
The prophet learns to go, and speak the words
Of love and mercy 'mong the chosen tribes.
Elijah hears God's word : "Return. Hazael
Anoint to be the king o'er Syria ;
Jehu anoint to reign o'er Israel ;
Elisha, son of Shaphat, consecrate
My holy prophet in thy room.
My foes, who 'scape the slaughtering Syrian sword,
Shall Jehu slay ; and they, who 'scape the spear
Of Jehu in his fiery zeal, Elisha
Shall consume. Yet e'en in Israel
Five thousand are my saints, my chosen ones ;
Knees that in Baal's shrine have never bowed,
And lips that ne'er have kissed the god."

Girded with faith again the prophet stands,
Prompt to obey his heavenly Master's will,
And labor constant for his people's good.

Behold Elijah, in his mantle wrapped,
Descends the mountain's side, and hastes away
To pour the oil on men ordained of God,
His instruments of wrath and mercy. .
As the dread tempest shook the mountain; broke
The rocks in pieces; so the Syrian king
Shall desolate the land of Israel.
As earthquakes rocked those everlasting hills,
So Jehu's car, in vengeance driven, shall crush
The house of Ahab; crush the priests of Baal;
Dash to the earth the idol shrines, and grind
To dust the vassals of their ministry;
And driving on his car most furiously,
Shall Jezreel tremble; and the royal blood
Of Jezebel shall stain his chariot wheels.
As fire bright shining on Mount Horeb's top,
The flaming emblem of devouring wrath,
So shall Elisha's word God's foes consume.
Jehovah's instruments are all prepared,
And Israel soon shall know stupendous scenes
Of justice, love, and power.

The husbandman is plowing in the field,
Musing on God's great gift, the rain from heaven.
He thinks of Carmel, and the wonders wrought
To check the idol's power, and reëstate
The name and worship of the living God;
Thinks of Elijah, of his faith and prayers,

And as he muses feels the call of heaven
Stirring his soul to consecrate his powers
To God, a sacrifice for Israel's good.
Elijah 's on his heaven directed way ;
Beside the plowman stands, and o'er him casts
His mantle, sign symbolic of his call
To serve Jehovah in prophetic labor.
Elisha leaves the plowshare in the furrow,
Slays the oxen, gives a sacred farewell feast,
Kisses his father and his mother, and
Receives their benediction and their prayers.
The dew of youth, the morning bloom of grace,
Elisha to his heavenly Master gives ;
And long did Israel reap the precious fruits
Of his devoted, holy ministry.

The young man with the great Elijah walks,
Drinks of his spirit, of his joy partakes,
Administers to all his wants, and aids
In every work of faith and work of love
To gather Israel to the Lord their God.
The sacred schools of learning now are founded.
Sons of the prophets, trained with holy care,
Go forth to bear the messages of grace
All o'er the land. The still small voice of truth
Is heard ; the reformation hastens on ;
The Lord is honored, and the people saved.

The wheels of time roll on.

The Syrian king prepares his mighty hosts,

Gathers his allied strength, and desolates

The Holy Land e'en to Samaria's walls.

But God will give the Israelitish prince

The victory ; will crush th' invading foe ;

Will prove his mercy great, and give the king

Assurance bright, that he Jehovah is.

A prophet sounds his voice in Ahab's ears :

"Thus saith the Lord : hast thou beheld this host ?

I, even I this day will give the foe

Into thy hand, and thou shalt know that I

Am God." The Syrian hosts are overthrown,

And Israel triumphs thro' Jehovah's power.

And still the war goes on. The Syrian king

Again will brave the strength of Israel.

Another army takes the field, prepared

To conquer on the wide extended plain.

The blasphemy is boldly spread abroad,

That Israel's God reigns only on the hills—

Jehovah in the valleys has no power.

The bands of Israel were like flocks of kids

Before the countless Syrian multitudes.

Another prophet stands before the king.

"Thus saith the Lord : the Syrian blasphemy,

That Israel's God reigns only on the hills—

Jehovah in the valleys has no power,

Shall be rebuked. I, even I to day

Will give this mighty host into thy hands,
And thou shalt know that I Jehovah am.”
Again the Syrian hosts are overthrown,
And in the valleys Israel’s God prevails.

The captive, humbled monarch, asks for life;
And Ahab seals a covenant of peace.
Another prophet stands before the king.
“Thus saith the Lord: the man of blasphemy
And blood, whom I ordained to death, still lives.
Thy life shall go for his life, and thy people
For his people.”

The Lord has magnified his glorious name;
Has saved his people from the invading foe;
But Ahab seeks his home, his capital,
O’erwhelmed with gloom, and angry with the Lord.

And still the wheels of time roll on.
Ahab has left the camp, the battle field,
And other scenes engage his troubled mind.
Hard by his summer palace in Jezreel
Lies Naboth’s vineyard. For his garden grounds
The good man’s patrimonial seat the king
Desires, and proffers recompense in gold,
Or vineyards, as the Jezreelite may choose.
The pious, law-abiding man replied:
“The Lord forbid that I should alienate
My father’s heritage, the gift of God.”

Conflicting passions rage in Ahab's soul,
And like the troubled sea he cannot rest.
He lays him down upon his royal couch,
A prey to wounded pride, and hate, and gloom.
"Why is thy spirit sad?" inquired the queen.
He told the story of the Jezreelite:
How Naboth had denied his king; refused
His plot of ground, fast by the palace walls,
For gold or other lands as he might choose.
"Is this the king who reigns in Israel?
Arise, and let thy heart be merry; eat
And drink: the vineyard of the Jezreelite,
E'en Naboth's, I will give into thy hands,
And all the Israelites shall learn to bow
Before the royal will."

Deep in her heart revengeful passions burn.
In haste, a scheme of blasphemy and blood
Is formed, dark as her own malignant soul.
The forms of justice, and the sacred rites
Of piety, the impious queen invokes
To justify the very deeds of hell.
The nobles and the elders of Jezreel
Receive her charge, sealed with the royal seal.
"Proclaim a fast. Upon the judgment seat
Set Naboth high. Set witnesses to say:
This man reviled the king—blasphemed the Lord.

Beyond the city walls let stones be cast,
And Naboth's death shall teach the people fear."
The awful work is done, and many hearts
Are stain'd with guilt, and many hands with blood.
The queen, elate with fiendish joy, receives
The welcome news, and in high triumph said :
"Arise, O king ; possess the vineyard near
The palace walls ; the Jezreelite is dead."
The royal equipage is on the way :
Captains and counselors are at his side.
The haughty queen with splendid retinue
Goes forth and joins them on the field of blood.
They walk the vineyard ; eat the golden grapes ;
Visit the wine press, and the summer house ;
Recline beneath the wide-spread cooling shade ;
And in their converse plan their garden grounds ;
Arrange their beds of flowers, their water founts,
Their pleasant arbors, and their shaded walks ;
And all are happy as though blood had ne'er
Been shed. Hard ! hark ! There's footsteps on the
way.

Elijah stands before the affrighted king ;
Before his captains, counselors, and queen.
'T was like the meeting at Jehovah's bar ;
And Ahab, filled with consternation, cried :
"Hast thou found me, O my enemy ?"

“Yea, I have found thee. Thou hast sold thyself
To work evil in the sight of the Lord.
Thou hast killed and taken possession.
Where dogs the blood of Naboth licked, shall dogs
Lick thy blood, even thine.
By violence thy house shall be dissolved;
Dissolved by blood as Baasha’s royal house,
And as the house of Jeroboam, Nebat’s son.
By Jezreel’s walls the dogs shall eat the flesh
Of Jezebel. Thy sons, within the city slain,
The dogs shall eat: and they who in the fields
Shall fall, the birds of heaven shall eat.”

On Ahab’s guilty soul the prophet’s words
Fell burning deep like fiery coals of wrath.
He rent his clothes; put sackcloth on his flesh;
And softly walked in public places, clothed
In signs of outward penitence and grief.
The work was formal. Still the king possessed
The vineyard; still retained the guilty queen;
Forsook the Lord; in Baal’s temple bowed;
And nourished idol rites in Israel.
The work was formal: still the act proclaimed
To queen, and court, to priest, and all the land,
That Ahab saw Jehovah’s justice, owned
His guilt, and crowned the law with public honor.
And yet the Lord will own those outward signs
By holding back his all devouring wrath.

Elijah hears the inspiring word of God :
"Seest thou how Ahab bows before my throne?
My threatened wrath shall slumber in his day,
But on his sons shall my fierce vengeance fall."

The wheels of time roll on. The Syrian arrow,
Heaven-directed, drinks the blood of Ahab.
The royal armor, and the chariot stained
With gore, washed at Samaria's pool,
Fulfilled the prophet's word.

O'er Israel reigns his first born, Ahaziah,
In all his father's footsteps walking, stained
With all his mother's heaven—provoking sins,
And fostering idol rites through all his realm.

The king is walking on his palace walls;
Is leaning on the trestled balustrade;
Has fallen headlong from the fearful height,
And now lies feeble on the royal couch.
The many wonders by Jehovah wrought
Though all his father's reign were o'erlooked;
The flaming signals of the living God
Bright shining o'er the land, were all despised;
And turning from the source of light and power,
The king will seek the heathen oracle:
"Go messengers, and ask of Baalzebub,
The god of Ekron."

Jehovah to Elijah spake: "Arise,
Go meet the messengers of Israel's king
And say: Is there no God in Israel?
Why seek ye Baalzebub, the god of Ekron?
Thus saith the Lord: The king shall surely die."
"Why are ye turned again?" "When on the way
A man came up and said: Go tell the king,
Thus saith the Lord: Is there no God in Israel?
Why seek ye Baalzebub, the god of Ekron?
The king shall surely die."

The courtly messengers described the man
Who met them with the fearful words of God.
A man serene, majestic, awe-inspiring;
In hairy garments clothed, and girt around
With leathern girdle.
The wounded monarch knew the portraiture,
And in his deadly burning wrath exclaimed:
"Elijah the Tishbite, prophet of the Lord.
My bravest captain to my chamber send."
The valiant captain stands before his bed,
Prompt to obey his royal master's will.
"Go with thy troop of fifty; take the man
Of God; within my palace bring
The bold despiser of the Ekron oracle."
O mortal man! hast thou forgot the prayer
That turned the heavens to brass, the earth to iron?
The prayer that bade the clouds descend in showers,

And clothed the land in robes of joyful green?
Hast thou forgot the voice which called from heaven
The fire which burned the bleeding sacrifice,
When Carmel echoed wide the exultant shout:
The Lord, He is the God? The gleaming sword
That drank the blood of Baal's priests? The shaft
That pierced thy father's side, hast thou forgot?
The signals of Elijah's power shine bright
O'er all the land. And will thou brave the man
Who trusts in God, and triumphs in His strength?"

High on the mountain's top the prophet sits,
Silent, serene, communing with the Lord.
He sees the royal troop ascend the mount.
He sees the gleaming of their burnished spears.
Unawed, majestic, in his mantle wrapped,
He sits in grandeur on his rocky throne.
The host stands breathless near that awful form.
The daring leader feared to seize his prey,
And overpowered pronounced his master's charge:
"Thou man of God, the king hath said, Come down."
Elijah spake: "If I be a man of God
Let fire from heaven come down,
And consume thee and thy fifty."
The fire from heaven came down. The captain and
His fifty lay in death beneath the prophet's feet.
High on the mountain's top Elijah sits,
Silent, serene, communing with the Lord.

Another host ascends the lofty hill,
And bolder words salute the prophet's ear.
"Thou man of God, the king hath said, Come down."
Elijah spake: "If I be a man of God
Let fire from heaven come down,
And consume thee and thy fifty."
The fire from heaven came down. The captain and
His fifty lay in death beneath the prophet's feet.
Still sits Elijah on the mountain's top,
Silent, serene, communing with the Lord.
And still the king will press the awful war.
Another host ascends the lofty height.
The soldier sees the holy man of God
Seated sublimely on his rock, the dead
In clusters lying round. His soul is filled
With reverential awe. He bows the knee
Submissive at the prophet's feet, and cries:
"Oh man of God! I pray thee let my life,
And the life of these thy servants, be precious
In thy sight. The fire of God from heaven
Consumed the former captains and their fifties.
Oh may my life be precious in thy sight!"
The cause is won. Jehovah spake: "Go get
Thee down; be not afraid; I am thy rock,
Thy refuge, and thy sure defence."
'Mid banners waving, armor gleaming, side
By side the harnessed captain walked Elijah.
The city gates stand open wide, and as

A conqueror the Lord's ambassador
Enters the royal chamber, stands sublime
Before th' enraged, astonished king, and spake
The message from Jehovah's lips :
"Thus saith the Lord : Is there no God in Israel,
That ye inquire of Baalzebub, the god
Of Ekron ? The king shall surely die."
The prophet turned away from that high scene
Of consternation and despair, to spread
With zeal the work of grace in Israel,
And Ahaziah bowed in death beneath
The stroke of God.

The wheels of time roll on.
Elijah's crowning day of joy has come.
The fiery chariot stands prepared to bear
The prophet up to heaven, to rest in God.
Elijah and Elisha walk the street of Gilgal.
High thoughts of God, of heaven, of Israel's good,
Possess their holy souls. The sacred schools
Once more the master will inspire with words
Of hope, and o'er them breathe his farewell prayers.
Elijah longed for solitude, and said :
"Tarry at Gilgal. God has sent me down
To Bethel." Elisha longed for social
Intercourse, and said : "As the Lord liveth,
And as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee."
So, side by side, these holy men went down

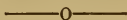
To Bethel. The prophets of the sacred school
Came forth, and said : “ Elisha, knowest thou
That God will take thy master from thy head
To-day ? ” “ I know it well ; hold ye your peace.”
Elijah longed for solitude, and said :
“ Tarry at Bethel. God has sent me down
To Jericho.” Elisha longed for social
Intercourse, and said : “ As the Lord liveth,
And as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.”
So, side by side, the holy men went down
To Jericho. The prophets of the sacred school
Came forth, and said : “ Elisha, knowest thou
That God will take thy master from thy head
To-day ? ” “ I know it well ; hold ye your peace.”
And still Elijah longed for solitude,
And said : “ Tarry at Jericho. The Lord
Has sent me down to Jordan.” Still Elisha
Longed for social intercourse, and said :
“ As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth,
I will not leave thee.” So, side by side,
These holy men went down to Jordan.
Far off a band of fifty prophets stood
To view the strange, the grand triumphant scene.
By Jordan’s rugged banks Elijah stood,
And with his mantle smote the rolling stream.
The waters parted, and those holy men,
On dry land walking, passed the Jordan o’er.
The world is left behind ; their walk is near

The confines of the better, happy land.
Elijah, almost in the gates of glory,
Still loves the noble work of doing good.
“Ask what shall I do for thee ere from thy side
I’m taken up.” Elisha answered: “Let
A double portion of thy spirit on
Me rest.” “Great is thy desire, and thy request
Is hard. If thou shalt see me when I rise,
Thy great desire shall be fulfilled; if not,
Thy hard request unanswered shall remain.”
And as they walked, and joined in high discourse
On Israel’s welfare, and the world of bliss,
A chariot of fire, and horses of fire,
Parted those holy men, and Elijah went up
By a whirlwind into heaven.
Elisha saw th’ ascending chariot, and exclaimed:
“My father, my father! The chariot
Of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!”

In after times, on Tabor’s lofty brow
I see Elijah in the cloud of glory,
Holding high converse with the Son of God,
Concerning Israel’s great redemption.
And faith still sees the prophet crowned in heaven,
Proof of the joyful resurrection morn,
All bright with hues of immortality.

HANNAH.

A PARAPHRASE OF CHAPTERS I AND II OF THE FIRST
BOOK OF SAMUEL.



THE history of Hannah is a domestic story. The Spirit of God has recorded only that part of her life which is connected with the birth of her son Samuel, and his presentation to the Lord at Shiloh. Many important lessons, however, are taught in this short portion of her history. We learn the evils resulting from connecting with the divine institution of marriage the Oriental custom of bringing into the family the secondary wife. We see the importance of harmony in a household, in order to attend pleasantly and profitably the ordinances of religion. We discover the value, and comfort, and reward, of earnest and importunate prayer. We discover, with great delight, how early in life our children may commence a course of piety and usefulness in the Church and in the world. We learn, moreover, from the conduct of Eli, the evils resulting from the neglect of parental authority, and find that in some cases, in addition to good advice, it is necessary to employ firm government and strict discipline. And the afflicted

may learn from this history that sore trials frequently usher in the greatest comforts, as Hannah's sorrows were overruled for the introduction of Samuel to the prophetic office, and the most honorable place in the Church and nation of Israel.

Elkanah and his godly wife
In Ramah lived a peaceful life;
But soon, too soon, a dark cloud throws
A shadow o'er their sweet repose.
No olive plants surround the board
Of Hannah and her loving lord.
In evil hour Elkanah's house
Receives a second, youthful spouse,
Peninnah called, whose children rise,
The triumph of the Hebrew wives.
The mother reigns in pride and scorn,
And Hannah's soul with grief is torn.
The good man's house, his peaceful tent,
No more is filled with calm content;
But day by day unholy strife
Mars all the joys of wedded life.

In Shiloh stands Jehovah's court.
Thither the holy tribes resort,
To hold their rites, with one accord,
And feast in peace before the Lord.
Robed in his sacerdotal dress,
Eli the priest is there to bless.

Hophni and Phinehas there reside,
And over holy things preside;
Sons of Belial, who disgrace
Their calling and the sacred place.

In Shiloh's court, from year to year,
Elkanah and his house appear
To worship God, with one accord,
And feast in peace before the Lord.
And when from time to time they meet,
And worship at the mercy seat,
Peninnah and her children share
The tokens of the husband's care;
While Hannah's worthier portions prove
The pledges of a dearer love.
Yearly Elkanah thus bestows
His gifts, and partial favor shows;
And yearly did Peninnah's strife
Mar all the joys of Hannah's life.

Th' accustomed sacrifice is made.
Peace offerings on the board are laid.
The feast is blessed, but peace has flown,
And Hannah grieves and weeps alone.
Fainting beneath the cruel rod,
She cannot eat the feast of God.
In tenderness Elkanah spake:
My soul is bleeding for thy sake.

The pangs that wound thy heart I share,
And all thy anguish I could bear.
Sweet Hannah! Let thy sorrows cease.
Say to thy troubled spirit, Peace.
Why weep? Thy husband's love will prove
Better to thee 'than children's love.'

As fall on thirsty land the showers,
Or dew distills on drooping flowers,
So gentle tones of love impart
Revivings to the weary heart.
And thus the Levite's words console
The anguish of the grieved one's soul;
And Hannah, and the household meet,
And feast before the mercy seat.

The sacrifice and feast are o'er,
And Hannah seeks the temple door,
Near to the throne of grace, and there
She pours her soul to God in prayer;
And every thought is bathed in tears
Gathered from woes of many years.

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HANNAH'S PRAYER.

"O Lord of hosts! in agony
Thy handmaid lifts her cries to Thee.
My heart is sore, my spirit faints
Beneath the load of my complaints.

O Lord! If Thou wilt hear my voice,
And bid me know a mother's joys,
Thy handmaid's son will I resign,
And he shall be forever Thine.
No razor shall his locks displace,
But he shall stand with all his grace
Within Thy courts, before Thy sight,
A consecrated Nazarite."

'T was silent prayer. The weeping eye,
The face that spake of agony,
The moving lips, the bowed down head,
The arms upraised, the hands outspread,
All told of inward, ardent prayer,
Which Israel's God alone could hear.
And yet the high priest at the shrine
Mistook the prayer for fruits of wine;
And while she made the Lord her stay,
He bade her put her cups away.

"I am not drunken, O my lord!
I love and fear my Father's word.
Thy handmaid's heart with anguish faints;
I've poured to God my sore complaints.
Oh no, my lord, strong drink and wine
Have never touched these lips of mine.
Think not thy handmaid e'er should be
One of Belial's company.

Oppressed with grief, a heavy load,
I've poured my soul in prayer to God."
"Daughter of Israel! go in peace.
May all thy griefs and sorrows cease:
May God with hope thy heart inspire,
And grant thee all thy heart's desire."

The suppliant has cast her care
On God, who hears and answers prayer;
And now her cross is borne by Him
Who sits between the cherubim;
And Hannah leaves the throne of grace
With glory shining in her face;
And now she moves on holy ground,
Diffusing heavenly sweetness round.
Such joys believing prayer imparts
To weary minds and bleeding hearts.
At early dawn the household rise
And worship God with sacrifice;
And as in praise and prayer they bow,
Elkanah sanctions Hannah's vow;
And holier feelings rule and reign,
As they approach their home again.
So sacred rites are wisely given,
To aid us to our home in heaven.

There's rest in Ramah. God bestows
A healing balm for Hannah's woes.

There's joy in Ramah. Hannah bears
A son, the fruit of many prayers ;
And as her soft glad eyes behold
The precious child her arms infold,
She owns the gift is from above,
The pledge of God's approving love.
His name is Samuel : precious word,
Because she asked him of the Lord.
That name, when spoken, will impart
Sweet lessons to the mother's heart :
How God was moved to hear the cry
She uttered in her agony :
And how her soul was called to raise
To heaven adoring love and praise.

The year rolls round. To Shiloh's court
The holy tribes of God resort.
To Shiloh's court, the place of prayer,
Elkanah and his house repair ;
Before the mercy seat to bow,
And worship God, and pay his vow.
In Ramah Hannah sits alone,
To nurse and rear her infant son.
She will not go to worship there,
Till Samuel needs no more her care.
When weaned, she said, the work is mine,
To take him to the holy shrine.

Elkanah and his house approve,
And all is mutual peace and love.
Oh sacred work! Oh sweet employ!
To rear for God that infant boy.
How pure the bliss the mother shares
With her first born a few short years.
What ties around her heart were spun,
By looks and smiles of her pure son:
Ties that her vow alone could sever,
That Samuel should be God's forever.

Infolding Samuel in her arms,
And gazing on his youthful charms,
The mother lifts her thoughts above,
And weaves a song of holy love.
"Sweet babe! I asked thee of the Lord,
And He has hearkened to my word;
A little season thou shalt rest
Upon thy mother's peaceful breast.
Dear as my soul thou art to me,
In thy bloom of infancy;
But thou art God's, and I resign
Thee wholly to the sacred shrine.
Thy mother has her pure reward
In lending thee unto the Lord.
In Shiloh we will often meet,
And worship at the mercy seat;

And when thy mother's race is run,
And all thy works of love are done;
When toils are ended, partings o'er,
Will rest in God forevermore."

The mother keeps her solemn vow,
And weans her first born son, and now
She leads him to the holy shrine,
With year old bullocks, flour, and wine.
One offering on the altar lies,
The sin-atoning sacrifice.

They eat not yet the sacred feast.

- Before the robed and mitered priest
Elkanah and the mother stand,
With little Samuel in her hand,
And said: "I am that sorrowing one
Thy watchful eyes once gazed upon,
And saw imploring God to hear
Her wrestling, agonizing prayer.
For this dear child I prayed, and He
Has heard my cry of agony;
And now I lend him to the Giver,
To serve Him in His courts forever."

As one inspired the mother stands,
With eyes upraised, and lifted hands,
And 'mid the gathered, waiting throng,
She pours her soul to God in song.

HANNAH'S SONG.

My soul rejoiceth in the Lord,
From whom my comfort flows.
Exalted is my horn in God
O'er all my subtle foes.

Pure holiness is Thine, O Lord !
Unshaken is Thy throne.
Thou art the everlasting Rock,
And Thou art God alone.

Talk not in pride and arrogance,
Ye mortals weak and frail ;
The Lord beholds the deeds of men,
And weighs them in his scale.

The boasting, mighty warrior's bow
Is broken in his hand ;
While wavering hosts, renewed in strength,
With noble vigor stand.

The rich have gloried in their wealth,
And all their wealth has flown ;
While toiling, needy, hungry poor,
To affluence have grown.

The desolate has sung for joy,
With children by her side;
While she of many sons has failed,
With all her power and pride.

The breath of God imparteth life;
His power alone can save;
He brings the strong man down to death;
The feeble from the grave.

The Lord makes poor, and He makes rich.
He casts the nobles down.
He calls the beggar from the dust
To wear a princely crown.

The pillars of the earth are His;
Immutable they stand;
And all the movements of the world
Are ordered by His hand.

He keeps his saints in all their ways
From every fatal snare;
And casts the wicked, speechless, down
To darkness and despair.

The Lord shall conquer all his foes,
And all the world shall own
The power of His anointed King,
The glory of His throne.

Thus Hannah, 'mid the gathered throng,
Poured out her soul to God in song;
And now in peace before the Lord
The household feast with one accord.
The sacred rites are o'er. The time
Has come to leave the holy shrine.
Near to the altar Hannah stands
With little Samuel in her hands,
And yields him to the high priest's care,
With tender words and fervent prayer;
And Samuel finds a new abode
With Eli in the house of God;
And all the household slowly move
To Ramah, filled with peace and love.

In Shiloh's courts, from year to year,
Elkanah and his house appear.
With joy the pious circle meet,
And worship at the mercy seat;
For there the youthful Samuel waits,
And ministers at Zion's gates.
How pure the bliss! How great the joy!
As Hannah greets her darling boy,
And praises God, who bowed His ear
And heard, and answered all her prayer.

A little coat the mother wove
From year to year with tender love;

And every thread her fingers spun,
Her thoughts were mingled with her son;
And her warm heart delights to bear
The raiment for her child to wear,
As with Elkanah she resorts
To worship God at Shiloh's courts.

Thus yearly at the temple gate
The Levite and the mother wait.
Well pleased, the high priest sees them there
Offering their sacrifice and prayer.
He sees the works which they have done
In offering up their only son
And his parental heart is moved
To bless the friends of God beloved.
"Lord God of hosts! Thy blessings shed
Most richly on thy handmaid's head.
May olive plants surround the board
Of Hannah and her loving lord.
Grant that thy servants' eyes may see
Sons for the loan they've lent to Thee."
The prayer has reached the throne of grace,
And God supplies young Samuel's place;
And Hannah has her rich reward
Of sons and daughters from the Lord.

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

When Samuel was young, and the high priest was
old,

But few revelations were given.

There was no open vision ; more precious than gold

Were the messages sent down from heaven.

And Eli had gone to his place of repose ;

His eyes had waxed feeble and dim ;

The lamp in the holy of holies still throws

Its rays on the bright cherubim.

And worn with the care and the work of the day,

Young Samuel had gone to his rest.

The Lord was his Keeper ; the Lord was his Stay ;

And calm was his innocent breast.

The temple was still, and the sleeping was sweet ;

But a voice to the young sleeper came.

It seemed to proceed from the high priest's retreat,

And the voice was the call of his name.

He 'rose, and he ran, at the call of his lord,

And stood at the couch where he lay :

"My father, thou callest me : I come at thy word :

I am here thy requests to obey."

“I called not, my son, most affectionate son ;
I need not thy time, or thy care.
Return to thy room, and compose thee to rest ;
And the Lord hear the voice of thy prayer.”

He rests on his bed, and his slumber is sweet ;
But the voice to the sleeper still came ;
And again seemed to come from the high priest's
retreat ;
And the voice was the call of his name.

And Samuel arose, at the call of his Lord,
And stood at the couch where he lay :
“My Father, thou calledst me : I come at thy word :
Thy servant is here to obey.”

“I called not, my son, my most dutiful son ;
I need not thy time, or thy care.
Return to thy place, and compose thee to rest ;
And the Lord hear the voice of thy prayer.”

And Samuel has gone to his place of repose.
Again the soft voice reached his ears ;
And that dutiful child from his slumbers arose,
And in Eli's lone chamber appears.

“Thou didst call me, my father ; I come at thy word.
'Tis thy call, for the voice is thy own.”

Now Eli perceived that the voice of the Lord
Had called his affectionate son.

“Return to thy place. Should the call from on high
Continue to sound in thy ear
Remain in thy chamber, and give the reply:
Speak, Lord, for thy servant doth hear.”

The bright shining vision appeared to the child,
And the sound of his name filled his ear;
And Samuel replied, in tones tender and mild:
“Speak, Lord, for thy servant doth hear.”

“Behold,” saith the Lord: “I will lift up my hand,
And the priesthood of Eli displace;
And I’ll choose me a priest, at the altar to stand,
Of a purer and holier race.

And he shall fulfill the desires of my heart,
And his ways shall be righteous and pure.
His steps from th’ ANOINTED shall never depart,
And his house shall forever endure.”

The vision has passed, and the temple is still,
And Samuel has sunk to repose;
But scarce had the first beams of morn touched the
hill,
When the child from his slumber arose.

He opened the doors of the house of the Lord,
As oft he had done with delight;
For he feared to make known to the high priest the
word
That he heard in the vision of night.

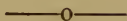
But Eli required that the dutiful child
Should tell all he heard on his bed:
And Samuel made known, in words serious and mild,
Every whit that Jehovah had said.

The message was fearful; the judgment was right;
And Eli submits to the Lord:
“Let Him do what is righteous, and good in His
sight;
And I bow at His terrible word.”

From year unto year to young Samuel the will
Of Jehovah to Judah was given;
And the chosen rejoiced, that the Lord had ordained
A prophet between them and heaven.

From childhood to youth, and from manhood to age,
On Samuel the Lord placed his love.
His virtues shine bright on th' heaven written page,
And his works are recorded above.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.



A PARAPHRASE OF CHAPTER XVII OF THE FIRST BOOK
OF SAMUEL.

THE history of the conflict between David and Goliath is a warlike scene. Goliath was a huge giant of Gath, the champion in the army of the Philistines. David, though destined to the crown of Israel, was still a humble shepherd over the flocks of Jesse, his father. War was now in progress between Israel and Philistia. Saul had marshaled his army on a range of hills, and the lords of the Philistines had arranged their hosts on an opposite range of mountains. The valley of Elah lay between the two armies. For forty days the confronting hosts held their respective positions without coming to a general engagement. Meanwhile the giant appeared on the plain, day by day, and defied the armies of Israel, and proposed to determine the issue of the war by single combat. There was no man in the army of Saul willing to accept the challenge. David was sent by his father to the camp to visit his three brothers. Just then the armies were prepared for a general engagement. As on former times, the giant came forth, and, in the presence

and hearing of David, defied Israel and renewed his challenge. David was moved, by his love to God and the honor of his country, to accept the challenge, and meet the giant in single combat. There is no scene of a more thrilling nature recorded in all the wars of Israel. God made this conflict between the stripling shepherd and the huge giant of Gath the occasion of spreading the fame of David through all the coasts of Israel; while Saul made it the occasion of persecuting his servant through all his reign.

The Philistines and Israelites
Were marshaled on confronting hights.
The vale of Elah fills the space
That lies between the mountains' base.
The armies, clothed with helm and shield,
Behold with dread this battle field.

The great Goliath, man of Gath,
The champion of the Gentile force,
Forsakes his camp with pride and wrath,
And o'er the vale pursues his course;
And day by day with threatening word
Defies the armies of the Lord

He stood six cubits and a span,
The height of that majestic man.
A helm of brass inclosed his head;
A coat of mail his form o'erspread;

Five thousand shekels, by the scale,
Was that tremendous coat of mail.

Stout greaves of brass his legs embraced
A brazen target lay between
His wide-spread shoulders, firmly laced.
His spear was like the weaver's beam.
A stately herald bore a shield
Before him on the battle field.

With scorn and pride the giant trod,
And thus defied the hosts of God :
“ Why come ye forth to spread your lines
Where our triumphant banner shines ?
The single combat shall make known
What power shall fill the royal throne.

Servants of Saul, elect your man
To meet me in the single war.
I come the champion of our clan,
Myself their chosen conqueror.
And distant hosts shall waiting see,
Who gains the well fought victory.

The Philistines will serve your Lord
When I shall fall beneath his sword.
Our king shall rule in that same hour
When I shall slay your man of power.

Bring forth your warrior: Here do I
The armies of the Lord defy."

The challenge of that dreaded man
On startled hearts in terror fell ;
And as the proud defiance ran
From rank to rank in Israel,
Nor monarch, nor his valiant host,
Could hear unawed the champion's boast.

For forty days, at eve and morn,
The giant came with words of scorn :
"Bring forth your warrior. Here do I
The armies of the Lord defy."
Nor was there found on Israel's side
A man to meet this son of pride.

In Bethlehem-Judah Jesse long
Had tilled his patrimonial soil ;
In honors rich, in virtue strong,
Beloved by all, esteemed, renowned,
Eight sons the father's counsels feared,
Obeyed his laws, his will revered.

When Saul was king, the Ephrathite
Was crowned with age, his locks were white.
The patriot hears his country's call ;
Three sons are in the camp of Saul ;

While David, youngest, he will keep
To feed and guard the feeble sheep.

The time had come for God to rise
And vindicate his power and might.
The aged sire to David cries :
“Go seek the place of deadly strife ;
Thy brethren’s health and welfare prove,
And bring me back their pledge of love.”

The well known voice the shepherd heard,
And prompt obeyed his father’s word.
He seeks the camp. ’T was just the hour
When hosts were ranged in all their power
To join in strife. The shout and horn
On Elah’s plain were loud that morn.

’Mid warriors, armed with helm and shield,
The brothers met. And as they spake
The champion walked that battle field,
And every heart did fear and quake,
Who heard the challenge: “Here do I
The armies of the Lord defy.

Young David’s soul was stirred with zeal
For God, and for his country’s weal.
“What honors shall the hero win,
Who meets and slays this Philistine?

What his reward who shall displace
From Israel's arms this deep disgrace?

Who is this Philistine of Gath,
Who bows before the idol shrine,
That he should come in scorn and wrath,
And proudly tempt the power Divine?
Shall heathen man uplift his rod
Against the armies of our God."

"The king," they said, "will wealth bestow
On him who slays this mighty foe.
The king will give his daughter's hand;
His father's house shall ever stand
In Israel free. These shall he gain
Who triumphs o'er Goliath slain."

In wrath the elder brother spake:
"Why hast thou come? Where are the sheep?
Why leave thy state, thy work forsake?
'Tis thine the feeble flock to keep.
Thy pride has led thee thus afar
To see this day the deeds of war."

"What have I done? Is there no cause?
Th' uncircumcised defies our laws,
And every soul should burn with zeal
For God, and for his country's weal;

And not a man is nerved with grace
To wipe away this deep disgrace.

What honors shall the hero gain
Who triumphs o'er th' insulting foe?"
The people yet replied again :
"The king will riches large bestow.
In Israel free his house shall stand ;
And he shall win his daughter's hand."

From rank to rank, from man to man,
The animating tidings ran.
The king has heard the news with pride,
And called the shepherd to his side ;
And David, trusting in the Lord,
Proclaimed aloud the joyful word.

"The king, the court, the host, may cast
Desponding fears and cares away ;
The days of Israel's shame are passed.
With confidence in God, to-day
I take the challenge, and will go
And meet in strife th' insulting foe."

The king replied : "Thy rosy hue
And raven locks proclaim that few
Have been thy years. The spear and shield
Thy youthful hand can never wield

Like him of Gath, whose very life
Was nurtured on the fields of strife."

To whom the son of Jesse said :
"Thy servant kept his father's sheep.
A lamb the lion took and fled ;
'T was mine the feeble lamb to keep ;
And duty urged me in the cause ;
I plucked it from the lion's jaws.

A raging bear, with hunger bold,
Another lamb took from the fold ;
I slew the lion and the bear,
And saved the objects of my care.
The man who braves the hosts of God
Shall fall beneath the shepherd's rod.

The Lord who near thy servant stood,
And gave me faith and power to meet
The bear and lion of the wood,
And lay them lifeless at my feet ;
That God will save from power and wrath
Of this defying man of Gath."

And Saul replied : "My servant, go,
And meet in fight this boasting foe.
The Lord go with thee on the field,
And be thy refuge and thy shield.

The king will wait in hope to see
The struggle and the victory."

In arms of war the shepherd stands.
A helm of brass his head embraced.
A coat of mail the king commands,
And by his side a sword is laced.
"I cannot go with these," he cried ;
"These arms by me were never tried."

The shepherd's staff the young man took,
And chose his weapons from the brook.
Five polished stones, and sling well proved ;
With these the youthful David moved
O'er Elah's plain, while hosts afar
Looked down upon the single war.

The giant came. With eye of scorn
He gazed on David's youthful brow:
"Am I a dog, a beast forlorn,
Whom thou would'st meet with staff? Lo, now
The deadly curse of Ekron's god
Rest on thy soul, and on thy rod.

Approach, vain youth; the gods have given
Thy flesh to feed the fowls of heaven.
This arm of power will give to-day
Thy lifeless form to beasts a prey ;

So Israel's armies shall be cast
Like scattered leaves before the blast."

The youthful David said : "The sword
And spear, the brazen helm and shield,
Is thy defence : The glorious Lord
Surrounds me on the battle field.
In Israel's God do I confide,
Whose armies thou hast long defied.

The Lord has given me power to slay,
And I will take thy head to-day ;
And give thy slaughtered hosts to feast
The vulture and the forest beast ;
That all the earth may ever own,
That God in Israel has His throne.

And all this gathered throng shall know
The battle is the Lord's ; and He,
Without the spear, the sword, and bow,
Can surely give the victory
The Lord of hosts will come this hour,
And He will crush your boasted power."

Goliath rose in arms complete,
His youthful foe in strife to meet.
From David's sling the smooth stone flew,
And pierced the Giant's forehead through.

The chief fell prostrate on the ground
And life came issuing from the wound.

The valiant hero quickly ran
And stood upon the fallen man ;
And from the champion's brazen sheath
He drew the instrument of death.
A headless form the foe was made,
Beneath the keen edged, glittering blade.

So David, Jesse's youthful son,
With sling and stone the victory won.
Their gods o'erthrown ; their champion dead ;
The Philistines in terror fled ;
And Israel's armies shouting rose,
And Judah triumphed o'er their foes.

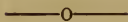
So Jesus, David's son and Lord,
On Calvary bruised the tempter's head ;
And still His gospel and His word,
In every land in power shall spread.
O'er conquered foes the Church shall rise,
And sing His triumphs in the skies.

The hosts of God, o'er hill and plain,
Rejoicing, seek their homes again.
The people 'round the warriors throng,
And hail them with the psalm and song ;

While trump and horn proclaim abroad,
The power and goodness of the Lord.

In bands the white-robed maidens come,
And sing the conquering heroes home :
“Lo, Saul has cast his thousands down,
And gemmed anew his royal crown.”
But louder swells the rapturous strain :
“Lo, David has ten thousands slain.”

JONAH.



A PARAPHRASE OF THE BOOK OF JONAH.

I.

God's silent, soft, inspiring word,
The Hebrew prophet Jonah heard :
" Arise ; to Nineveh repair,
And in her streets my wrath declare.
Her sins have come before my throne,
And call My righteous judgments down.
My high behest to thee is given :
Go speak the MALISON of heaven."

Afraid to wield the dreadful rod,
The prophet flees the face of God.
The ship rides gallant in her port,
And there the prophet's feet resort.
The canvas sheets are all unfurled,
And now she ploughs the watery world.
From Joppa's mart to Tarshish's ground,
The well-manned ship is onward bound ;

And rocked upon the heaving deep,
The weary prophet sinks to sleep;
Dreaming, in vain, t' escape the face
Of God, who sees in every place.

The Lord has come in winds and storms,
And raised the waves in fearful forms.
The seamen's strength and skill are vain,
Against the raging, foaming main;
Nor can they force, with sail or oar,
The vessel onward to the shore.

The storm was strange, and seemed to speak
Of gods in wrath upon the deep.
Perplexed, amazed, and in despair,
Each to his god pours forth his prayer,
And casts rich treasures from the deck
To save the breaking ship from wreck;
And while on crested waves she rides,
Still sleeps the prophet in her sides.

The master sees—the master cries :
“What meanest thou, O sleeper? Rise!
Call on thy God, that He may be
Our refuge from this stormy sea.
He may regard our woeful lot,
And save us that we perish not!”

The mariners, perplexed, appeal
To Heaven to mark the criminal ;
The man whose sinful, guilty path,
Has stirred the gods, to come in wrath.
They cast the lots. To Heaven they bow,
And God has marked His prophet's brow.

No threatening from the master broke.
No angry words the seamen spoke.
His stately form, and noble mien,
Inspire respect—command esteem.
“O stranger, does thy conscience know
The cause of our o’erwhelming woe?
Thy ways, and crimes, the gods can scan :
And art thou then the guilty man ?
What is thy calling ? What thy race,
Thy country, and thy dwelling place ?”
The man of God, arraigned, confessed
The hidden secrets in his breast :
“I am a Hebrew, and I own
Allegiance to Jehovah’s throne.
My worship, fear, and love, are given
To God of earth, and sea, and heaven.
I am His prophet, and I heard
His awe-inspiring, solemn word :
Arise ; to Nineveh repair,
And in her streets My wrath declare.

I feared to wield the dreadful rod,
And fled the presence of my God;
But God has found me on the sea.
I could not from His presence flee.”

The seamen trembled as he spake.
“Oh, why didst thou the Lord forsake,
And cause His waves of wrath to roll
O’er us, and o’er thy guilty soul?”
And still the storm, from hour to hour,
Increased in strength—increased in power.

The mariners, inquiring, stand:
“What judgments do thy sins demand?
What shall thy servants do to thee,
That God may calm this boiling sea?”

Convinced, submissive, Jonah spake:
“The fearful storm is for my sake.
Jehovah’s will is right. I own
The justice of His holy throne.
It is the Lord who speaks by me.
Thy servant cast into the sea;
So shall the rushing tempest cease;
The boiling ocean sleep in peace.”

And still the storm, from hour to hour,
Increased in strange, mysterious power.

To every scheme the men resort,
To urge the ship to reach the port ;
But all in vain : nor sail, nor oar,
Could force the vessel to the shore ;
And seamen felt to them was given
To execute the will of heaven.
To Jonah's God they raised their cry :
" God of the land, the sea, the sky :
Oh Lord of all ! Oh hear our prayer,
And make our lives Thy special care.
Nor deem us guilty, when, for Thee,
We cast Thy prophet in the sea.
We are Thy hand. Thine is the lot.
Oh save us that we perish not ! "

The seamen, trembling in the blast,
In foaming waves the prophet cast.
The deed is done. The tempests cease.
The raging ocean sleeps in peace.
Jehovah's power the men confessed,
And reverence filled each seaman's breast.
Before the sacrifice they bow
And on God's altar place their vow ;
And make, in after times, their offerings free
To God, Lord of the land, and of the sea.

The Lord who holds the ocean in His hand,
And spreads o'er man and beast his wide command,

Directs the whale, the monster of the deep,
To swallow Jonah, and in safety keep
The erring man, until beneath the rod,
His soul shall bow submissive to his God
Three days and nights the chastisement remains;
The whale is faithful, and his charge retains.

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II.

Then, when the hand of justice smites his soul,
And waves of anguish o'er his spirit roll;
Then, when the power of God sustains his breath,
And mercy saves him from the jaws of death;
When trembling beams of hope begin to shine,
And God seems gracious, and the heavens benign;
Then to his God the prophet poured his prayer,
The prayer of faith that reached Jehovah's ear

These scenes of terror, and these scenes of joy,
In times to come his grateful heart employ;
And love, and duty, call him to record
The justice, truth, and mercy, of the Lord.

— o —

JONAH'S PRAYER.

My load of guilt oppressed me sore;
Helpless I lay at hell's dark door;
E'en there to God I poured my prayer;
He heard, and saved me from despair.

Into the sea Thou didst me cast,
And all Thy billows o'er me passed.
In ocean's depths Thou madest my bed,
And all Thy waves were o'er my head.

Then sank my soul in darkest night.
I said, I'm banished from Thy sight.
Yet I will look to Zion's hills
Where victims bleed, and grace distills.

The waters 'round my soul were spread.
The weeds were wrapped about my head.
The mountains' rocky base I found.
The bars of death inclosed me round.

Yet in the prison of despair,
O Lord, my God, Thou heardest my prayer;
And by Thy power and grace to save,
Hast broke the bondage of the grave!

When fainting in my dark abode,
I thought on my Redeemer, God;
And from His mercy seat on high,
He heard my agonizing cry.

The men who seek the idol's shrine,
And disregard the power Divine,
Forsake their mercies, wisely given,
To bless on earth and lead to heaven.

But I will worship in Thy house,
 And pay to Thee my solemn vows;
 With sacrifice and cheerful voice,
 Within Thy courts will I rejoice.

Thank offerings I will yield to Thee,
 God of the land, and of the sea;
 And earth and heaven shall prove the word:
 Salvation sure is of the Lord.

* * * * *

The power that smote the prophet's soul,
 Has made his erring spirit whole;
 And now the whale, at God's command,
 Casts Jonah on his native land.

Type of the power that was to come,
 And break the seal on Joseph's tomb,
 And raise from hell the Holy One,
 Our Saviour, God's eternal Son.

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III.

Again God's sure, inspiring word,
 The Hebrew prophet Jonah heard:
 "Arise; to Nineveh repair,
 And in her streets my wrath declare.
 My charge to thee again is given:
 Go speak the MALISON of heaven."

Firm was the word. Prompt to obey,
The prophet's feet are on the way ;
And compassing the city round,
He lifts on high the startling sound :
“ I come from Israel's righteous Lord,
And bring His solemn, fearful word.
Thy sins, O Nineveh, have come
Before Jehovah's awful throne.
Thy doom is sealed. Yet forty days
And Nineveh shall be o'erthrown ! ”

From street to street the message ran—
The message of that holy man ;
And every where the people heard
The death-denouncing, awful word :
“ Thy sins have reached Jehovah's throne,
And Nineveh shall be o'erthrown.”
The people catch the thrilling sound,
And spread the dreadful tidings round ;
And every where, in wild dismay,
The conscience smitten Gentiles say :
“ Our sins have reached Jehovah's throne,
And Nineveh shall be o'erthrown.”

The Lord, who came with frowning face,
Came with His Spirit and His grace.
The people bowed beneath the rod ;
Believed and feared the word of God ;

And self-condemned lay down in dust,
And owned that Israel's God was just.
The king has heard Jehovah's word,
And fears the death-devouring sword;
And conscious that his regal power
Can never brave the coming hour,
Forsakes his throne of sin and pride,
And lays his jeweled robes aside.
Takes from his head the royal crown,
And, clothed in sackcloth, lays him down,
A penitent beneath the rod,
And justifies the ways of God.

Around the king the heralds stand,
To spread abroad the high command
Ordained by king and court, and given
By duty's call and hope of heaven.
The high decree reached every man,
And thus the PROCLAMATION ran :
"No man or beast shall food partake,
Nor herds or flocks their thirst shall slake;
Both man and beast shall sackcloth wear,
And pour to God incessant prayer;
And every man shall put aside
His sins of violence and pride.
Oh ! who can tell but Israel's God
May cast away His threatening rod ?

Oh! who can tell but God may turn,
And His fierce anger cease to burn?"
The Lord beheld the people fall
Before His throne—on mercy call;
And saw them cast their sins away,
And peaceful, righteous laws obey.
The Lord has triumphed, and His grace
Preserves the deep repenting place;
And Nineveh, new born, makes known
The mercy of Jehovah's throne.

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IV.

The deed of mercy grieved the prophet's soul,
And murmuring feelings o'er his spirit roll.
He chides with God in angry prayer: "O Lord,
Said I not this when first I heard Thy word?
For this I fled my native land—my home,
And o'er the sea to distant Tarshish roamed.
I feared o'er Nineveh to hold the rod
Of the long-suffering, tender, gracious God.
I knew that Thou wert good as well as great;
That loving kindness ever on Thee wait.
I knew in Thee that wrath was slow to burn;
That from Thy threatened judgment Thou would'st
turn.
Should Nineveh be spared, O Lord, I pray
That Thou would'st take my weary life away.

Better to die than live, and bear the shame
The foe will cast upon a lying prophet's name."

Kindly the Lord replied: "Dost thou do well
To cherish wrath, and 'gainst the Lord rebel?"

No more the prophet walks from street to street.
Beyond the walls he seeks a safe retreat;
And there his hands a simple booth have made,
By night a shelter, and by day a shade.
There long with anxious heart he waits to see
The ending of this fearful prophecy.
Still to the erring man the Lord was kind;
Protects his body to relieve his mind.
The hand of mercy reared a gourd to spread
A cooling shadow over Jonah's head
'T was loving kindness brought this sure relief,
To cure his anguish and dispel his grief.

The gourd was grateful to the prophet's heart.
The cooling shade its wide-spread leaves impart—
Refreshed his weary frame—his spirit soothed.
The gourd was precious, and the gourd was loved;
But oh! the things we prize with fond delight,
Live but an hour, then vanish from the sight;
For all night long in secret ambush lay
The worm ordained of God the gourd to slay.
When morn arose its freshness all had fled
The gourd was smitten, and its leaves were dead.

Yea, more; when high arose the burning sun,
God brought the sultry, ardent east wind on,
And caused the noonday beams, with glowing heat,
On Jonah's unprotected head to beat;
And fainting underneath the fiery sky,
The prophet in his anguish longed to die;
And said, while sinking in the weary strife:
"To die is better than retain my life."

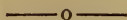
Still God was near—was merciful, and said:
"The gourd that cast its shadow o'er thy head—
Thy refuge and thy joy—that gourd was mine;
And dost thou well to murmur and repine?"

The prophet spake while passion filled his soul,
And angry feelings burned beyond control:
"Yea, I do well e'en unto death to mourn,
When from my burning head the gourd is torn.
I would have spared the gourd thy hands had made
By night my shelter, and by day my shade."

Jehovah spoke: "And would'st thou, pitying, spare,
And make the gourd thy loving, constant care?
That gourd was mine. Thou did'st not till the land;
Nor was it planted by thy laboring hand.
It grew not by thy will, thy work, or power;
It was the fleeting fabric of an hour.
Frail, transitory thing: It grew by night,
And perished ere the second morning's light.

And yet thy pitying heart would long retain
The gourd in beauty, and its life sustain.
Great Nineveh is mine ; my work, my care ;
And shall not I the royal city spare ?
Within her ample bounds, from street to street,
Full six score thousand children meet—
My innocents, the objects of my love,
For whom my tender mercies ever move
Flocks of the folds, and cattle of the stalls,
Unnumbered, live within her spacious walls.
And Nineveh has kissed the uplifted rod,
And bowed repentant at the feet of God.
And shall not I the royal city spare,
To prove my mercy, and my grace declare ?
Yea, Nineveh, for years to come, shall own
The loving kindness of Jehovah's throne."

PSALMS.



DAVID'S HARP.

SWEET Psalmist of Israel; no strains can impart
A feeling more tenderly dear,
Than thy soft flowing measures that mellow the heart,
And thrill as they fall on the ear.
From heaven the Spirit of glory has flown,
And His pure inspiration has given
To the chords of thy HARP, till its exquisite tone
Resembles the music of heaven.

Let me hear thy rich HARP, for its melodies shed
As sweet a delight through the soul,
As the joy that inspired it, when darkness had fled,
And the first beams of hope o'er it stole.
Let me hear thy rich HARP, and the heart will forget
The tears and the pangs it has known;
And the sunshine of peace and of rapture shall yet
Guild my pathway along to the throne.

Oh, I have said, when the bleak seasons roll,
And chill the pure current of breath,
That the strains of thy LYRE, as they fall on the soul,
Will sweeten the moments of death.
Should the tones of thy rich HARP re-kindle the flame,
That oft in my soul seemed expiring;
I should sing thy sweet Psalms, in Immanuel's name,
Nor think of the sorrows of dying

PSALM I.

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED.

Happy the man who never strays
In sinners' dark and dangerous ways ;
Nor standeth where th' ungodly meet,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's seat ;
But makes God's law his chief delight,
In holy musings day and night.
He shall be like a tree that grows
Where Zion's sacred river flows ;
Whose streams enrich the stem and root
And fill the boughs with timely fruit.
Unwithered shall his leaf appear
In every season, year by year ;
And Providence shall near him stand,
And bless the labors of his hand.

Not so the wicked. They are cast
Like chaff before the winnowing blast.
When justice holds her even hand,
Sinners in judgment shall not stand ;

Nor can transgressors find a place
Among the white-robed sons of grace.
The Lord beholds, and loves the way
The righteous travel day by day ;
And when their pilgrimage is o'er,
They shall be blessed for ever more.
The Lord abhors the sinful way
The ungodly travel night and day ;
And when life's journey they have trod,
Perish beneath the wrath of God.

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PSALM VIII.

THE FIRST AND SECOND ADAM.

O Lord, our Lord ! Thy holy name
Shines bright above the starry frame ;
And all the world proclaims abroad
Thy glories, universal Lord.

When I lift up my gazing eye,
And view the etherial, glittering sky ;
And know Thy fingers there have set
The brilliants in night's coronet ;

Oh ! what is man, that thou shouldest shrine
His spirit in Thy love Divine,
And on him place so much of Thee—
The lineaments of Deity ?

Thy moulding hand has fashioned him
One shade below the cherubim.
His crown is set with gems as fair
As crowns that shining angels wear.

Ruler and lord of all below,
The works of God before him bow.
His sovereign power—his wide command,
Extends o'er sea, and air, and land.

The flocks and herds of every field
Their homage to his scepter yield ;
The forest beasts on every hill
Honor his unresisted will.

In oceans' waves the tribes that float ;
In air the birds of every note ;
All, all submissive bend the knee
To man's unbounded sovereignty.

Fair emblem of our nature, one
In union with the eternal Son,
Exalted near his Father's seat,
The universe beneath His feet.

Full-orbed in splendor, He who died,
The Son of God, the crucified,
Reigns Lord o'er all. Oh, who can tell
The glories of Immanuel !

A heaven, with gems of richer hue,
Breaks on my soul's enraptured view,
As faith, and hope, and knowledge, trace
The new created world of grace.

O Lord, our Lord ! Thy holy name
Shines bright above the starry frame ;
And earth, redeemed, proclaims abroad
Thy glories, universal Lord !

— o —

PSALM XIX.

THE GOD OF NATURE.

Silent teachers, sage and hoary,
Stand everywhere, and ever tell
The same unwritten story
Of the great Invisible.

Radiant heavens, ever beaming,
The sapient, primal cause proclaim ;
Burning stars, forever gleaming,
Teach the uncreated Name.

Day, in coming, never lingers,
But speaks of God from hour to hour.
Night extends her jeweled fingers
Constant to th' almighty power.

Sun, rejoicing in his glory,
Like bridegroom from his chamber springs :
Tells to all the world the story
Of th' eternal King of kings.

Every star the sky adorning ;
The flowers in every field that bloom ;
Rays of light from every morning,
Which the heaven and earth illumine.

All are teachers, sage and hoary,
Placed everywhere, the world to tell
Of wisdom, goodness, power and glory
Of the great Invisible.

Heed the lessons, every nation ;
Adoring, praising, bend the knee.
Spirits, holding every station,
Hail the unseen Deity !

— o —

THE GOD OF GRACE.

Other teachers, come, revealing
Jehovah's mild and smiling face ;
And tell the heights and depths of feeling,
In our God—the God of grace.

Prophets, ages back appointed,
The heralds from the courts above,
Come, with holy lips anointed,
Preaching God—the God of love.

Psalmists, rapt in vision, bringing
Their harps strung high, with one accord
Come singing, gladly singing
The tender mercies of the Lord.

Burning seraphs come from glory ;
And hovering o'er our sinful earth,
Shout the thrilling, rapturous story
Of the great Redeemer's birth.

Psalmists singing, prophets teaching,
The angels chanting joyfully ;
Jesus born, apostles preaching,
Sacrifice on Calvary :

All are teachers wide revealing
Our heavenly Father's smiling face ;
Telling all the depths of feeling
In our God—the God of grace.

Heed the lessons every nation ;
Embrace the calling from above.
Sinful souls, in every station,
Hail the Lord—the God of love !

PSALM XXIII.

DAVID'S CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

— O —

THE SHEPHERD AND THE FLOCK.

My Shepherd is the Lord;

He makes my soul His care:

I feed upon His living word,

And in His bounty share.

He leads me with His flock

In pastures clothed in green:

I rest beneath the cooling rock,

And roam along the stream:

And when my footsteps stray,

He calls me back again:

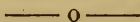
He keeps me in His holy way.

To glorify His name.

In every vale of tears,
His rod and staff are given :
His presence dissipates my fears,
And guides my path to heaven.

My board is crowned with bread,
Amid opposing foes :
The Spirit's oil is on my head —
My cup with joy o'erflows.

On earth the Saviour's love
Shall fill my happy breast,
And God shall crown my soul above
With everlasting rest.



THE DIVINE SHEPHERD.

The Shepherd, appointed in love,
The flock of Jehovah to keep,
Has come down from the kingdom above,
And died on the mount for the sheep.

And bought by the great sacrifice
The flock with salvation is blessed ;
And Jehovah, the Shepherd, supplies
Abundance, and safety, and rest.

They feed on the sanctified field,
And repose in the shade of the rock ;
And the stream, ever flowing, shall yield
Refreshment and strength to the flock.

And the Shepherd, in sympathy sweet,
Is present by night and by day ;
And His breast is their happy retreat,
And the fulness of God is their stay.

And ransomed, and guarded, and fed,
Where blessings divinely are given,
The staff of the Shepherd shall lead
To holy inclosures in heaven.

And the valleys and mountains above
Are white with the flock of the Lord ;
And the Saviour, in triumph and love,
Is crowned with this promised reward.

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PSALM XXIV.

ASCENDING WITH IMMANUEL.

Before Thy throne divine
We humbly bow the knee ;
For all that breathe, and all that shine,
Belong, O Lord, to Thee.
And all the sons of earth proclaim
The honors of Thy holy name.

The angels veil the face
And fall before the throne ;

For all the higher fields of space
Are Thine, O God, alone.
And all the heavenly armies sing
Thy glory, universal King.

And who, Thy bright abode,
O God, shall ever see?
The men whose souls are washed in blood,
And clothed with purity;
The ransomed Church on high shall dwell,
Ascending with Immanuel.

Thy everlasting gates,
Jerusalem unfold;
The ascending King of glory waits
To walk Thy streets of gold.
Who is the King of glory? He,
The crucified on Cavalry.

Thy everlasting gates,
Ye highest heavens displace;
The ascending King of glory waits
To fill the throne of grace.
Who is the King of glory? He,
The Saviour, one with Deity!

PSALM XXVII.

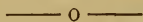
THE SUPREME DESIRE.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after;
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to
behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.

The soldier's plume, the poet's lyre,
Is not my first, my chief desire;
Nor is my heart supremely set
Upon my jeweled coronet.
My spirit's feeling, chief and first,
Is the undying, burning thirst,
To stand and drink at the pure fount
That's gushing on the holy mount;
And there behold the smiling face
Of God in beauty, God in grace,
From whose bright throne the waters roll
In peace and glory o'er the soul.

My sword and plume, my harp and crown,
Will fade like leaves when autumn's blown;
And feelings twined round things that die
Will perish through eternity.
Jehovah lives. His beauties fill
The holy house on Zion's hill.
Oh let me ever dwell with Him
Who sits between the cherubim;

And I will gaze on God and twine
My spirit's powers round things divine ;
And live and reign for ever blessed
In God my everlasting rest.



PSALM XXX.

JOY SUCCEEDING SORROW.

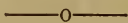
For His anger endureth but a moment; in His favor is life.
Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Oh, ne'er could I weep thro' the long night of sorrow,
And grieve o'er the woes of a heart forlorn,
Should the world cast a shade on the hope of to-morrow,

And darken the promise of joy at morn.
Better, oh better, were all hopes forsaken,
The soul should cease, overwhelmed with care;
Better that God in His wrath should awaken,
And calm in the grave the dark heart of despair.
Let the woes of my life every feeling destroy,
If a sensitive heart and a conscience torn,
Shall find no relief and receive no joy,
When the long night of weeping gives place to the morn.

But thanks to the Lord, His mercy has spoken,
And His promise is lasting and true as His years.

And blessed is the soul that is sealed with the token,
That morning shall sweeten its night-fallen tears.
For ages I'd suffer, though trials should sever
My heart from all rest, and all feeling should chill,
For a taste of that pleasure which ever and ever
Shall gladden the soul and be exquisite still.
And the tears that were shed through the long night
of weeping,
Like smiles shall embellish the cheek where they
stole;
And the conscience serene, and the wild passions
sleeping,
The full orb of glory shall rise on the soul.



PSALM XLIII.

H O P E I N G O D .

Judge me, O Lord, and plead my cause
Against the men who break Thy laws.
Oh save me, Lord, in whom I trust,
From men deceitful and unjust.

O God! my strength, my hiding place,
Why dost Thou cast me from Thy face?
Why go I mourning day by day
Beneath the foe's oppressive sway?

Oh send abroad Thy truth and light,
And let them lead my footsteps right;
And bring me where Thy presence fills
The temple on Thy holy hills.

Then to God's altar I'll repair,
And find my chief enjoyment there;
And on my harp I will Thee praise,
O God, my God, in thrilling lays.

Why, oh my soul, art thou cast down?
The foe may rage, the world may frown.
Why art thou troubled, oh my soul?
The seas may swell, the tempests roll.

Hope thou in God; for I shall praise
My Maker yet in future days.
God is my Helper; and my face
Shall bloom afresh with health and grace.

God is my Keeper; and his power
Shall shield my soul from hour to hour;
And saved from each afflictive rod,
I'll have my home—my rest in God.

PSALM XLV.

A S O N G O F L O V E S .

My soul is filled with holy fire;
The Spirit's breath is on my lyre;
My heart and harp are tuned to sing
The beauties of the heavenly King.

My tongue the inspiring influence moves,
To sing the song—the Song of Loves;
As glowing thoughts of ardent men
Flow from the ready writer's pen.

Celestial charms are in Thy face;
Thy lips are stored with purest grace;
Exalted high Thy gifts to pour,
The Lord has blessed thee evermore.

Gird on Thy sword upon Thy thigh,
And dressed in gracious panoply,
Go forth, O King, the world to bless
With truth, and peace, and righteousness.

Thy arrows bright in Thy right hand
Shall pierce Thy foes in every land;
And all in penitence shall yield
Or perish on the battle field.

O God! Thy mediatorial throne
Eternity doth ever own;
And like Thy heart of purest light,
The scepter of Thy throne is right.

For this, Thy everlasting head,
On Thee the holy oil has shed
In measure full, and running o'er,
Above Thy fellows heretofore.

Thy perfumed robes fill heaven above
With choicest sweets of joy and love;
And shed through all Thy earthly place
The richest fragrancy of grace.

Daughters of kings to Thee resort,
And gladly fill Thy royal court;
And near Thy side, in stately mien,
In gold of Ophir stands the queen.

O daughter, yield thy willing ear,
To my espousals ever dear;
Forget thy home, thy native state,
And on My counsels fully wait;

So shall the King thy beauty see,
And His warm heart shall joy in thee;
While thy full soul shall love His word,
And own thy husband as thy Lord.

Proud Tyre shall hail the glorious King,
And to His courts her offerings bring ;
And princes in his Church shall meet,
And lay their treasures at His feet.

The King's fair daughter, beauteous queen,
Has inward glories all unseen ;
Her outward robes our eyes behold,
All wrought with flowers of purest gold.

Before the King she stands confessed,
In broidered robes most richly dressed.
Th' attendant virgins on her wait,
To grace her high, exalted state.

The palace gates are open wide,
The King receives the approaching bride,
And seats her on His throne above,
With mutual songs of joy and love.

Hail, holy queen ! thy sons shall stand
A noble race in every land ;
Like princes shall thy children rise,
And fill the thrones of Paradise.

From age to age will I proclaim
The honors of Thy glorious name ;
And every heart and harp shall sing
The beauties of the heavenly KING.

PSALM LV.

THE AFFLICTED SOUL'S REFUGE.

My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me. And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo! then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. Selah! I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.

The dove is in the deep blue sky;
The coming storm arrests her eye;
She hastes away on pinions fleet,
And seeks her home—her safe retreat.

When storms arise and tempests roll,
And beat upon my weary soul;
Oh had I wings, afar I'd roam,
And make the wilderness my home!

Oh, no. The dove of rapid wing
Shall wisdom to my spirit bring.
When I behold th' uplifted rod,
I'll seek my resting place in God.

The dove enjoys her safe retreat,
Though tempests round her shelter beat:
My soul no rushing storms shall move,
Imbosomed in my Saviour's love.

PSALM LXVIII.

THE PLUMAGE OF THE DOVE.

Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

Thou innocent dove,
Fair emblem of love,
Thy beauties how rich to behold ;
Thy pinions are bright
With the beamings of light,
And thy plumage is sprinkled with gold.

And purity sweet,
With meekness shall meet,
T' embellish the once sinful heart :
For the Spirit's descent
On the heart of the saint,
The charms of the dove shall impart.

And my spirit shall shine,
With luster divine,
The beauty that Jesus has given ;
Like the innocent dove,
Fair emblem of love,
With plumage of glory in heaven.

PSALM LXXII.

THE PEACEFUL KING.

Give the king thy judgments, O God! and thy righteousness unto the king's son. He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment. The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness. He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure.

The throne of Israel's king is built

On righteousness and peace,

And God imparts to Canaan's soil

Her sanctified increase.

The mountains' sides are clothed with vines,

The hills are white with flocks;

And golden harvests fill the vales,

And honey combs the rocks;

In righteousness the hills rejoice,

In peace the people sing;

And all the promised land exults

In Israel's peaceful king.

A holier throne the Lord has set

On fair Immanuel's ground;

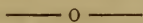
And every sacred field of grace

With richer fruit is crowned.

Pure justice, truth, and radiant hope,

Mount Zion's hills illumine;

And meekness, love, and fragrant peace,
Her lowly vales perfume.
The public virtues walk abroad ;
In peace the people sing ;
And heaven comes down, and dwells on earth,
With Zion's peaceful King.



PSALM LXXXVII.

THE HONORED CITIZEN OF ZION.

God on the holy mountains lays
The temple for His heavenly praise.
His tender love, His constant care,
The tents of Jacob ever share ;
But His unmeasured love distils
On Zion's gates—on Zion's hills.

The wings of mercy hover o'er
The Christian's dwelling evermore ;
But where the saints, in crowds, resort
To worship in His public court,
The cloud of glory fills the place,
And God bestows His richest grace.

Oh city of the heavenly King,
The ancient bards thy glories sing ;

And future myriads shall behold
Thy shining walls, and streets of gold;
And, rapt in wonder, shall record
Thy worth, oh city of the Lord!

My chosen friends have heard me name,
With high esteem, the men of fame,
Whose learning, virtue, power, and worth,
Adorn the cities of their birth;
But greater honors shall adorn
The humblest saint in Zion born.

The writing, by Jehovah's pen,
On heavenly rolls, show that men
In Zion reared are men of worth,
O'er all the nobles of the earth;
And God will hold them in renown,
The shining jewels of his crown.

The temple on the mountains' height
Is filled with harpers, clothed in white;
Their spirits burn with holy fire,
As heavenly fingers touch the lyre;
And this their joyful minstrelsy:
"Our springs, O God, are all in Thee!"

PSALM C.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

O earth! thy myriad voices raise,
And pour to God exulting praise.
Before the Lord ye nations stand.
With harps attuned in every hand
Sing psalms of joy; the strains prolong
Till 'all the world is full of song.

The Lord, who calls the earth to sing,
Is our Creator, and our King.
The Lord, who bids the world adore,
Is our Preserver evermore.
We are His sheep, and ever share
Our Maker's love—our Shepherd's care.

His temple gates unfolded stand.
Enter, ye tribes of every land.
He is your God; to Him resort,
And fill His holy, spacious court.
Sing as ye come with one accord,
High hallelujah's to the Lord.

The Lord is good; the nations prove
Unnumbered tokens of His love.
O'er all His works His mercy reigns:
Firm as His throne His truth remains.
O earth! thy myriad voices raise,
And pour to God exulting praise!

PSALM CIII.

GRATITUDE FOR RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

Awake, my soul, awake and bring

To God thy purest praise :

Awake, my heart, awake and sing

To God thy sweetest lays.

Remember every pledge of love

Thy gracious God has given ;

Refreshed on earth from springs above,

Oh bless the Lord of heaven.

'Tis God relieves thy wasting pains,

And makes the body whole ;

'Tis God removes thy guilty stains,

And beautifies the soul.

'Tis God thy life from death restores ;

From hell thy soul redeems ;

And God from mercy's fountain pours

Salvation's joyful streams.

New strength love's healing touch supplies ;

Afresh my spirit blooms.

Oh, like the eagle may I rise,

When God renews her plumes.

Restored in health, in grace renewed,

Awake, awake, my soul,

And pour thy holiest gratitude

To God who made thee whole !

PSALM CIV.

A P R E S E N T G O D .

When Israel broke
Proud Pharaoh's yoke,
And left the Egyptian land;
Jehovah's throne
In Judah shone,
And Israel owned His hand.

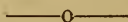
The Red sea saw,
And fled in awe;
Jordan was backward rolled.
The mountains leap,
Like startled sheep,
And lambs within the fold.

What troubled thee,
Oh thou Red sea,
That thou affrighted fled?
Thou Jordan wide,
Why did thy tide,
Roll backward in thy bed?

Ye mountains steep,
Why did ye leap,
Like frightened rams away?
What terror fills
The little hills,
To skip like lambs at play?

Tremble, O earth,
Hush all thy mirth,
A present God is near.
To Jacob's race
God shows His face;
O earth, adore and fear!

Fear Jacob's God,
Whose potent rod
Cleaves wide the solid rock;
And water brings
From hidden springs,
In fountains for his flock!



PSALM CXXI.

THE TRAVELER'S SONG.

The symbol of Jehovah fills
The holy place on Zion's hills;
There all my strength, my safety lies,
And there I lift my waiting eyes.

The heavens, inlaid with jewels rare,
The earth, adorned with all things fair,
The Lord has made; and He will spread
His guardian pinions o'er my head.

Blessed pilgrim on life's weary way,
Thy steps are sure with God thy stay.
That wakeful One, from hour to hour,
Will keep thee by His gracious power.

On Israel's hosts the Watchman keeps
The eye that slumbers not nor sleeps.
The beamings of that eye divine
On Zion everywhere doth shine.

And, traveler on the rugged road,
That leads to His sublime abode,
Thy soul shall share the sure reward,
The light and shadow of the Lord.

Robed in a cloud the Holy One
Will guard thee from the burning sun;
And dressed in flaming folds of light,
Will shield thee from the damps of night.

In valleys dark, on rugged hills,
The Lord will keep thee from all ills.
'Till thou shalt reach the heavenly goal,
God will preserve thy precious soul.

The cloud and fire shall sweetly meet,
To guard and guide thy weary feet;
Till all life's journey thou hast trod,
And found again thy home in God.

PSALM CXXII.

UNION IN WORSHIP.

The people said, with one accord :
"We'll seek the temple of the Lord."
My soul rejoiced their words to hear ;
They fell like music on the ear.

Jerusalem, our feet shall stand
Within thy gates at God's command ;
And faith, and hope, shall soar on high,
And fill the temple in the sky.

Jerusalem's walls, and streets, and towers,
Are built compact, and mock the powers
Of earth and hell. So Zion stands
Invincible in UNION's bands.

The tribes of Judah crowd the street
That opens to the mercy seat,
Where mingled praise and prayer ascend
To Israel's everlasting Friend.

Fair emblem of the gathered throng
That meets in heaven, to pour the song
Of rapture through the hallowed place,
Where Jesus fills the throne of grace.

There David's courts sustain the laws,
And justice guards the people's cause.
The king in power and mercy reigns,
And Zion's sons and rights maintains.

Tribes of the Lord, your fervent prayers
Breathe constant in Jehovah's ears,
That Salem's glories may increase,
O'ershadowed with the wings of peace.

Beloved city, thou shalt share
My warmest love, my holiest prayer;
My toils, and wealth, and regal powers,
Shall guard thy palaces and towers.

Oh lovely, sacred Union! come,
And make Jerusalem thy home;
So shall thy sons in one accord
Surround the altars of the Lord.

The love of saints inspires my breast
To seek and pray for Zion's rest.
The love of God my spirit draws
To advocate Jehovah's cause.

Oh! may we wait at mercy's fount
In peace and joy, until we mount
On angels' wings to courts above,
Where all is union—all is love!

PSALM CXXXVII.

J U D A H C A P T I V E .

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

Where Babel's gloomy river rolls
The captives sat disconsolate;
While rushing o'er their stricken souls
Came Zion's sad and mournful state;
And bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes,
Proclaimed their inward sacrifice.

Their patriot songs, their sacred lays,
No more could rouse to ecstasy.
Those hymns were made for other days,
When Zion's shrines and sons were free.
Those harps which freedom's hand had strung,
On weeping willows now are hung.

In mockery the spoilers bade
The exiles sing Jehovah's songs.

Oh ! how can hymns for freedom made,
Be sung for mirth by captive tongues ?
Our tongues and harps are tuned when free ;
They never sing in slavery.

And, O despoiler ! Zion's state
Is still enshrined in patriot souls ;
Though trodden down and desolate,
Onward her day of glory rolls.
When Zion's sons and harps are free,
They'll speak for God and liberty !

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PSALM CXXVI.

JUDAH FREE.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

When God removed our bonds of shame,
And set our captive nation free ;
So joyfully deliverance came,
'Twas like a dream of ecstasy.

Our hearts, in transport and amaze,
On scenes of vision seemed to gaze.

Our chains are broken. Take the lyres
That hung on willow trees so long;
Our bosoms, filled with holy fires,
Shall pour to God the rapturous song.
Our hearts and harps are tuned and free,
To sing to God and liberty.

The spoiler saw Jerusalem
From ruin rise, and shine abroad;
Her king enthroned with diadem,
Her sons the freemen of the Lord.
And heathen lips were forced to own,
Great is the work the Lord has done.

And purer hearts, redeemed and free,
Have seen and felt the mercy given;
And sing the song of jubilee
To grace and high protecting heaven;
And thousand voices loud proclaim:
"The Lord has blessed His land again."

The southern vales, and sloping hills,
When streams have failed, are all in gloom.
Jehovah's word the channels fills;
The vales rejoice, the mountains bloom.

So Judah's exiled state is o'er,
And Canaan smiles as heretofore.

Where Babel's gloomy river flows
The captives sat disconsolate,
And sowed their seed in tears and woes,
For love of God and Zion's state;
Nor long did weeping exiles roam :
They come with sheaves rejoicing home.

And faith is plumed to take her flight,
And gaze on happier scenes above ;
Where captives now are clothed in white,
And hearts and harps o'erflow with love,
There mourning saints shall find employ,
In reaping sheaves of perfect joy.



PSALM CXXVIII.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY?

Think not that men of noble birth
Have gained the purest joys of earth ;
Nor think that they whose stores abound,
The soul's substantial good have found.
Ask ye of God : His holy word
Will tell you, they who fear the Lord
Have blessedness, serene and pure,
Which will through all their days endure.

Judge not that men with souls of fire,
Who live as suit their own desire,
Who seek the cup of joy to fill,
Neglecting God's most holy will—
That they are blessed. The lights that shine
From pages of the Book divine,
Show they are blessed, whose lives accord
With righteous precepts of the Lord.

Behold the men who never find
Work for the hand, the heart, the mind :
Think ye these men of idle hours
Bask in the sunshine—walk 'mid flowers ?
Oh, no. The men whose busy hands
Serve well their stores, their trades, their lands,
In health, and peace, and comfort, know
The blessings that from labor flow.

The independent man may roam
To gather joys away from home ;
Or seek in solitude to find
A holier heart, a purer mind :
And is he happy ? Come and see
The loving, cheerful family ;
The sweetest home that God has given—
Type of the Church—the gate of heaven.

Who are the happy? They who fear
Jehovah, and his name revere:
Who walk in all God's holy laws,
And advocate His righteous cause.
Their hands shall work, and hearts enjoy
The substance gained by sweet employ;
And Providence shall kindly shed
His blessings on their daily bread.

The partners of their joys and cares
Shall mingle in their songs and prayers;
And children, trained to love the Lord,
Shall stand like olives round their board.
Angels shall set their camps around,
And guard the homes on holy ground;
And God will spread His pinions o'er
His sacred households evermore.

Zion's provisions shall be given,
As foretastes of the joy of heaven.
The nations welfare they shall see;
Her glory and her liberty.
And when white locks their heads adorn,
Their children's children shall be born;
And mingling in their joyful ways,
Shall live again their youthful days.

The Church shall prosper in their time ;
Shall spread her power from clime to clime.
Her sons and daughters shall increase,
And live in mutual love and peace.
These are the men of noble worth,
Who share the purest joys of earth,
And when they die, their homes of love
Are changed to happier homes above.



PSALM CXXXIII.

MUTUAL LOVE.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

How good, how pleasant is the sight—
Emblem of scenes above—
When Christian hearts in peace unite,
And live in mutual love.
'T is like the perfumed ointment shed
On Aaron's robes—on Aaron's head.

'T is fragrant as the field of flowers
That 's washed in Hermon's dew ;

Or Zion's hill refreshed with showers,
And smiling all anew.
The field is sweet, the hill is fair,
For dews and showers have fallen there.

And such the Church where peace is found,
A fragrant, fruitful place;
For there the Lord dispenses round
The blessings of his grace;
And Zion crowned with mutual love,
Begins on earth to live above.



PSALM CXXX.

PARDONING GRACE.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee O Lord! Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Out of the depths I raised to thee,
O Lord, my cry of agony!

Lord, hear my voice; my mournings hear;
And to my pleadings bow thy ear.

Lord, should thy just impartial hand
Record my sins, Oh, who could stand?
But there are pardons with thee, Lord;
And mayest be worshiped and adored.

I wait for God. At mercy's gate
My anxious, longing soul doth wait.
His holy word inspires my breast
With hopes of peace, and joy, and rest.

The watchman on his tower at night
Longs for the beams of morning light;
My soul more anxious waits to see
Some rays of comfort, Lord, from Thee.

Hope in the Lord, O Israel!
For mercies with Jehovah dwell.
Hope on, rejoicing in His word;
There's full redemption with the Lord.

His saving power, His tender love,
Will Israel's sins and woes remove;
And grace shall teach the soul to raise
To God adoring songs of praise!

PSALM CXLVIII.

CREATION'S CHORISTERS.

Creation's choristers ! Awake, and sing
The praises of the universal King.
Tune all your harps, and raise your holiest hymn
To God, who sits between the cherubim.

Each in his order stand, and strike the lyre,
And all, arranged in one harmonious choir,
Fill earth, and heaven, and each revolving sphere
With songs so sweet that God will stoop to hear.

Angelic hosts ; your symphonies unite
With carols of the sun, and stars of light,
And join your music with the silver sounds
Of moon and planets in their nightly rounds.

Ye spirits sanctified ; adoring, stand
Around the sapphire throne, with harps in hand,
And pour your thrilling notes, the strains prolong,
Till all the heaven of heavens is full of song.

Earth, with thy plains, and fields, and groves, and
hills ;
Thy fire, and storm, thy waterfalls and rills ;
Thy thunder peals, and ocean's roar, arise,
And join the hallowed chorus of the skies.

Come with thy forest beasts, and tribes that creep ;
Thy flying fowls, and monsters of the deep ;
Thy gentle flocks, and lowing herds, and raise
Triumphant songs in thy Creator's praise.

Come with thy men of rank, and wealth, and fame ;
Thy nobles, judges, kings, the men of name ;
Thy young men, maidens, children, old and young,
And pour to God the universal song.

Sublimely seated on His radiant throne,
O'er all, the great Creator reigns alone ;
Let earth and heaven His glorious name record.
CREATION'S CHORISTERS, PRAISE YE THE LORD !

MISCELLANEOUS

SACRED PARAPHRASES.

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NATURE'S BEAUTIES.

AND God saw every thing that he had made ; and behold, it was very good. He hath made every thing beautiful.

When man with glowing heart surveys
The bright and sparkling gems of even ;
And dwells with a look of lingering gaze
Upon the marshaled hosts of heaven ;
How grand, how noble, and divine,
The countless orbs of nature shine.

When morning's brilliant tents are spread
On every flower that summer wreathes ;
And evening's balmy dews are shed
In every gale that autumn breathes ;
How sweet, how fragrant, and how fair,
The flowery works of nature are.

When sweeping storms, the eastern skies
In wide-spread robes of darkness shroud ;
And solar light, in blushes, shines .
Amid the opening, western cloud ;
How bright, in vivid winding lines,
The beauteous bow of nature shines.

When evening lingered 'mid her shade,
I roamed along the ocean's brim ;
And every wave in glory played,
And seemed in brilliant pride to swim ;
How proud, how sparkling, and how bold.
The foaming waves of nature rolled.

When beauty's self in female form,
The choicest handy-work of Heaven,
Upon the last creating morn,
To Adam's lonely arms was given ;
How pure, enchanting, and how mild,
The crowning work of nature smiled.

The Father looked : Creation lay
In smiles and brilliancy before Him ;
The stars that hailed the seventh day,
In songs of choral praise adore Him ;
How rich, how countless, and how fair,
O Lord ! Thy thousand beauties are !

PARADISE.

THE ABODE OF INNOCENCE.

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

The God of nature and of grace
Has formed for man a dwelling place;
Of all the earth the fairest plot,
And Eden is th' enchanting spot.
And trees that Paradise adorned,
For life, and health, and pleasure found;
And crowning all, one noble tree,
The sign of immortality.
And seraphs pure, on pinions fleet,
Came oft to grace that calm retreat;
And God's own presence there was given,
And Eden was the gate of heaven.
Celestial joys inspired the breast,
And man found God his perfect rest.
Such blessings LOVE ordained for thee,
Thou charming, heavenly purity.

BANISHMENT FROM PARADISE.

THE PUNISHMENT OF DISOBEDIENCE.

And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

But, Oh! the power of discontent.
The holy covenant bond is rent,
And Eden's sacred ground is trod
By man, a wanderer from his God;
And Paradise is blooming fair;
The Lord and seraphs yet are there;
The tree of life waves in the wind,
But peace has fled the human mind.
And God has come and judged the soul;
The earth is cursed from pole to pole:
And man in agony is driven
From Paradise, the type of heaven;
And cherubim, with flaming rod,
Fills up the way that leads to God.
Such judgments WRATH ordains for thee,
Thou daring, dark impiety.

HEAVEN.

• THE HOME OF PIETY.

I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

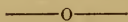
Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

And He showed me a pure river of water of life clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth: such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth: How that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.

But, Oh! rich grace the earth illumines.
Arrayed in smiles the Saviour comes,
And righteousness and blood compose
The healing balm for human woes;
And Zion is the calm retreat,
Where saints and angels sweetly meet.
And there the Spirit's power is given
To ripen attributes for heaven.

There is a world beyond the skies,
Where hope on bounding pinions flies;
Which God in love to faith secures,
While immortality endures.
That world of bliss the saint has trod,
And found again his rest in God.
Such glory grace ordains for thee,
Thou lovely, heavenly piety.



THE DELUGE.

And God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt: for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah: The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark.

The cry of every creature
Was bitter, keen and wild;
For death in every feature
In desolation smiled;
And final anguish edged the dart
That pierced the core of every heart.

For seas have left their dwelling,
The bosom of the deep ;
And on the earth are swelling
With overwhelming sweep ;
And earth her boldest summit laves
Amid a wilderness of waves.

The inner springs ascending,
In billowy foams arise ;
And with those floods are blending
The fountains of the skies ;
And every wave that rolled and beat
Becomes a nation's winding sheet.

But o'er the wreck and slaughter
Of earth, in ruin hurled,
Is borne upon the water
A remnant of the world—
A germ of sin ; a puff of breath ;
A spark of life ; a seed of death.

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THE SPIRIT'S HOME.

And Noah sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground ; but the dove found no place for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth : then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark. And he stayed yet other seven days ; and again he sent forth the

dove out of the ark; and the dove came in to him in the evening: and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.

The flood has fulfilled the Lord's behest,
And the ark is on the deep;
And the dove has flown from her place of rest,
And the billows her pinions sweep.
From wave unto bounding wave she flew,
And her course was onward bound;
And the watery world was all in her view,
And no resting place was found.
And her search is o'er, and her snow white plumes
Are wet, and dipped in the foam;
But her languid eye the ark illumines,
And the ark is again her home.

And sin has woven earth's winding sheet,
And the ark of peace appears;
And the spirit has fled from her safe retreat
To the world of hopes and fears.
From scene to exciting scene she flies,
And she circles the world around;
And her fervid feeling each pleasure tries,
And no calm repose is found.
And weary and faint in her flight
O'er the world where sin has trod,
Her pinions are spread to the region of light,
And her home is the bosom of God.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH THE EARTH.

And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savor; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease. I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

And God said unto Noah: This is the token of the covenant which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth for an everlasting covenant.

Jehovah has moved in his wrath
Where ripened transgression arose;
And the earth is o'erwhelmed in His path,
And God is avenged of his foes.

And the waters have gone to their place,
The waves in the ocean are curled;
And man, as the germ of the race,
Stands alone on the desolate world.

And the altar is placed on the hill,
The flame and the incense arise;
And man is a worshiper still,
In the faith of the great sacrifice.

And Jehovah come down on the mount,
The offering is crowned with his bow :
And o'erflowing with grace is the fount,
Whence blessings abundantly flow.

The fields shall be joyful again ;
The seasons continue to roll ;
The promise on earth shall remain,
And mercy shall gladden the soul.

And spring, with her life-giving power,
Shall breathe on the sower's employ ;
And the breeze, and the dew, and the shower,
Shall waken the world into joy.

And summer shall come with her heat ;
The vineyards in clusters shall stand ;
The valleys shall wave with the wheat,
And harvests shall cover the land.

And autumn, adorned with her crown
Of nourishing fruits, shall appear ;
And the blessing of God shall come down
To hallow the gifts of the year.

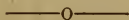
Stern winter shall come, and shall spread
His mantle of snow o'er the earth ,
And shall cherish the seeds in their bed,
Till spring time shall call them to birth.

The morning shall blush on the hill,
And blessings to man shall afford;
And his mind and his hands shall fulfill
The labors assigned by the Lord.

The weary and worn shall be blessed
With sleep, the sweet soother of woes;
And night's starry curtains shall rest,
On the faint in his balmy repose.

The Lord shall be seen in the spring;
In summer His power shall appear;
And autumn His goodness shall sing;
And His presence shall hallow the year.

The fields shall be joyful again;
The seasons continue to roll;
The promise on earth shall remain,
And mercy shall gladden the soul.



THE PILLAR OF CLOUD, AND OF FIRE.

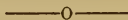
And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light; to go by day and night. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people. Thy word is a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path. My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. This God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. And a man shall be the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Jehovah, robed in clouds by day,
His chosen Israel aided ;
From Asia's winds of deadly sway,
And Asia's sun of burning ray,
Jehovah Israel shaded.

Jehovah, clothed in flames by night,
His chosen seed attended ;
From Asia's chills that sickly smite,
And Asia's damps that deadly blight,
The Lord his seed defended.

So Zion's great Immanuel,
A cloud and fire is given,
To shield, and guide, from earth and hell,
His chosen Church, His Israel,
And lead His host to heaven.



THE EGYPTIAN ARMY DESTROYED.

And the Lord said unto Moses: Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again over the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the

morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying: I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt Him.

And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them: Sing ye unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

Proud Pharaoh came onward,
Like the rush of the storm;
And the terrors of battle
Encircled his form;
And the spears of his cohorts
Beamed down on the eye,
Like a forest of torches
Arrayed in the sky.

In the breeze of the evening
His war banner rolled,
And the folds of his standard
Where gleaming with gold;
But the dawn of the morning
Scarce blushed on the flood,
When the folds of that banner
Were dripping with blood.

Proud Pharaoh's mad warriors
 Pressed hard on the free,
And his horsemen and chariots
 Are sunk in the sea ;
For arrayed in His prowess,
 Jehovah passed by,
And the Gentile is withered
 In the glance of His eye.

And Egypt's proud daughters
 Are mantled in gloom,
For the reaper has gathered
 His sheaves for the tomb ;
And the laurels that Pharaoh
 Had won by the sword,
Are blasted and scattered
 By the breath of the Lord.

And the armies of Israel
 Are journeying along,
To the Land of the promise,
 With timbrel and song ;
And the rod of the Shepherd,
 That severed the sea,
Is the symbol of triumph
 In the camp of the free.

THE MANNA.

Then said the Lord unto Moses: Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or no. And in the morning the dew lay round about the host. And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground: and when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another: It is manna: for they wist not what it was.

And Moses said unto them: This is the bread which the Lord has given you to eat.

And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited: they did eat manna until they came to the borders of Canaan. And they did all eat that spiritual meat.

I am the bread of life — your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever. And the bread that I will give is my flesh; which I will give for the life of the world. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.

They hunger; and manna from heaven

Descending, crowns daily their board;

Celestial abundance is given,

And Israel is fed by the Lord.

They eat; and are strong on the way.

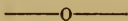
They gather each morn, and are blessed,

Till they eat of the grapes and the corn

That grow in the Canaan of rest.

The Saviour who died is the meat,
Prepared for the life of the soul;
That manna the spirit shall eat,
And flourish while ages shall roll.

The Crucified spake on the earth :
The Risen still speaks from the sky :
The soul that shall eat of the life-giving meat,
Oh ! never shall hunger. Oh ! never shall die.



THE SMITTEN ROCK.

And the Lord said unto Moses: Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thy hand, and go. Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock of Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel.

And they did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ.

If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink; thou would'st have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water. Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of living water, springing up into everlasting life. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters. If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water.

Thy wonders, O Lord, shall display
The power of Thy wisdom and love,
That the Church may rejoice on her way
Through the desert to regions above.

And Zion's rough journeys below
Shall numberless seasons afford,
For the fountain of grace to o'erflow,
That Israel may trust in the Lord.

They thirst: and the rock on the mount
Is cleft by the emblem of Heaven;
And the sparkling, and deep-gushing fount,
In streams of abundance is given.

The desert is vocal with song,
And the host, and the herd, and the flock,
As the rivulet meanders along,
Are blessed as they drink from the rock.

And cleft was the Son on the mount,
For anguish and thirst of the soul;
And waters of life from the fount
Are gushing, and ever shall roll.

The spirit has drank at the spring,
And its longings and hopes are supplied;
And Israel in triumph shall sing
The glories of Jesus who died.

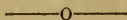
MOUNT SINAI AND MOUNT CALVARY.

On Sinai's mount Jehovah stands
With the stone tables in His hands ;
Where white-robed justice firmly draws
God's pure and everlasting laws.

Before that awful, fiery throne,
My spirit lies a harder stone ;
Of God's pure precepts, not a line
Is graven on this heart of mine.

On Calvary's mount the Saviour stands,
And in His heart are heaven's commands ;
And righteousness and blood fulfill,
O God ! thy everlasting will.

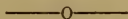
Before that beaming, peaceful throne,
Is broken now this heart of stone ;
And God's pure precepts, every line,
Are written on this heart of mine.



THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

Thou shalt make the ark of the covenant, and shalt overlay it with gold, and shalt make upon it a crown of gold round about. Thou shalt put into the ark the testimony which I shall give thee—the two tables of the law. Thou shalt make two cherubims of gold ;

and the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another; toward the mercy seat shall the faces of the cherubims be. And thou shalt put the mercy seat upon the ark; and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee. And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel.



The Ark of the Covenant was the emblem of Jesus Christ, and the plan of salvation in Him. The wood and the gold represented the humanity and divinity of the Saviour. The tables of the law, which were placed in the ark, signified the moral law, which was in the heart of the Redeemer. The mercy seat, which covered the testimony, typified the obedience and sacrifice of the Saviour, which fulfilled the law. The cherubims shadowed forth the angels, who study the mysteries of the plan of redemption, and minister to Christ and the heirs of salvation. The shekinah, resting upon the mercy seat between the cherubims, was the emblem of God reconciled in Christ Jesus. As God held communion with Israel, enthroned upon the mercy seat between the cherubims, so God graciously meets with man, and bestows the blessings of the covenant of grace through the righteousness and the atoning blood of the Lamb that was slain. There is only one place in the universe where God and man can meet in peace and hold communion. That place is the mercy seat.

The spirit has broken
The law of the Lord,
And in sin has forsaken
The promised reward;
And bright-beaming justice
Has smitten the soul,
And the earth is all shaken
From center to pole.
Creation's wide circle
No place can afford,
For the spirit to mingle
In peace with the Lord;
For the pure law is burning
With fire to consume;
And man and Jehovah
Can never commune.

Triumphant compassion,
How vast is thy plan!
The Son, beaming goodness,
Is blended with man,
And the tables once broken
Are placed in His heart,
And fulfilled by the Days-man
In every part;
And crowned with the Saviour,
The law is complete,

And shines on mount Zion,
The bright mercy seat;
Where attributes blending
In rapture embrace,
And glory encircles
The covenant of grace.

Jehovah exalted
Has honored the plan,
And has offered redemption
And safety to man.
The earth is all blooming;
The skies are all bright;
The angels are singing,
And the soul is in light;
And the law is enshrined
In its home in the breast;
And the spirit rejoicing
Returns to His rest,
And man and Jehovah
In harmony meet;
And are covered with glory
At the bright mercy seat.

The tempests may gather;
The mountains may shake;
The lightnings may glitter;
And hell may awake;

All terrors retreating
Shall fall at His feet,
And the faithful shall triumph
At the safe mercy seat.
And the pilgrim benighted
The desert may roam;
And his spirit may languish
Away from his home:
And wherever kneeling
In prayer to entreat,
His spirit reposes
At the calm mercy seat.

And the saints o'er creation,
Like stars of the night,
Are stationed in clusters,
And sparkle in light;
And the clusters, though distant,
In sympathy meet,
And their beamings are blended
At the bright mercy seat.
And spirits in glory
With cherubim scan,
In rapture ecstatic,
The wonderful plan:
And ages are rolling,
And ever shall roll,
And the Lord is in union
And peace with the soul.

THE STAR OUT OF JACOB.

I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh.
There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall come out
of Israel. Out of Jacob shall come He that shall have dominion. I
am Alpha and Omega, the bright and the morning star. We have
seen His star in the East, and have come to worship Him.

'T was set in the heaven,
And ever shall shine;
For its spring is eternal,
Its radiance divine.
And it rose over Zion,
As prophets record;
And its beamings are bright,
In the house of the Lord.

I roamed in the desert,
A wanderer lost;
My path lay in darkness,
My spirit was tossed.
The star out of Jacob
Beamed down from on high,
And illumined my soul,
And my way to the sky.

When seasons were dark,
And my feelings were sore;

And my poor heart was broken,
And touched to its core;
The star out of Jacob
In energy shone;
And healed, as it melted,
This cold heart of stone.

And thus when the moments
Are drawing my breath,
And I walk in the valley
And shadow of death,
May the star out of Jacob
My footsteps illumine,
And scatter the darkness
That mantels the tomb.

And Oh! when the chosen
Are gathered on high,
And the wise shall resemble
The gems of the sky,
To the kingdom of stars
May my spirit be given,
And shine with the Lord
In the brightness of heaven!

MOSES ON MOUNT PISGAH.

Oh, Lord God, I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon. But the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes and would not let me; and the Lord said unto me: Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter. Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes; for thou shalt not go over this Jordan. And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mount of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him: This is the land that I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying: I will give it unto thy seed; I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day. And Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

And behold there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease, which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.

The landscape of Canaan was mantled in green;

Its mountains and vales were inviting;

Its vineyards and harvests embellished the scene,

And the glory of earth was exciting.

The breezes of Canaan had murmured to rest,
And the sun in full glory had set ;
But enough of his beamings remained in the west,
To reflect back its loveliness yet.

When Moses looked down from the mount on its
pride,
And the light of its glory that run
From the rock where he stood to the foam of the tide,
That is lost in the beams of the sun.

The land of the promise was all in his eye ;
For the spirit of vision was given ;
And Canaan, wide-spreading till touching the sky,
Was now the bright emblem of heaven.

And he looked on the home of his people forever,
With eye neither faded nor dim ;
And his soul was serene, though the emblem should
never
Be pressed by the footsteps of him.

And he looked—for the spirit that made it had cast
The beauties of Paradise o'er it ;
And he wept, when the spirit of vision had passed,
And Jordan still murmured before it.

And his last look is thrown on the promise beneath,
Which Jehovah to Judah had given ;

And he looked, till he passed o'er the Jordan of death,
And moved in the Canaan of heaven.

And thus when the angel my eye lids shall close,
And the cord of existence shall sever;
On the emblems of rest may my spirit repose,
Till I waken in glory forever.

—o—.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

II SAMUEL 24: 1-25.

David, the renowned warrior and statesman, now sat on the most splendid throne in the world. All rival interests had been subdued. All rebellions had he conquered. The united kingdom of Israel and Judah had extended to her widest, promised boundary, and was now in her most palmy days of power and prosperity. As the nation increased in wealth and splendor, the citizens did not increase in virtue and the fear of the Lord. The people had been guilty of many defections from God. They had not profited by a number of providential chastisements, nor were they sufficiently thankful in the midst of unbounded blessings. The nation richly deserved the hand of Divine correction. The king had become proud of his army; of his extended empire; of his jeweled crown; and his eagle eye looked forward to the roll of fame, and he longed to see upon it the record of the number of his valiant hosts. He was moved by unworthy motives to number his men of war. This procedure of the king, originating in pride, and standing in connection

with the sinfulness of the nation, and especially the army, brought down upon David and his country the judgments of the Almighty. The vain glory of the king was the occasion of the rod. The wickedness of the nation was the real cause of the Divine visitation; and it was the mercy of the God of Israel that overruled the pestilence for the humiliation of the prince, and the reformation of the people. The numbering of Israel, the rod of justice, and the scepter of mercy, in connection with a bleeding sacrifice, are set forth in this paraphrase. The reader will discover the commingled hues of justice and mercy, and will see that mercy is the brightest color in the whole picture.

Israel has sinned, and Israel's God
Designs to use His chastening rod.
From Euphrates to ocean's tide,
The kingdom spreads in power and pride;
And David's heart is lifted high
In unbecoming majesty.

"Go number Israel, and record
The men who bore the shield and sword;
And give my valiant host a name
Inscribed upon the roll of fame;
So shall succeeding ages own
The greatness of my royal throne."

The work is done; and in that hour
Conscience awoke in awful power:

And David, guilty, contrite, fell
Before the Lord of Israel.

“Oh God! I’ve sinned. Oh! heal my soul,
And make my bleeding conscience whole.”

The prophet came at God’s command.

“Shall famine triumph o’er thy land?

Shall Judah’s valiant warriors flee

Before thy ancient enemy?

Or shall the Lord His sword unsheath,

And fly abroad on wings of death?”

Oh sin! thou hast a burning path.

Thy way is through the coals of wrath.

How great the strait, when God has sent

To man to choose his punishment.

“Oh God! to Thee I yield my fate;

Though bright Thy sword, Thy love is great.”

Just as the morn the hills illumed,

The angel stood, with pinions plumed,

To take his flight. His range was wide

From Euphrates to ocean’s tide,

And in his course the people lay

In death by thousands on that day.

King David saw the angel stand

’Twixt heaven and earth with sword in hand,

To vindicate Jehovah's cause,
And magnify His broken laws.
The city trembled as he came
To walk her streets with sword of flame.

“O God!” he cried; “the sin is mine.
On me pour out Thy wrath divine.
My guilt is great, and in the dust
I own Thy laws and ways are just.
O God, my God, and Israel's rock,
Preserve Thy unoffending flock!”

The prayer is heard. Jehovah's breath
Arrests the messenger of death.
“It is enough: stay now thy hand.”
And Gabriel rests at God's command.
O'er Ornan's floor he stayed his flight,
Ornan the noble Jebusite.

Again the prophet of the Lord
Proclaimed the glad, the joyful word.
“I come from mercy's gushing fount.
Go, build an altar on the mount
Which judgment's sword is hanging o'er—
Araunah's summer threshing floor.”

The altar on the mount is made,
And there th' atoning lamb is laid.

Peace offerings too the priests prepare;
God is invoked in humble prayer;
And all the while the sword is seen
Suspended o'er the solemn scene.

'T was that calm hour when sacrifice
From burning altars reached the skies.
The firmament God's power has riven.
The rushing fire descends from heaven,
Emblem of justice, to consume
The victim in the sinner's room.

A heavenly voice aloud proclaims:
"The law is honored — mercy reigns.
Return, oh sword, within thy sheath,
No longer now the sword of death."
That sword has found its resting place,
And glory crowns the throne of grace.

So Jesus on the altar died,
And awful justice satisfied;
And love proclaims the sweet command:
"It is enough: stay now thy hand."
And death and hell are bound in chains;
The Church is saved and MERCY reigns!

THE PROPHET'S WIDOW.

II KINGS 4: 1-17.

A prophet's widow in her mourning weeds
Before Elisha stands, and humbly pleads;
Pleads like the poor; exhausted was her store;
Her cause was urgent, and her heart was sore.
“My honored spouse, thy servant, and my head,
My staff and stay, is numbered with the dead.
To thee my husband well and long was known;
He loved and served the Lord, and Him alone;
And gave to man, with conscientious care,
As far as stern necessity could spare.
When from my house my spouse was borne away,
A debt remained his widow could not pay.
The creditor has come to take my two
Dear sons as bondmen for the debt that 's due.
My heart was broken when my husband died—
But, oh! to take my children from my side
To live as bondmen, is a grief too pure
For my faint, bruised spirit, to endure.”

The widow's mournful tale the prophet heard.
His heart was moved, and thus his gracious word:
“What shall I do for thee? What goods remain
Within thy house, unsold, to meet the claim?”
“Oh man of God! of all our care and toil,
There yet remains, unsold, one pot of oil?”

Elisha spake: "The prophet's widow this shall do:
Go borrow empty vessels not a few.

Come with thy sons within, and shut the door,
And take thy pot of oil and pour, and pour
Till every vessel shall be running o'er."

The widow hears and trusts the prophet's word,
And sees the power and goodness of the Lord.

The pot of oil pours forth a golden tide,

Till every urn is full and set aside;

And when her sons no empty urn could show,

The fountain staid—the current ceased to flow.

So ever-working Providence doth spread
The poor man's table with his daily bread.

So God, the unfailing source of happiness,
Fills every vessel of his choice with bliss.

So Jesus, all-sufficient, grants His grace

To every sinful soul that seeks His face;

Nor does the fountain cease to flow, till all

Have quenched their thirst who on His mercy call.

The widow seeks the prophet's door to tell

The wondrous story of the miracle:

"Go," said the man of God, "and sell the oil,

The gift of Heaven, without thy care or toil;

And pay to justice all that justice claims,

And with thy children live on what remains."

So God's unbounded sympathies prevail,

While justice holds her well-poised, even scale.

THE CURE OF NAAMAN.

II KINGS 5: 1-19.

The valiant Naaman led the Syrian host
In many wars, and Providence through him
Had many triumphs given. The king, the court,
The nation, owed him gratitude and love.
Though high exalted in the nation's heart,
The laureled chieftain was a leprous man.

A little Hebrew maid on Naaman's wife
Attended. Of her country oft she spake;
Its worship, laws; its prophet and its God.
She often spake of miracles of power
And mercy wrought within her native land.
She loved her master, and she gladly said:
"Would God my lord was in Samaria's walls,
The prophet there his leprosy would heal."
All which to Naaman and the Syrian king
Was told, exciting confidence and hope.

The soldier in his chariot sits in state,
With men of rank on horses by his side;
And in his train a liberal, princely gift;
And e'en the haughty monarch deigns to send
A suppliant message to the Hebrew king.

Before the palace gate the chariot stands,
A splendid retinue from Syria's court.
The king of Israel reads: "Behold, I send
My servant Naaman to the king who reigns
In Israel, his leprosy to cleanse."
Before his counselors the scroll is placed,
And consternation fills the royal court.
With deep abhorrence of Benhadad's crime,
And jealous of the name of Israel's God,
The king his garment rent: "And am I God,"
He said, "to kill and make alive? 'Tis known
That neither earthly power, nor human skill
The leprosy can cure; and yet this man
Has sent to me his servant's leprosy
To heal. The Syrian king a quarrel seeks."

Elisha heard. "Why are thy garments rent,
O king? With hope in God has Naaman come;
And Naaman and his master too shall own
That God a prophet has in Israel."

The chariot stands before the prophet's door,
And men of rank in gorgeous equipage
Attend. The valiant warrior deigns to think
His coming crowns the man of God with honor.
The lordly man was naught before the one
Whom God has clothed with supernatural power.
The prophet moved not, spake not, bowed not;

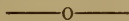
And yet to magnify the name of God,
The haughty, leprous soldier shall be healed.
A messenger directs: "In Jordan wash
Seven times. Thy flesh shall come; thou shalt be
clean."

The simple grandeur of the prophet's word
Made no display of human greatness.
The haughty soldier turned away in wrath.
"I thought that he would make some grand display;
Would stand in majesty and call on God;
Would strike his hands, and bid the leper whole.
Are not Abana and Pharpar, Syrian rivers,
Better far than all of Israel's waters?
In them may I not wash; in them be clean?"
Ah! man of power and pride, thou wouldst be healed,
But Heaven must condescend to thy aspiring.
Thy lofty heart must bow ere thou canst live.
Thy will must yield and God be all in all.
But better counsels ruled the proud man's heart.
"My father, had the prophet made some great
Demand, thou wouldst have cheerfully obeyed,
And why not ready acquiescence give
To that small word: Go, wash, and be thou clean."

The chariot stands on Jordan's sloping bank,
With men of rank on horses by its side.
In Jordan's wave the humbled Naaman bathes.
God is obeyed. The Syrian leper's whole.

So broken hearts and contrite souls have heard
The simple gospel word: Believe and live.
And venturing there in confidence of God,
The spirit's washed from sin—the soul is saved.

The chariot stands before the prophet's door,
And Naaman came to offer gratitude,
And give to God the glory. There he stood,
Convinced that king and idols all were vain;
And there before the holy prophet said:
“In Israel only is the living God,
The God to worship—God of power—God of love.
No sacrifice thy servant e'er shall make,
Save to the Hebrew's God, the great Jehovah.”
The prophet met him with benignant look;
And he who moved not when the man of pride
Approached, now took the proffered hand
Of humbled Naaman, blessed the chief, and said:
“Return in peace.” The valiant soldier seeks
His king, and spreads through all the Syrian court
The wonders of the Lord.



DIVINE PROTECTION.

II KINGS 6: 1-23.

Benhadad, king of Syria, was warring with Jehoram, king of Israel. The fame of the prophet Elisha was now wide-

spread. Naaman, the high officer in the Syrian army, had recently been cured of his leprosy, by the prophet in Samaria; and he had told the story of the man of God to his court and his king; and a general impression had been made upon the minds of the ministers of state and the officers of the army, that Elisha was the guardian and protector of Israel. Still Benhadad, confiding in his strength, and the power of his idol, anticipated easy victories over his enemy, and a final overthrow of the Israelitish throne. The chosen nation, although deeply sinful, was not yet ripe for ruin; and God for a season frustrated the wisest schemes of the invading foe. When the Syrian king and his ministers had arranged, in the most secret manner, their places of encampment, the armies of Israel, being warned by the prophet, had repeatedly avoided their ambushments, and obtained signal advantages. The monarch of Syria became greatly perplexed. Supposing that there was a traitor among his counselors, he inquired who was on the side of the king of Israel. One of his servants said: "None, my lord, oh king: but Elisha, the prophet, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speaketh in thy bed chamber." Being informed that Elisha was in the little walled town of Dothan, the king sent by night a large army of footmen and cavalry, to capture the man of God.

That midnight army; the prophet on his morning watch tower; the surrounding mountains filled with chariots and horses of fire; and the complete victory obtained by the Lord, are sketched in this scriptural Paraphrase.

The Syrian host, at midnight hour,
Came softly o'er the field ;
And round the city placed their power
Of chariot, horse, and shield ;
And silently the cohort waits,
Till morning dawns, before the gates.

And why has Syria's monarch sent
His chosen army down,
At midnight hour, to spread the tent
Before a peaceful town ?
That martial host their way have trod,
To bind in chains one man of God.

A wall of spears in thick array
Before the town arose ;
The citizens unguarded lay
In innocent repose ;
Nor knew, till morn dispelled the gloom,
And shone on helm, and shield, and plume.

Myriad of lances in that hour
Gleamed in the prophet's eye.
That eye beheld a greater power,
An army in the sky.
Elisha stood th' approaching shock,
Firm and unmoved as Zion's rock.

Not so, that morn, the youthful saint
Who stood before the seer :
His faith was weak ; his heart was faint ;
His soul was filled with fear.
“ Oh, who, my master, can withstand
The might of this surrounding band ? ”

“ To us a stronger power is given,
Than Syria's monarch boasts ;
Our troop is marshaled in the heaven,
Our head the Lord of hosts.
Unseal, oh God, the servant's eye
To see our heavenly panoply.”

Chariots and horses rushing came
And filled the mountain's brow.
The youth beheld the host of flame,
And trusts and triumphs now.
Oh ! who can brave Jehovah's ire,
Who comes with horse, and wheels of fire ?

The Syrian spears like forests' wood
The prophet of the Lord
Inclose. Unarmed, Elisha stood
And conquered by a word :
“ With darkness, Lord, the people smite.”
And all that host was lost in night.

He led them like a feeble flock
Within Samaria's walls;
And there to Israel's God and Rock,
Again the prophet calls:
"Unseal their eyes." And all that band
Beheld their power in Israel's hand.

Dismissed in peace, the Syrian king
Laid spear and helmet down;
And owned that 'neath Jehovah's wing
Was sheltered Israel's crown;
And knew that horse, and shield, and sword,
Were weak and vain before the Lord.

The hosts of earth, the hosts of hell,
Mount Zion's peace oppose;
Celestial armies, marshaled well,
The Church of God inclose;
And earth and hell are feeble things,
In presence of the King of kings.

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THE MODEL WIFE.

PROVERBS 31 : 10-31.

No rubies bright, no rubies rare,
Can with the virtuous wife compare.
Her wisdom, strength; her grace and worth,
Excel the richest gems of earth;

And happy he to whom is given
This priceless gift—this gift of heaven.

The husband's feet will never roam
From his enriched, well-ordered home ;
Her prudent care, her constant breast,
Will ever keep his heart at rest ;
Nor will he need, by weary toil
In sinful ways, to gather spoil.

Her heart with equal love will burn,
And seek by pleasing love's return ;
His honor, peace, and house, will share
Her purest interest, constant care ;
And by her wise and gentle ways,
Shall seek his good through all her days.

Her busy hands the fleece unfold,
And turn the wool and flax to gold,
Her linens and embroideries
Of various forms, and various dies,
Are sent afar ; and food she brings,
Like merchants' ships upon their wings.

Before the morn has tinged the skies,
Her household and her maidens rise.
She gives their food with hearty cheer ;
With willing mind she fills her sphere ;

And when the sun is shorn of light,
Her candle shines far in the night.

Girded with strength her hands are given
To useful works, ordained by Heaven
The house to build, enlarge, and bless,
With plenty, wealth, and happiness.
And all the while she sees the Lord
Her labors crown—her works reward.

Her industry gives blooming health.
Her prudent care wins ample wealth.
She buys a field, and plants the vine,
And turns the clusters into wine;
And girdles, linens, wines, are sold
To merchant men for pearls and gold.

Rich tapestries her rooms adorn,
And scarlet suits her children warm.
At home are raiments all complete
For winter's cold, and summer's heat;
And she, th' industrious wife, is seen
In purple robes, the household queen.

The graces of the higher life
Adorn th' iudustrious, pious wife.
Her thoughts, and words, and deeds, accord
With loving precepts of the Lord.

With faith, and love, and holy fear,
She fills aright her noble sphere.

Sweet charity inspires her breast.
The widow, stranger, and oppressed,
Enjoy her gifts. Her open door
Gives shelter to the suffering poor.
All worthy calls throughout the land
Receive the offerings of her hand.

In marts of trade, on change, in court,
Where men of note and worth resort,
Her husband moves, esteemed and known,
As happy in his pleasant home.
The spouse is honored as he rears
His noble head among his peers.

To all wise counsels she imparts ;
And deeply in her heart of hearts
Pure love resides ; while from her tongue
Drop kindly words to old and young ;
And household troubles she beguiles
With gentle looks and pleasant smiles.

When days of youth and strength are fled,
And age has silvered o'er her head,
How sweet the joy, at evening hours,
To know that heaven imparted powers

Have been employed in works that crown
The house with comfort and renown.

Her maidens' ways and morals share
Her constant watch—her pious care.
Her daughters, loved and honored, meet
Around her in her calm retreat;
And by love's holy influence led,
Pour grateful praises on her head.

Kindred and neighbors, joined in bands,
Give her the crown her worth demands.
Her husband owns her noble name,
And spreads abroad her well earned fame;
And all her works of goodness wait,
To praise her in the public gate.

Embellishments of mode and art
May charm awhile th' enraptured heart;
And wit, and wealth, and rank, may bind
In fashion's wiles th' admiring mind;
But time will prove how false are these,
To keep pure love, and ever please.

And beauty, though a blooming flower,
Will wither in the trying hour;
And outward loveliness may hide
A heart that's cold, and filled with pride.

Th' enamored pair in time will know
That beauty 's but an empty show.

But she who fears and loves the Lord,
Will spread her influence all abroad ;
Will build her house, will gain esteem,
And reign at home the household queen ;
And God and man, through all her days,
Will own her worth, and speak her praise.

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THE SPOUSE TO THE HEAVENLY HUSBAND.

Tell me, oh thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedeth,
where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as
one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

If thou know not, oh thou fairest among women, go thy way
forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shep-
herds' tents.

“Tell me, dear Saviour, God of grace,
Whom my heart holds in love's embrace ;
Oh tell me where Thy board is spread
With soul-sustaining, cheering bread?
I long to be where Thou doth give
The food on which Thy children live.

Where, gentle Shepherd, doth Thou keep
From harm at night, Thy feeble sheep?

Oh tell me where's the shadowy rock
That shields at noon Thy weary flock?
I long to know, when sore oppressed,
The shelters where Thy saints may rest.

Oh why should I, thy loving bride,
E'en seem to wander from Thy side?
I would not follow flocks that stray
From Thy sure path—Thy holy way.
Oh, gentle Shepherd, come and shine
On this most anxious heart of mine."

"I will, my fair one, I will show
Thy way to live, thy way to go;
Mark well the paths the saints have trod,
In all their journeys up to God;
And let thy children ever share
The Shepherd's tent—the Shepherd's care.

From age to age the saints of God,
The same well-beaten paths have trod.
Walk thou with them, and thou shalt prove
Thy Saviour's present, future love;
And share with them their sure reward,
The full salvation of the Lord."

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

My Beloved spake, and said unto me: Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my Love, my fair One, and come away.

The winter months have passed away,
The rainy days are o'er;
Arrayed in green comes sunny May
With renovating power.

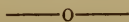
All o'er the land the flowerets bloom;
On every budding tree
The merry birds of every plume
Make cheerful minstrelsy.

From green wood bowers the turtle's notes
O'er all the land extend;
We hear the music as it floats
Like voices of a friend.

The buds of fig trees now expand;
The vineyards are in bloom;
And vines, and fig trees, o'er the land
Are wafting sweet perfume.

I cannot wait, or tarry long,
When nature, all unbound,
Has come to life, to joy, and song,
And glory smiles around.

The Spirit's voice invites above.
I hear the Saviour say :
Awake, desponding child of love,
Arise, and come away !



COMING FROM THE WILDERNESS.

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon
her Beloved ?

When sin's enchantment bound the soul,
The earth appeared like Eden's bowers,
Where roving hearts, without control,
Might gather naught but wreaths of flowers ;
And then I said : " Oh, let me roam
From bliss to bliss in this my happy home."

The Spirit's power the charm has broke ;
The earth appears a desert now,
Where pilgrim saints can only find
The wreaths of thorns to bind the brow.
And now I say : " Oh, let me rise
From grace to grace to God's own Paradise."

The Saviour left the throne of God ;
Triumphant mercy brought Him down ;
The wilderness the Saviour trod,
And wore on earth the thorny crown.
His walk is now where wreaths of flowers
Adorn His brow in heaven's immortal bowers.

On this beloved One I'll rest,
A pilgrim through this world of woe.
There is a land forever blessed,
Where thorns with roses never grow ;
And I will say : " Oh, let me rise,
And gather thornless flowers in Paradise."



TILL SHINES THE STAR IN ZION'S SKY.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

The ordinances of God to a pious Israelite were as soothing to the soul, as dwelling on a mountain of myrrh, and a hill of frankincense, would be grateful to the body. In the enjoyment of these sacred institutions, the ancient believer waited in hope till the shadows of the legal dispensation were dispersed by the breaking of the gospel day, and the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. If Old Testament rites were like mountains of myrrh and hills of frankincense to an Israelite, what are the ordinances of the Gospel to a Chris-

tian ; and what will be the privileges of heaven to the glorified ?

Till shines the star in Zion's sky
That tells the glorious sun is nigh ;
Till types and shadows flee away
Before the light of gospel day ;
My soul shall find a safe retreat
On hills of myrrh and perfumes sweet ;
And faith and hope shall soothe the soul,
As clouds of incense o'er me roll.
And oh ! when spicy hills impart
Such fragrance to the bleeding heart,
How sweet the joy, how pure, how bright,
To see the Lord in gospel light !

Till closing time the vail has riven
That hides from view the inmost heaven ;
Till gospel radiance dies away
In beamings of celestial day ;
My heart shall rest on Zion's heights,
'Mid golden lamps of burning lights ;
And faith shall teach the soul to see
The openings of eternity.
And oh ! when Zion's mountains shine,
So clear, so pure, so much divine,
What floods of light shall fill the place,
Where God is worshiped face to face !

THE BEAUTIFUL SAVIOUR.

What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, oh thou fairest among women? What is thy Beloved more than another beloved that thou dost so charge us. My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold, His locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk and fitly set. His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; His lips like lillies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh. His hands are as gold rings set with beryl; His belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires. His legs are as pillows of marble set upon sockets of fine gold. His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. His mouth is most sweet: yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, oh daughters of Jerusalem.

And do you ask, and will you know,
Why I should love the Saviour so?
Oh, were your eyes illumed to see
The Friend that's now revealed to me;
Your souls, with all their powers, would twine
Around this loving Friend of mine!

My Saviour's altogether fair,
Beyond all thought, beyond compare.
In Him all shining graces meet:
His soul is spotless, form complete.
One line of beauty, more or less,
Would spoil His perfect comeliness.

The tints of red, the shades of white,
Commingling soft, in Him unite,
And form the pure etherial hue,
That's seen in rose buds washed in dew.
So innocence and justice dwell
Soft-blended in Immanuel.

His bushy locks of raven jet
Roll down beneath his coronet ;
Fair sign that youth and power remain
For ever vital in His reign.
The Church secure, shall ever own
The strength and glory of His throne.

His sparkling eye in softness beams
Like doves that wash in gentle streams
Their milk-white plumes ; the emblem bright
Of perfect knowledge, pleasant light,
That shines most pure in Jesus' face,
Ever beauteous—full of grace.

His cheeks are stored with rich perfume,
As beds of spices—flowers in bloom.
No fragrant plants, in nature's field,
Such pleasure give, such sweetness yield,
As faith imparts, when glories shine,
In glimpses, from His face divine.

His lips like purple lillies are,
Dropping sweet-smelling fragrant myrrh.
My Saviour's lips are stored with grace;
He calls me to His pure embrace;
And words of peace, and words of love,
My very soul to transport move.

His arms the pictured rings infold;
There shines the diamond set in gold.
My Saviour's works of grace and power
Are full of blessings, hour by hour;
More precious than the hands that show
The jewel's richest, purest glow.

The ivory's whiteness, sapphire's shine,
Will tell you of His love divine—
His tender mercies ever sure,
Which will from age to age endure.
The Church triumphant, will record
The loving kindness of the Lord.

Pillars of marble, set in gold,
The massive structure firmly hold.
My Saviour walks in strength, and bears
The Church secure with all her cares.
Mercy and truth His throne sustain,
The pillars of His glorious reign.

Like Lebanon with cedars crowned,
O'er all the sons of God renowned,
His stately, comely form appears.
The glory that His person wears,
The saints below, and saints above,
Admire and praise, adore and love.

His mouth is sweet. The thrilling kiss
Of holy love has bathed in bliss
My inmost soul. I hear His voice:
"My sister; spouse; rejoice, rejoice."
I meet His calls; I sing His grace,
And heaven is found in His embrace.

And do you ask, and will you know,
Why I should love my Jesus so?
Oh! were your eyes illumed to see
The Friend that's now revealed to me,
Your souls, with all their powers, would twine
Around this loving Friend of mine.

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THE JEWELS.

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when
I shall make up my jewels.

On Aaron's breast the gems were bright,
Whene'er his footsteps trod

Within the holiest place of light,
And bowed before his God.
That jeweled plate of burning stones,
Radiant in every part,
Was emblem of the shining ones.
Upon the Saviour's heart.

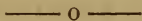
And brilliant pearls the walls compose
Of fair Jerusalem ;
And every gate in beauty glows,
One pure, effulgent gem.
That jeweled city, built in heaven,
The palace of the Lord,
Is Zion, in her glory given,
The Saviour's great reward.

And when the Father's hand erects
The temple of His praise,
Beneath the holy work He sets
The Stone of living rays ;
And lively stones, from every clime
Where human steps have trod,
Meet here, in blended fires, to shine,
The jeweled house of God.

The Spirit's power the bride has formed ;
She's clothed in whiteness now ;
In gems of grace she stands adorned—
The diamond's on her brow.

That radiant fair one in the sheen
Of brilliants beautified,
Is Zion, in her sacred mien,
The Saviour's jeweled bride.

There is a solemn, trying day,
Of rushing, melting fire,
When earth's proud brilliants shall decay,
And glittering heavens expire.
On that dread day shall Jesse's stem
Receive His great renown;
And every saint, a living gem,
Shall grace His starry crown.



THE BRUISED REED.

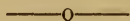
The bruised reed He will not break.

The ancient musician broke his slender instrument of music when overwhelmed with affliction. A bruised reed was the emblem of the heart broken with sorrow.

My bruised reed lies broken now,
The melancholy token
That sadness clothes my aching brow—
That my poor heart is broken:
All human power may strive in vain
To bind that reed for song again.

My harp that breathed seraphic fire,
Affliction's hand has riven ;
But Jesus will not break the lyre ;
This heart was made for heaven.
The Saviour's hand will heal the soul,
To sing to Him who made it whole.

Though bruised to-day, the hand of love
Will heal the reed to-morrow ;
And soon, 'mid spirit harps above,
This bruised heart of sorrow
Will breath to Thee, O God ! to Thee,
The strains of heavenly minstrelsy.



THE MORNING STAR.

And I will give him the Morning Star.

Darkness was spread o'er all the heaven,
The storm was gathering fast ;
From pole to pole a fearful night
O'er all the earth was cast.

Behind the sable canopy
The Star of glory lay ;
Its bright effulgence broke the cloud,
And gave one beam of day.

The beam enlarged, increased in power,
The cloud was further rent;
And richer, broader, brighter rays,
To earth's dark realms were sent.

From age to age the splendor grew,
The cloud was sundered far,
Till over Bethlehem appeared
The full orb'd risen Star.

The shining of that radiant Orb
From vale to mountain ran;
Retreating darkness owned the power,
That poured its light on man.

And still th' effulgent Star will move
Fast on its luminous way;
Till earth, all shining, shall enjoy
The long millennial day.

And soon the Church, all bathed in light,
In yonder world afar,
Shall wear upon her shining brow
The bright—the Morning Star.

THE HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOM TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE WORLD.

Behold I stand at the door and knock.

Arise, daughter, arise from earth's pleasures that bind,
With the cold chain of death the bright gem of the
mind ;

Oh ! rescue the jewel from charms that have bound it,
The snares of the spoiler that 's twining around it :

Though its beauty is faded,

And its purity dim ;

Though its glory is shaded,

Still given to Him,

Who was slain for its ransom, His mercy will save it,
Unsullied and pure, for the Spirit that gave it.

Come, daughter, arise ; for the flowerets that bloom
So sweet in your bosom, are plucked for the tomb :
And the best wreath you twine 'mid the friends that
adore it,

Will fade when the breath of affliction moves o'er it .

But the rose buds on calvary,

All lovely in pride,

Which the Bridegroom will gather,

To garland His bride,

When your cold heart of stone to His bosom is given,
Will bloom in your crown ever fragrant in heaven.

Oh think not the scenes of enjoyment that now
Enliven your bosom, and gladden your brow,
Forever will last; and that friendships, though pure
They may seem to you now, will forever endure.

Earth's scenes are all fading,
And friendships will cease;
The world is illusive
In its promise of peace.

Then daughter, arise; for the world you inherit,
Is no rest for the heart, and no home for the spirit.

And the wreath of eternity lay at His feet,
And the robe of His righteousness hung at His side;
And His promises beamed on His bosom, that beat
For the cares of His fair one, and wants of His bride;
And His eye beamed in mercy,
His heart moved in love,
And Heaven stood calling
The spirit above.

Oh, daughter, arise from earth's pleasures that bind
With the cold chain of death the bright gem of the
mind.

Oh break not the charm: let me rest in earth's shade,
Where my sweetest enjoyments and treasures are
laid;
As I glance thro' the vista of rapture and feeling,
On the gay rosy smiles that are over it stealing.

The world is enchanting,
'Tis swimming in light;
Its joys are ecstatic,
Its visions are bright:

Let me bask in its sunshine, and rest in its shade,
Where my sweetest enjoyments and treasures are
laid.

And the Bridegroom has gone: let her slumber and
sleep

Till the morning shall break, when she rises to weep.

Oh! had she one look of sincerity given,

And glanced thro' the vista that opens in heaven;

Had her spirit, ascending

On pinions of prayer,

Once gazed on the brightness

Of glory that's there,

It never had moved from the glimpse it had taken,

To repose on the earth that its hopes had forsaken.

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THE EMBLEMATIC HEAVEN.

REVELATION, CHAPTERS 4, 5, 21 AND 22.

The Holy Ghost has cast my soul
In state of trance, beyond control
Of natural power, and visions rise
Of glorious things in Paradise.

A trumpet voice salutes my ear,
And wakes my soul these words to hear:
“Come up on high, and thou shalt see
The glories of eternity.”

And now on lofty hills I stand,
And view the bright, celestial land.
The holy city I behold,
With gates of pearl and streets of gold,
With jeweled walls so clear and bright,
No mortal could endure the sight.

I see within the sapphire throne,
And One thereon like sardine stone.
The rainbow's arch is o'er the scene,
Soft as the emerald's purest queen.
Seven lamps of fire are shining bright,
Filling the place with dazzling light.
Clear as the crystal, there I see,
Burnished like brass, the molten sea.
Four living creatures, full of eyes,
Before my gazing vision rise;
Swift to fulfill words from the throne,
Six wings around their forms are thrown.
And now my wondering eyes behold
Full four and twenty seats of gold,
The thrones on which the elders rest,
In robes of spotless whiteness dressed:

Their heads are graced with diadems
That sparkle with the richest gems;
And in uplifted hands they hold,
High strung for song, their harps of gold;
And golden cups, from which arise
A fragrant, constant sacrifice.
Waters of life like crystal clear,
Before my gazing eyes appear;
And trees of life, whose branches bear
Twelve kinds of fruit throughout the year.

The sapphire throne, the Holy One
Like jasper and the sardine stone,
The covenant bow of mellow dyes,
The living creatures full of eyes,
The lamps of fire all burning bright,
The elders clothed in robes of white,
The golden crowns, the crystal sea,
The harps attuned to melody,
The golden censers shedding round
Frankincence o'er the holy ground,
The river pure, the trees that bear
Life-giving fruits throughout the year—
Oh! what ecstatic visions roll
Their waves of glory o'er my soul.

Behold, amid this gorgeous scene,
I see a Form of humble mien,

Standing before the throne above,
Full of meekness—full of love,
Bearing the marks of one who died—
The Lamb of God, the crucified,
The central glory in the train,
The spotless Lamb for sinners slain.

My soul exults. The inmost skies
Contain th' atoning sacrifice,
The precious pledge that God has given
Of joyful entrance into heaven.
Before the Man of calvary
I see the elders bend the knee,
And join the bright, angelic throng,
And shout the grand, triumphant song;
And this the high, ecstatic strain:
“Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain.”
I hear the heaven, and earth, and sea,
Proclaim in blended harmony:
“Glory to Him who fills the throne;
And glory to th' incarnate Son:
All blessing, honor, love, and power,
Be given to God forever more!”

HEAVEN.

And there shall be no night there. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it; and the Lamb is the light thereof.

Mysterious heaven ! veiled throne of God !

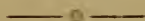
Faint are thy beamings given
To mortals as they tread the road
That leads to Thy sublime abode,
Oh ! deep, mysterious heaven.

And yet the veil that hides the throne,
The Son of God has riven ;
The opening lets some glory flow
To anxious hearts, enough to show
That all is light in heaven.

Then oh, my soul, in patience wait,
Just on the verge of even ;
The cloud will soon be rolled away,
And thou wilt find in perfect day,
No mysteries in heaven !

Land of the promise—world of hope—
Home to the weary given,
In thee the Saviour wide displays
The Godhead, and His wondrous ways,
And all is light in heaven !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



HYMN.

Who, Lord, would count life's troubles o'er,
Life's bitter sorrow see;
If when deceived and wounded sore,
He could not rest in Thee!

And who, in hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Life's weary hours would spend;
And journey down the vale of tears,
If Thou wert not his friend!

When hearts we fondly loved are flown,
The purest and the best;
Oh! who would weep his tears alone,
If Thou wert not his rest!

And who would turn the eye within
And vile corruptions see;
If when convinced of death and sin,
He could not rest in Thee!

Oh ! life would be a weary doom,
And earth a poor reward,
If mercy shed not through the gloom
The sunshine of the Lord.

Oh ! then I'll count life's troubles o'er,
Life's bitter sorrows see ;
When smitten hard, and wounded sore,
I'll rest, O Lord, in Thee !

— o —

INVOCATION TO FAITH.

Come to my bosom, precious grace,
And make my heart thy dwelling place :
To thee the Saviour power has given,
To save the soul, and lead to heaven.

Come to the guilty : come and bring
The righteousness of Zion's king ;
And bind the conscience torn with care,
And heal the bosom of despair.

Come to the mourner : come and lave
His aching brow in mercy's wave ;
And sooth the woes in sorrow's breast,
And give the weary spirit rest.

Come to the contrite : come and bind
The bleeding heart, the broken mind ;
Revive and animate the soul,
And make the bruised conscience whole.

Come to the hopeless : come and show
The promise sure, the covenant bow ;
And teach the soul in hope to see
The seal of immortality.

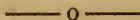
Come to the soldier : come and dress
His soul in mail of righteousness ;
And bring the Spirit's gleaming sword,
And bid him triumph in the Lord.

Come to the dying : come and take
From death his sting, his scepter break ;
And whisper through expiring breath :
" Thy spear is broken, king of death."

Come to the mourner : come and pour
From mercy's urn a healing shower ;
And bid the heart, with anguish torn,
Behold the resurrection morn.

Oh faith of God ! Thy piercing eye
Sees perfect glory in the sky ;
'Tis thine to fill the Christian's breast,
With earnest of eternal rest.

Come to my bosom, precious grace,
And make my heart thy dwelling place;
To thee the Saviour power has given
To save the lost, and lead to heaven.



THE SEA.

I looked on the sea, and the tempest roamed
O'er its bosom that was rudely swelling;
Every wave ran high, every billow foamed
On the face of the wide watery dwelling.
And thus, I have said, the passions sweep
The bosom of peace forsaken;
And the soul of man, like the angry deep,
With tempests of feeling is shaken.

I looked on the sea, and the sunbeams threw
Their glow and their loveliness o'er it:
Not a sound was heard, not a murmur flew
On the stillness of evening before it.
And thus, I have said, his passions rest,
With the sunshine of peace around them,
Who has checked the wiles in his manly breast,
And in bonds of religion bound them.

The waves lay at rest on the wide-spread deep,
Not a breath o'er its calm was stealing:
Oh thus, I have said, may the passions sleep,
That would mar but the peace of a feeling.
May a storm never rise to break the rest
Of the heart that has hushed its wildness,
And is smooth like the sea, when calms have
impressed
On its bosom the picture of mildness.

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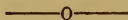
THE SUNBEAM OF MORNING.

The mind may be as clear as the polar star, while the heart is as cold as the polar ice.

The sunbeam of morning in beauty may sleep
On the smooth frozen mirror that covers the deep;
While the current beneath it in darkness may glide,
And a cold icy chill in its waters reside.
Thus the light of the mind may be brilliant and clear,
As the sheen of the star in the north of the sphere;
While a deep arctic shadow may darken the soul,
And the heart be as cold as the ice of the pole.

I looked, and the rising etherial beam
Had melted the mirror that covered the stream;
And the waters uncovered rolled joyfully by,
Reflecting the fires they had caught from the sky.

And thus may the Day-spring His radiance impart
To the gloom of the mind, and the ice of the heart ;
And my life's happy current all glowing shall run,
Like the river that rolls in the smiles of the sun.



OH I HAVE WEPT.

Oh ! I have wept, when the true hearts I cherishea
Long, loving, and tenderly fond as my own,
In the hour of a bleak winter agony perished,
And left me forsaken to weep alone.
And when I have sighed, that sigh was lonely ;
None echoed back its plaintive thrill ;
Oh ! then I have thought, that death, and death only,
Could heal the wound that was bleeding still.

Oft have I sighed when the heart, all forsaken,
Fled from the dream of its false repose ;
And the cup of the world, that my fancy had taken,
Foamed to the brim with its bitter woes.
Oh ! then I have said, the earth we inherit
Has charms that are fleeting and dim ;
That the heart, when alone, may look to the Spirit,
And draw its enjoyments alone from Him.

WE MAY SPORT IN THE WILDNESS OF
FEELING AWHILE.

We may sport in the wildness of feeling awhile,
When the visions of youth are before us,
And the cheek may be flushed with a heart-beaming
smile,

When the sunshine of friendship is o'er us;
And the orb of the mind may brilliantly roll
In the sky of the fancy, adorning
For a little the shades that may rise on the soul,
As it runs through the freshness of morning;
Every feeling alive to rapture may waken,
'Mid pleasures enchantingly twined,
To feast on the visions that childhood has taken,
And the joys of a sensitive mind.

But give me the joys that enliven the heart,
That the spirit of Jesus has given;
The bliss that creation could never impart,
For it brings all its sweetness from heaven.
Ah! youth, you may sport when passion is light,
But the fondest enjoyments you cherish,
When the Lord has but glanced, and the world
thrown a blight,
Like the night fallen dew drops will perish.
But give me, oh give me, the bliss adorning
My life in the hour of my tears,

And my soul will rejoice when the sunshine of morn-
ing
Is dimmed in the sunset of years.



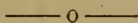
THE SEAMAN'S STARLIGHT.

Not a murmur was heard, for the shadowy wave
Had hushed all its playful commotion ;
The evening was mild, and the starlights above
Lay sweet on the breast of the ocean ;
And he looked, as the bright little rubies appeared
In the sky of the beautiful even,
And said : " With the eye of a saint I can gaze
On the glories that brighten in heaven."

And the stars that have sparkled long ages away,
Repeating their ancient told story ;
Oh they beamed down to-night on the sailor boy's eye,
With a sweeter and lovelier glory.
And he glanced on the luminous path in the skies,
All rich with the starlight of even,
" And such," he exclaimed, " is the radiant track,
That the spirit shall travel to heaven."

And long has the sailor boy wafted his course
On the roughness of life's stormy ocean ;
And soon will the flame that has burned in his heart
Suppress all its tremulous motion.

Oh then in the last shining sparkle of life,
Will he glance on the beauties of even,
And gaze till he mounts to the kingdom of stars,
And shines in the brightness of heaven!



THY HEART MUST BLEED.

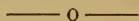
Thy heart must bleed ; for its timid hopes
That looked abroad are sleeping ;
But a day will dawn, of joyful light,
For a heart like thine that 's weeping.

Then grieve no more ; for the sun that shines
Above the cloud that 's o'er thee,
Will shed the light of its rosy hues
Along the path before thee.

Then weep no more ; for the days gone by
Are shaded deep with sadness ;
But watch the beams of the rising morn
That tell of peaceful gladness.

Thou hast seen the gems in the azure sky,
How bright the star of even ;
But thou shalt shine a more brilliant star
In the Saviour's crown in heaven.

Then weep no more ; for the heart to-day
That drinks the cup of sorrow,
May leave its dwelling, and flee away,
To dwell above to-morrow.



SHE LIVES IN HEAVEN.

She has gone ; and the mildness that shone on her
check,

Has told you the rapture that moved in her breast ;
And the smile on her lip, were it suffered to speak,

Would tell you the calm on her spirit impressed.
To the peace in her bosom, unsullied and pure,
The joy of the seraph was given ;
And I knew from its sweetness, unceasing and sure,
'T was naught but the gladness of heaven.

She has gone ; and the beamings of hope in her eye,

Has told you she loved with the tenderest care ;
And the presence of God that she felt in her soul,
Would tell you the spirit of Jesus was there.
To the hymn of the Lamb, that she sung as her own,
The anthem of Moses was given ;
And I knew from the melting and life-giving tone,
'T was naught but the music of heaven.

She has gone ; and her walk in the temple below,
Has told you the truth and the power of her love ;

And her feet in the courts of mount Zion would show,
That her heart was engaged in the temple above.
The mercies of David, the Christian's reward,
To the faith of the pure one was given ;
And I knew from her look in the house of the Lord,
'T was naught but the portals of heaven.

She has gone ; and the beautiful plant that God sent
To the earth, has returned neither shaded or dim ;
For the Lord has appeared for the plant that He lent,
To remove it forever still nearer to Him.
'T was green for awhile, as it gracefully reared ;
To bloom for a little 't was given ;
But I knew when its beauty so lovely appeared,
That it only could flourish in heaven !



HEIRS OF HEAVEN.

Ye heirs of heaven ! ye heirs of endless rest !
No more ye know the anxious thought, the troubled
breast.
Your cares and fears are past ; your race is run ;
And now ye roam in fields of bliss beyond the sun,
While I this day the doubtful issue wait,
Of scenes momentous in my earthly, mortal state.
No clouds flit o'er your bright effulgent sky ;
No wavering doubts corroding in your bosom lie ;

While I still dwell in twilight here below,
And fear tempestuous nights, and weary days of woe.
Ye shining ones! were ye not born above
Where all is rest, and all is perfect love?
Was ever earth your tiresome, weary home?
Did you, like me, the thorny desert ever roam?
Were these your aspects, now composed and sweet,
E'er marred with care? Did you the bread of sorrow
eat?
Did e'er your bosoms heave unheeded sighs,
Or briny tears e'er flow from these your sparkling
eyes?

Yes, erring man; we all, yea every one,
Thro' tribulations deep, and sorrows great, have come.
No dweller now on Canaan's blissful shore,
But once has passed the Jordan's stormy waters o'er.
No one can dwell with God's eternal Son,
Till thro' your thorny world his pilgrimage has run.
We lost our sorrows with our mortal clay,
And disembodied, rose to heaven's unclouded day.
Our happiness is firm as hills of bliss;
Enjoyment vast as thought, unbounded as our wish.

Well, well, ye sons of light, your joy is true;
But still I boast my happiness as well as you.
Yours is secure, now reigning on your seat;
Mine in the promise is secure, tho' not complete.

That God who doth His seed from Egypt guide,
Will safe convey o'er Jordan's rough tempestuous tide.
Ye once like me did weep; and filled with woe,
Like monuments of grief, ye knew not what to do.
Soon I like you on hills of bliss will sing
The glories of my Guide, the honors of my King.
E'en now by faith I stand on heavenly ground,
And walk with seraphim the heavenly circles round.
By faith I drink the nectar of that tide,
Which from the throne of God in golden currents glide.
Why should I fear the elemental war,
The lightning's vivid flash, the thunder's rolling car?
Why should I fear, tho' round my brows was hurled,
By ruin and convulsion torn, a broken world?
Why should I fear the shafts of Satan's power,
Since Jesus is my strength, my everlasting tower?
Why fear e'en death, who only sets me free,
To taste in heaven the joys of immortality?

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AUTUMN.

I looked when the tempests of autumn had blown,
And the landscape was stripped of its mantle of
green;
The flowers were all withered, the rose buds were
strown,
Not a charm, nor a beauty of summer was seen.

The notes of the wild bird, that dropped from his
tongue,

Were plaintive and sad as they fell on the ear ;
Oh it seemed as the hymn that the wood robin sung,
Was the dirge o'er the grave and the wreck of the
year.

Every passion was sunk 'mid its sentinel fire ;
Every lively emotion grew sad and serene ;
And the raptures that played 'round the lap of desire,
Were hushed 'mid the desolate gloom of the scene.

The soul from its slumber of fancy was driven ;
'T was a moment of agony bitter as death.
I thought of a life to earth's gay pleasures given,
That is hung on a pulse, and is borne on a breath.

And I thought of a long day all wasted and lost,
In the freshness of morning, when passion was
young ;
When the heart heaved a sigh, o'er a wild feeling
crossed,
Was the bitterest emotion its tenderness wrung.

And I felt that the long night of winter would chill
The fondest enjoyments in which it reposed ;
And its warmest, its purest, its liveliest thrill,
Would cease when the summer of pleasure had
closed.

And I felt that the vision of childhood was dim,
And false were the joys that its revels impart;
And I prayed to the Lord, that the sunshine of Him,
Would beam on the desolate waste of the heart.

Oh it seemed that the wreath that the seraphim wove,
Would bloom when creation was lovely no more;
And I felt that the stream from the fountain above,
Had mellowed the soul that was barren before.

I looked, and the earth that was mantled in gloom,
Now seemed in the beauties of Eden to roll;
And thus will the virtues eternally bloom,
When the Spirit has breathed on the desolate soul.



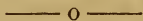
THE STRANGER'S BURIAL.

The tears that were shed at his grave,
As the turf was laid peacefully o'er him,
Would tell you the youth was beloved,
But we knew not how much to deplore him.

But a few days the stranger was here,
And we seemed but a little to mind him;
Oh we knew not till taken away,
How near to our hearts we had twined him.

We will carve not a line on his stone;
No laurel of ours shall enwreath it;
For we know not how much to declare
Of the stranger that's sleeping beneath it.

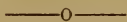
But the virtues that mellowed his heart,
And rich in his bosom were swelling,
Will rest in the grave where he sleeps,
And hallow the place of his dwelling.



THE PLUCKED ROSE.

Say, ye wise, will a roseat hue
E'er flush the rose when its branch is strown?
Say, will the heart e'er its joys renew,
When its fondest friend is forever flown?
Tell, oh never, of tints adorning
The leaves of the rose when plucked from its stay.
Tell me, oh never, that a joyful morning,
Will rise on the soul when its friend's away.
No, the bud from its tender stem
Will wither away, and its leaves decline.
Yes, and the heart like the rosy gem
Will droop in sorrow, and in tears repine.
Oh the deep fount of joy will perish;
The bosom forsaken no pleasures can own;
The soul bereft, oh never can cherish
Love's joys in the heart that is weeping alone.

Tell, oh never, that a friendly gleam
Will tinge the flower that is rudely pressed.
Tell me, oh never, that a light will beam
From the fading tints of its lonely breast.
Oh, no ; nor again will the heart awaken
Its fondest hopes, its exquisite thrill.
Never, oh never, will the soul forsaken
Renew the warmth of its rapture still.
Faded and dim is the sweetest flower
That ever bloomed in the morning ray ;
Oh thus will I droop, in the evil hour,
When the friend of my life is torn away.
When back, when back to the brilliant Spirit,
The heart that we loved forever has flown ;
Oh ! who would live, and longer inherit
This cold, and this fleeting world alone.



EARLY DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Thou timid one ! Has thy maiden look
E'er dwelt, with a hope of anxious fear,
On a friend that was cold as the winter brook,
That chilled thy young feelings, so true and sincere ?
Has love lit his torch 'mid hopes that shed
But a gleam of light from fading fires,
To allure the heart to deception dead,
And waste the soul when the flame expires ?

Then rest in this bosom that now is lonely ;
The feelings that wound thee once were mine ;
Come rest in this timid heart that only
Can feel the woes that are breaking thine.

Forsaken one ! Have thy fond friends flown,
When youth's joyful morn was clouded o'er ;
When hope never sparkled, nor sunbeam shone,
On thy heart that was smitten, and touched to its
core ?

And then was the rosy wreath you twined
In a brighter hour all dimmed away,
Not a soul to soothe, not a hand to bind
The wounded part that ran to decay ?
Then rest in this bosom, forsaken one,
That feels for a heart like thine forlorn ;
My young friends all withered like flowers in the sun,
When bruised was my spirit in youth's early morn.

Desponding one ! When thy heart beat high
With joys that enlivened thy early day ;
Did hope, like the star in the evening sky,
Shine bright for a little, then fade away ?
And still did she seem in thy morning years,
A light to thy path, and a lamp to thy feet,
Till she bathed the eye in a flood of tears,
And poisoned the sparkling cup that was sweet ?

Then rest in this bosom, desponding one ;
This heart beat high—like thine believed,
And followed the light of a false-guiding sun,
Till feeling was lost and hope deceived.

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JESSE, THE FLOWER OF DUNBLANE.

Oh fair was the vision that opened before thee,
And sweet was the sunbeam that rose on thy youth ;
And clear was the star that moved brilliantly o'er thee,
To guide thee along in the pathway of truth.
Oh warm was the rapturè, and pure the emotion,
Which fondness and friendship then breathed to thy
name ;
To thine, happy Jesse, was raised the devotion,
Oh fortunate Jesse, the flower of Dunblane.

The scene is all past. The fair vision is faded.
The star and the sunbeam enlighten no more.
Too soon, lovely Jesse, thy young days are shaded ;
Too soon thy delights and thy friendships are o'er.
The grave holds thy kindred once fast bound around
thee ;
Thy friends and thy fond ones no longer remain.
Unguarded and lonely, affliction has found thee,
Unfortunate Jesse, the flower of Dunblane.

Dunblane, shall thy blossom, dejected and lonely,
Oppressed by the rain, and night-fallen dew ;
Dunblane, shall it shed all its fragraney only,
To sweeten the spot where its infancy grew ?
Oh, no ; I'll not leave thee, thou delicate blossom,
To pine all alone in the cold and the rain ;
Then come to my bower, my home, and my bosom,
My lovely young Jesse, the flower of Dunblane.

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TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

It is not that I've lost assurance
That thy love I may not gain ;
But oh it is the long endurance
Of thy absence gives me pain.

In thinking, hoping, there is pleasure,
Which from my bosom may not part ;
But love demands a dearer treasure,
'Tis thy person near the heart.

When feelings blend, experience only
Knows the pain that absence brings ;
When distant, my sad heart is lonely ;
When near, my happy spirit sings.

Then come with all thy soul revealing
Love that meets a warm return ;
Then side by side shall rapturous feeling
In united bosoms burn.

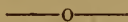
A PARODY ON MOORE'S MEETING OF THE
WATERS.

There is not in this wide world a circle so sweet,
As the place where the free social company meet.
Oh the last sense of honor and truth shall depart,
Ere the friends of that circle shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that music enlivened the hour,
With its sweetness of cadence and wildness of power;
'T was not the soft voice of the mild singing fair;
Oh, no; there was something more exquisite there.

'T was the friendship, and feeling, and union, that run
Through the hearts that were mutually blended in one;
And which show how the joys of affection appear,
When they flow from the warmth of the heart that's
sincere.

Sweet circle of friendship! How calm could I rest
On thy honor refined, with the friends I love best;
Where the coldness we meet in this false world shall
cease,
And our hearts and our interests be blended in peace.



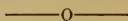
A CANZONET.

Saw, ye girls, the eastern sky,
When dawning beams had fringed it?

Or saw ye e'er the opening rose,
When morning light had tinged it?

The day has dawned; the cloud has passed,
Which morn so richly varnished.
The storm has come; the rose is touched,
And all its bloom is tarnished.

Saw ye this? And such the cheek
That beauty's self has shaded:
It blooms awhile; the storm has come;
And all its hues are faded.



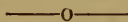
FALSE APPEARANCES.

Even in laughter the heart may be sorrowful.

The mansion appeared,
As it gracefully reared,
To whisper: enjoyment is here.
But the weeping within,
'T was the offspring of sin,
Spake louder: affliction is near.

Thus laughter may grace
The beautiful face,
And the cheek may be rosy awhile;
But deep from the heart,
The long sigh may start,
To show 't was a counterfeit smile.

And the mansion's decay,
As it mouldered away,
Has told you the ruins of art;
And the smile on the cheek,
Were it suffered to speak,
Would tell you the wreck of the heart.



BEAMING AND BRIGHT.

Beaming and bright lay the calm world before me,
Its gay blooming prospects in brilliancy shone;
And the wild scenes of youth smiled enchantingly
o'er me,
And the pleasures in prospect were viewed as my
own.
The fancy ran sportive in morning wiles yet;
All sparkling with light was the dress that arrayed
it;
And warm on the heart every phantom was set,
As the fond ardent wish had surveyed it.
And I thought that each joy, like the covenant bow,
Was just on the hill where the Spirit had placed it;
Every pleasure, tho' far, like the beautiful star,
Seemed just in the grasp, and I might have em-
braced it.

Changed is the picture. The world is illusion.
The scenes once exciting all fail with the breath;

And the prospects they shadowed forth, warm and
Elysian,
Are doomed to be touched by the cold hand of
death.

Earth's promise : it smiled like the rich morning glow ;
And I thought to my heart in a breath I cou'
press it.

Ah, little I dreamed that each joy, like the bow,
Was set in the cloud, and I ne'er could possess it.
And the fond hope of youth ; it was warm in the
soul,
And I thought that no changes in life could destroy
it ;

Ah, little I dreamed, that its starlight that beamed,
Was set in the sky, and I ne'er could enjoy it.

Fading and false is the vain world around me ;
No sweet peace of mind can its pleasures afford.
Dejected and fainting a soft voice has found me ;
It thrills thro' my soul ; 't is the voice of the Lord.
My heart hears its pleadings : "The things that are
seen

Are passing away like the dew drops of morning ;
But oh there are hopes of enjoyment, whose sheen
Will grow brighter and brighter, like beams of the
dawning.

They are not in the distance like stars in the skies,
Or the rainbow that kisses the sides of the mountain ;
They are near to thy heart, in the words that impart
Contentment and peace from the life-giving foun-
tain."

DEATH IN ROSY MAY.

Oh to die when flowers are blooming.

And can I die serene and calm,
When renovating May
Extends o'er all that live and feel
Her spirit-stirring sway?

My garden walks are pleasant now;
The flowers are all in bloom;
And fragrant plants, renewed in life,
Are wafting sweet perfume.

The merry birds have made their nests
On every hedge and tree;
And all the air is filled with songs
Of cheerful melody.

The lambs are bounding on the green,
The herds in pastures feed;
The toiling swains have ploughed their fields,
And sowed their precious seed.

Oh 't is life's renovating hour.
All nature, now unbound,
Puts on her rosy robes of joy,
And glory smiles around.

But sweeter scenes are mine, to stir
With purer joys the breast;
And bind the heart in opening spring
To earth's enchanting rest.

Around my door my little ones
Are bounding glad and free;
Their laughing eyes and merry sounds
Are full of ecstasy.

And she, who crowns my heart with love,
And wreathes my home with flowers,
Is moving round with angel smiles
In these delightful hours.

And can I die serene and calm,
When renovating May
Extends o'er all that live and feel
Her spirit stirring sway?

Oh 't is the happy time for hope,
Her beaming eye to rest
On rich celestial scenery,
The portion of the blessed

Oh 't is the happy hour for faith,
Her eagle wings to plume,
And see the Spirit come with power,
And animate the tomb;

And gaze on opening buds of life,
From bondage rendered free,
Awoke, by heavenly spring, to bloom
In immortality.

And oh ! my spirit, now when God
To earth her charms has given,
Expand thy powers of life and joy
In ever blooming heaven.

And I will die serene and calm,
In cheerful, rosy May,
And live, renewed in life and health,
In heaven's immortal day !

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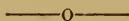
LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

Oh ! where should loved ones be,
The beautiful and bright ;
Where, but, O God, with Thee,
God of the world of light ?

My sweet and blooming boy,
Who nestled on my breast,
And filled my heart with joy,
As he took his balmy rest ;

Oh! where should Edward be,
My rosy cherub boy,
Where but, O God, with Thee,
God of the world of joy?

The mother's heart of love,
The heart all love excelling,
Yields thee, my child, to dwell above,
In God's eternal dwelling.



CHILDREN GOING HOME.

Remarkable death of two boys, sons of one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society. Jimmie was eight, and Charlie five years old. They were intelligent, manly, and beautiful boys. They were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and early manifested signs of piety. They were taken sick at the same time, lay in the same room, and often in the same bed. They suffered with great patience for five weeks, and died on the same evening. They were lovely and united in their lives, and in their deaths were not divided. They lie side by side in the same grave, and are now united in glory.

The facts recorded in the poem are of the most affecting character.

I saw the brothers at their play,
Two bright-eyed blooming boys;
Their youthful limbs were full of life,
Their hearts were full of joys.

I saw them in the Sabbath school,
And watched their eager looks,
As lovingly and ardently
They gazed upon their books.

Their sacred carols floated sweet
Upon the morning air,
And reverently they bowed the knee
At time of evening prayer.

These rosy boys were taught to know,
And prize the Saviour's love;
And in the morning of their days
Began to live above.

Again I saw these brothers dear;
The bloom of health had fled;
In pain they languished, side by side,
Upon their weary bed.

From week to week their pains increased;
The time was hard and long;
And yet they charmed their griefs away
With cheerful smiles and song.

They talked of death, serene and calm;
They mingled praise with prayer;
And said: "That they would go to heaven,
If God should want them there."

The Pilgrim's Progress, page by page,
To them the mother read ;
Her soothing tones, and pious words,
In sickness made their bed.

She read how Christian passed the flood
With Hopeful by his side,
And how the heavenly city's gates
To him were open wide.

The hour has come, the painful hour,
These children dear must die ;
The hand of death is on their frames,
But angel guards are nigh.

The dying Charlie calmly said :
"Jimmie I'd see once more."
They laid the brothers side by side,
And all death's pains were o'er.

Around their necks they twined their arms
As though they ne'er could part ;
They talked, and kissed, and sweetly smiled,
While heart was pressed to heart.

Oh ! close the door. Let none intrude.
No stranger here can stand.
The strength of God alone can hold
The weepers in His hand !

Again they laid the dear loved child,
Where he was wont to lie;
The mother's hand the pillow smoothed,
Where he was now to die.

He took the cup from each one's hand,
And drank, and looked, and smiled.
"Now, dear papa, I'll go to sleep,"
Whispered that heavenly child.

Peaceful and calm he closed his eyes;
'T was just the hour of even;
He looked like INNOCENCE asleep;
But Charlie woke in heaven!

And Jimmie, dying, calmly heard.
The softly whispered word,
That Charlie's soul had passed away,
And now was with the Lord.

"I thought we both would pass the flood,
Joined hand in hand," he said:
"And I, like Hopeful, would uphold
My little brother's head.

A few short hours he's gone before,
Just at the close of even,
And he will meet me on the shore,
And kiss me into heaven."

Again I saw these brothers dear,
In white robes neatly dressed;
The calm of heaven was on their brows,
So peaceful was their rest.

Now side by side, in sweet repose,
They sleep where Jesus lay,
And rise with Him, and live with God
In heaven's eternal day.

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LINES TO MY DAUGHTER.

Earth's vision has opened before thee;
Its prospects enchantingly shine,
And the spring time of girlhood is o'er thee;
Its joys and its sorrows are thine.
New hopes and new fears are entwined
Round thy spirit, my child, and impart
A charm to thy sensitive mind,
Or a pang to thy delicate heart;
And the warm wish of youth is awake,
The cup of enjoyment to win;
And life's early promises break
On the gayness that flutters within.

Let them pass—let them pass; for they borrow
The light that seems cheerful and gay;
And the heart may be sleeping to-morrow,
That enjoys them so fondly to day.

Let them pass—let them pass; for they only
Can sweeten a moment and flee;
And sad, and dejected, and lonely,
Thy evening retirement shall be.
Oh the heart may be lively and gay,
And its hopes may be brilliant as yet;
Let them pass; for the heart will decay,
And the hopes of enjoyment will set.

Give me back, says the aged and wise,
The feelings I once did inherit;
Oh they 'll twine round the hope in the skies,
And glow with the joy of the Spirit.
Remember, the sunbeam that plays
Round thy girlhood so lovely and sweet,
Will never rekindle its blaze
In the home of thy evening retreat;
But the sunbeam that comes from above,
Will brighten for ever and ever;
And shine in thy bosom, my love,
As pure and as holy as ever.

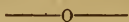
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THE ROSE.

The Rose will give a sweet perfume,
When severed from the fostering stem;
Removed from sunshine and from dews,
Still fragrant breathes the flowery gem.

The Rose has lost its blushing hues ;
Its beauty and its grace have fled ;
And still its fragrancy remains,
When bud, and leaf, and branch are dead.

And such is love—undying grace :
Sunshine and storm—life's joy and sigh,
May warm the soul—may chill the heart,
Love's fragrancy can never die.



MY KIND FRIEND.

Oh gentle and mild was the look of my friend ;
A lovelier scarce could a female impart.
A sister could never more kindness extend,
Than flowed from the warmth and the truth of
her heart.

And friendship, adorned with so gentle a grace,
So kind and attentive, so true and sincere,
Shall I ever forget, or shall distance erase
From my bosom a virtue so tenderly dear?

Oh, no : 't is a feeling the brightest, the clearest,
That 'round my warm spirit was ever entwined ;
And long shall it flourish, the purest, and dearest,
That ever was felt by a sensitive mind.

And long as my bosom shall heave a commotion,
The look of my true friend shall never depart ;
And oft will I think, with the purest emotion,
On virtues that graced her, and hallowed her heart

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MARY IN TEARS.

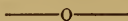
Come, gentle glance ; come, modest blush ;
And look of social gladness :
Oh come, and decorate with smiles
My Mary's brow of sadness.
Let sunshine grace my Mary's face ;
Let joy be her adorning ;
Those cherub cheeks should ever wear
The rosy bloom of morning.

And why is thy kind spirit grieved ?
And why in sorrow languish ?
Those secret thoughts, untold, will swell
The hidden fires of anguish.
Oh drive afar the gloomy fears,
Now o'er thy bosom stealing ;
And let the beams of hope illumine
Thy heart with cheerful feeling.

Oh were it mine to know the woe
That wrings thy bosom, bleeding ;
Oh were it mine to know the grief
That's on thy beauties feeding ;

I'd banish, maiden, from thy breast
Those gloomy thoughts of sadness,
And thy fair face again should wear
The smiles of social gladness.

Come, cheer thy breast, thou bonny flower;
The light of peace is gleaming.
Come, cheer thy heart, thou lovely gem;
The star of hope is beaming.
Let storms arise, and winter rage,
And tempests o'er thee hover;
A friend is near, thy head to shield;
A true and faithful lover.



THE RAINBOW.

'T is an emblem of promise
That never shall fade,
While a sunbeam shall deepen
The tints of its shade.
Set arched in the heavens,
No wide-spreading main,
Shall o'erwhelm with a deluge
The nations again.

When the dark rolling tempest
Has passed to the east,
And the sun in his glory
Breaks out in the west;

As bright as his splendor,
And fair as his form,
Is reflected in blushes
The bow of the storm.

And thus when afflictions
In darkness shall roll,
And the long night of sorrow
Shall weary my soul,
May hope shine in splendor,
A radiant form,
Like the bow that 's reflected
In peace from the storm.

And when tempests are ended,
My spirit shall rise
Through this archway of promise
To scenes in the skies;
Where, crowned with the Saviour,
In radiance divine,
The bow of the covenant
In glory shall shine.

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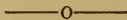
THE WINGS OF TIME.

How slow the wings of time are bending,
When we pass through vales of tears;

The days of pain seem never ending ;
Days are lengthened into years.
The heart that trobs with grief will prove,
How wearily time's pinions move.

The wings of time have eagle fleetness,
When we walk through fields of flowers ;
Elysian groves have so much sweetness,
Years of joy are changed to hours.
The heart that 's bathed in bliss divine,
Marks not the measurements of time.

The days of pleasure, days of weeping,
Moving fast, or slow, will end ;
In dust the mortal will be sleeping,
And the spirit will ascend
On high, where perfect rest is given,
And time will have no wings in heaven.



MEMORY.

In memory's book no scenes are set
In deeper, bolder lines,
Than scenes of joy, through which we pass,
In morning's early times.

The page still holds the scenes the saine,
Most beautiful and fair ;

The lines as deep, the shades as true,
As when first written there.

In age I open memory's book,
And read its pages o'er,
And find the leaves that first were filled,
As fresh as heretofore.

The house, the school, the fields, the groves,
The romping girls and boys
Are still the same. I read and live
Anew my early joys.

Full fifty years have rolled away
Since I began to roam :
I seek again my native place—
My childhood's pleasant home.

O'er all the long loved days of youth
I cast my eager look,
And not a scene of joy appears
As traced in memory's book.

Then visit not thy native home,
Thy early joys to find ;
The scenes of youth are only found
Engraven on the mind.

THE SAILOR COMING HOME.

And do they say the child has come,
My Jimmie from the sea?
They say he's running up the lane,
Fast running home to me.

Oh, Jennie, stir about the house,
And set the things aright;
I'm so bewildered by the news,
I can't believe my sight.

But there he comes; indeed it's true;
It is my darling boy.
Throw wide the door, and set the chair,
I'm overcome with joy.

Call in the children from their work;
Give them a day of grace;
Oh that my good man was here,
To look in Jimmie's face.

And has he come within the gate,
And is he at the door?
Oh! I had never thought to see
My long lost Jimmie more.

I cannot speak; I cannot weep;
I know not what to do.
Oh call him in to speak to me;
It may not yet be true.

And yet they say the child has come—
My Jimmie from the sea;
They say he's running up the lane,
Fast running home to me.

And Jimmie's in his mother's arms,
And lips to lips are pressed;
Oh! who can tell the mother's joy,
With Jimmie on her breast?

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THE OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY.

Lines suggested on seeing the young ladies of the Oakland Female Seminary, Norristown, Pennsylvania, walking in procession to Church on Thanksgiving day.

I saw them as they passed along,
A sister-loving, youthful throng,
To meet in Zion's courts, and pay
Pure offerings on Thanksgiving day.

The hill of science is the home
Where they reside, from whence they come

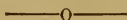
To stand on Zion's hill, and raise
Their hearts to God in cheerful praise.

How beautiful, as science sheds
Her beams of light on youthful heads,
That cultured minds should own the Hand
That scatters blessings o'er the land.

Father of lights! Those souls are Thine.
Their powers to learn, their powers to shine,
Are all Thy own; and they should be
Forever given, O Lord, to Thee.

Brilliant in mind, renewed by grace,
And running well the Christian race,
This band of youth, at close of even,
Will shine the polished gems of heaven.

Happy our land, when grace imparts
Her beauties to enlightened hearts;
And all our seats of learning pay
Pure offerings on Thanksgiving day!



THE CLOSING YEAR.

A SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S.

Kind Guardian of our youthful days,
Thy little band of scholars raise
Again to Thee, from hearts sincere,
Their grateful songs to crown the year.

'Mid flowers of spring we saw Thee move,
And scatter round Thy gifts of love ;
And we would be young flowers of spring,
And to Thy altar fragrance bring.

In summer's heat, and light, and rain,
We saw Thee rear the precious grain ;
And we would be Thy fields, well sown,
And all Thy gracious influence own.

Th' autumnal days Thy presence greet,
And lay rich harvests at Thy feet.
Oh may we live, and grow apace,
And yield to Thee ripe fruits of grace !

And now the winter months bear rule,
And we Thy happy Sabbath school,
Unite our hearts and sing Thy praise,
Kind Guardian of our youthful days.

O gentle Shepherd ! God of love !
May we Thy blessings ever prove ;
And we will be in youth and even,
Thy lambs on earth—Thy flock in heaven !

SUNSHINE AND HOPE.

One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one: thus the sunshine of hope will lighten every trouble.

When the winter day is cold,
And the sun is shining bright,
I do not feel the cold,
In the light—in the light.

When the winter day is cold,
And the sunbeams all do fade,
Oh then I feel the cold,
In the shade—in the shade.

When afflictions press my heart,
And the beams of hope do fade
Oh then I feel the smart,
In the shade—in the shade.

So I love the joyful light
In the cold and winter day;
And the hope that shines so bright
That it charms my griefs away.

—o—

G O D.

[Written for the first page of a Lady's Album.]

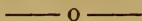
The name of God is first in creation, first in providence, and first in redemption. The name of God should be first

in the heart, first in the life, and first in every undertaking. Duty and gratitude require that a book devoted to friendship, virtue, truth, and love, should have the name of God written on the first page, that the writers, beholding the name of the Author of all good principles and affections, might be influenced to express on every leaf such sentiments as will meet the divine approbation, and secure the divine blessing. That God may impress His name and His graces on your heart, and the hearts of your friends, whose lines may be written in this book as tokens of affection, is my sincere desire. May you long enjoy a peaceful and useful life, and in after years look with pleasure upon these memorials of youthful friendships.

When on this gilded, open book,
You cast your first, your eager look,
On God's great name your eye will rest—
The name above all names the best.
Your heart's a book, and ever nigh :
When on its leaves you cast your eye,
First on the page may you behold
The name of God enstamped in gold ;
And on your spirit may it shine,
As clear as on this book of thine.

The hands of friends these leaves will trace,
With lines of beauty, lines of grace ;
And when thy eye shall gazing look
On gems that sparkle in this book,

Each written page will ever prove
The worth of friendship, truth, and love.
So on that book, the human heart,
May friendly powers each grace impart;
And when thy inward eye shall run
O'er every leaflet, one by one,
May Heaven's own writings, pure, divine,
On all thy soul in beauty shine.



FRIENDSHIP, HOPE, AND LOVE.

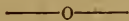
[For a Lady's Album.]

Hand joined in hand, in weal or woe,
Is FRIENDSHIP's sign. Oh! who would go
Through this vain world, this weary land,
Without a friend joined hand in hand.

The anchor holds the ship at rest,
When tempests heave the ocean's breast;
And HOPE the soul's sure strength will be,
When sailing o'er life's stormy sea.

Two hearts, enwreathed with flowers, express
The sweetest sign of happiness.
Love's purest bliss, no heart can own
In this cold world, that beats alone.

May you, fair lady, ever stand
Near some true friend joined hand in hand,
While HOPE her cheering rays imparts
To two united, loving hearts.



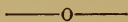
MARY.

I saw her in the student's hall ;
Her books around were set ;
Her bushy locks her shoulders graced,
Her locks of glossy jet.
And eager eyes ran o'er the page,
The pearls of truth to find ;
And gems of science, one by one,
Were stored within her mind ;
And when she left the student's room
To seek her home, they said,
That Mary well deserved the wreath.
They placed upon her head.

I saw her in her mountain home,
With sisters, brothers, met.
From room to room her busy hands,
To useful works were set.
The garden hailed her coming steps ;
The flowers her presence greet ;
And every fragrant plant shed forth
Its purest, choicest sweet.

The hall was vocal with her song ;
Her music filled the grove ;
And sisters, brothers, parents, all
With Mary were in love.

I saw her in the house of God,
And in the place of prayer.
I saw her in the chamber sit,
And soothe the sick one's care.
Where tender words could give relief,
And gentle hands could aid,
I saw the friend and comforter—
The pure, enchanting maid.
Oh blame me not that Mary's charms
Should all my passions move :
And Mary has my plighted faith,
My never dying love.



FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Around the house the wintery storm
Is raging wild and cold ;
But warm 's the room where children rest,
Like lambs within the fold.
The scenes of long past days come back,
And fill the father's breast ;
While in the storm they all enjoy
Their home so greatly blessed.

Come, children, gather round my knee,
And I will make you know,
All how my father's family
Lived fifty years ago.

The house was made with logs unhewed;
The rooms were few and spare;
But industry and calm content,
From day to day were there.
The father toiled from morn till night;
The sons were by his side;
The daughters did the household work;
The wheel the mother plied.
The little boys were taught to read;
The little girls to sew;
And thus my father's family
Lived fifty years ago.

The maple trees pour forth their sap
When opening spring appears.
The rude built hut within the woods
The prudent father rears.
The neighboring youngsters gather there,
The evening hours to spend;
Some sing, make love, and stories tell,
And some the boiling tend.
The sweet cup passes round the ring,
While hearts are all aglow;

And thus my father's family
Lived fifty years ago.

Th' invited women come in June,
In cheerful social bands,
And turn the well-washed fleece to rolls,
Fast-dropping from their hands.
And then the mother, day by day,
Sits in her little room,
And webs, from wool and flax prepares,
By shuttle and by loom.
The watering pot, and summer sun,
Make sheets as white as snow ;
And thus my father's family
Lived fifty years ago.

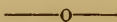
The summer months call all abroad,
To work with might and main ;
The mowers swing the keen-edged scythes ;
The reapers cut the grain.
The daughters mingle in the strife ;
The mother leaves the wheel,
And meets the workmen at the spring,
And gives the evening meal.
They eat, and drink, and gain new strength,
As sun is getting low ;
And thus my father's family
Lived fifty years ago.

The orchard yields its golden fruit,
 When autumn's frosts appear ;
The cider press pours forth its stream,
 The winter months to cheer ;
And when long evening nights have come,
 And moon has filled her horn,
The neighboring men and maidens come
 And husk the gathered corn.
The frolic hours are closed with feast,
 And hearts with mirth o'erflow ;
And thus my father's family
 Lived fifty years ago.

The sheaves are threshed when days are cold.
 The wood is gathered home.
The shelves are stored with wholesome food ;
 With meats and honey comb.
There's warmth within, and cold without,
 When winter months bear rule ;
And bravely now the children go
 To day and evening school.
And merrily chime the horses' bells,
 As sleighs glide o'er the snow ;
And thus my father's family
 Lived fifty years ago.

The hallowed Sabbath morning brings
 To all its holy calm ;

The father reads the sacred Book—
Sings line by line the psalm.
Then neatly dressed they seek the church ;
Their offerings reach the skies ;
At close of day, the children say
The Shorter Catechize.
Then piously they all retire
With measured steps and slow ;
And thus my father's family
Lived fifty years ago.



A PATRIOTIC ODE.

[Written during the Great Rebellion, in the year 1862.]

I love thee, oh my native land !
Land of our fathers' choice.
They came a noble, virtuous band,
And made the wilderness rejoice.
For God, and conscience sake,
They broke the long-endured oppressors' yoke,
And toiling, dying, left to me
This heritage of Liberty !

I love thee, oh my native land !
Land of our fathers' love.
The laws they framed shall make thee stand
The semblance of the world above.
The fields their valor won inspire
My spirit with their patriot fire,

To guard the realm they gave to me—
This beauteous land of Liberty !

I love thee, oh my native land !
Land of the exiles' home.
Thy public virtues, hand in hand,
O'er all thy smiling landscapes roam ;
And scatter blessings in their train,
From eastern shore to western main ;
And all thy sons and daughters free,
Extol thee, land of Liberty !

I love thee, oh my native land !
Thy starry flag, unfurled
O'er all the states, shall make thee stand
The cheering hope of all the world.
Nations shall catch the lights that shine
From all thy gems, and every clime,
In future years, shall bend the knee,
And hail thee, land of Liberty !

I love thee, oh my native land !
Land of the Sabbath days.
Thy altars, worship, schools, command
My warmest love—my purest praise.
By all the good that God has given,
To lead our spirits near to heaven ;
Join, North and South ; oh ! join with me,
And love our land of Liberty !

THE WORKMEN'S SONG OF SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved sleep.—Ps. 127: 2

My day of toil is hard and long ;
The sweat is on my brow ;
All day I've walked my furrowed land,
And drove and held the plough.
I've sowed the field, and reaped the grain,
And threshed the gathered corn ;
My heart and hands have had no rest,
Since called to work at morn.
But I rejoice, as shades of night
O'er weary mortals creep ;
But better far the boon of God—
He gives the FARMER sleep.

My day of toil is hard and long ;
My mind is crushed with cares ;
My ships are on the stormy seas
With all their precious wares.
My stores and clerks, my bills and debts,
My losses and my gains ;
My talking friends, and faithless friends,
Have wrecked my tortured brains.
But I rejoice, as shades of night
O'er weary mortals creep ;
But better far the boon of God—
He gives the MERCHANT sleep.

The day of toil is hard and long ;
The working limbs are sore ;
The driven plane, the delving spade,
The wheel and busy oar ;
The hammer ringing on the steel,
The mallet on the block ;
The shears and needle, thread and last,
And drill upon the rock.
All, all rejoice, as shades of night
O'er weary mortals creep ;
But better far the boon of God—
He gives the WORKMEN sleep.

But other men have found the day
Of toil was long and hard ;
The watchman on his nightly round,
The soldier on his guard,
The teacher, counselor, and judge,
The writer with his pen,
And more than all the president,
Among divided men,
Rejoice to see the shades of night
O'er weary mortals creep ;
But better far the boon of God—
He gives the RULER sleep.

My day of toil is hard and long ;
My eyes are filled with tears ;
I long have trod a thorny road,
'Mid hopes, and doubts, and fears.
The beamings of my Father's face
Have seldom on me shone ;
And one by one my friends have failed,
And now I weep alone.
But I rejoice, as shades of night
O'er weary pilgrims creep ;
But better far the boon of God—
He gives the MOURNERS sleep.

Ye pious, noble, working men,
Toil on till coming even ;
Beyond the shades that shroud the world
There lies a peaceful heaven.
By grace refined, in virtue strong,
Behold the setting sun,
Which speaks of rest, of sweet repose,
When all your work is done.
Then hail with joy the closing day,
When man no more shall weep ;
And bless the precious word of God—
“He gives His PEOPLE sleep.”

HARP OF ZION.

Harp of Zion ! I, thy trembling wires,
With youthful hand, have softly swept.
The touch awoke poetic fires,
Which in my breast, unknown, had slept.
'T was self-rewarding toil. When young
Thy chords my fingers often strung.
I found the strains my heart control,
And pour delight through all my soul.

I loved in riper years to blend
With life's hard toils the sacred lays.
The Harp of Zion was my friend,
In weary nights, and toilsome days ;
And oft did new emotions rise,
To cheer, to rouse, and tranquilize ;
As words of love, and thoughts of fire,
Flowed from the soul's exciting lyre.

In age my feeble hand still strung
The sacred Harp, whose cheerful strain
Recalled the joys I knew when young,
And made me live my youth again.
Through all my life the Harp has proved
My constant friend—my best beloved,

And ever taught my soul to rise,
And hold communion with the skies.

Farewell my Harp ! my hand no more
Can tune thy chords : a few short hours
I place thee near the heavenly door,
Again to take with new born powers.
And then the lyre my fingers strung
In Zion's courts, and often rung
With Jesus' name, shall sound abroad
Adoring praises to the Lord !

Long 10 MC.

